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July 12, 1866

THE

WORKS

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL,

IN THE STRAND.

M DCC LXXXVI.

10743

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July 12, 1866
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OF THE

SIXTH VOLUME.

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THE

GRAY'S-INN JOURNAL.

NUMBER LIII.

Saturday, Oct. 20, 1753.

——— *Felix, qui tempora quivit*
Adventumque Dei, & ſacrum expectare calorem,
Pauliſperque operi poſito ſubducere mentem,
Mutati donec redeat clementia cœli.

VIDA.

THE author, from whom I have ſelected the motto of this day's paper, was a poet of great elegance, as well as a critic of refined taſte. He obſerves in his *Art of Poetry*, that the genius of writers is, in different ſeaſons, apt to be unequal to itſelf; the vigour of the mind exhauſted; the imagination overcaſt; and the ſpirits ſunk, as if *Apollo* and the Muſes had abandoned the tuneful breaſt. He therefore adviſes every author to call off his mind occaſionally from the ſtudies he is employed in, and wait more propitious moments,

when the return of the poetic heat, and the influence of the god, may give vivacity to wit, ſpirit to ſentiment, and energy to expreſſion.

The precept, however juſt, is little practiſed. Of correct writers the number is not great. The choſen few have diſplayed their talents in their perfection only, with care concealing the moments of indiſpoſition. In other writers we ſee in one page a cloudy day, and in another a headache; in this paſſage a languid pulſe, in that a diſcontented mind, and in many places the effect of a laſt night's debauch. Of thoſe, who have ſubjected themſelves to this cenſure, none can plead ſo fair an excuſe as the periodical eſſayiſt. However inclined to retouch and finiſh, he is often compelled by neceſſity to diſmiſs the uncorrected ſheet to the preſs. The town may think they have a right to an author's whole time, and that he ſhould grow pale at the midnight lamp, the better to make a part of their tea-equipage in a morning. But buſineſs will intrude; connections muſt be attended to; avocations will ſeduce; part of our time is loſt through indolence; ſome is ſtolen from us imperceptibly, and much is taken away againſt our will. It has been wittily ſaid by Sir *Richard Steele*, that he who undertakes to publiſh on ſtated days, is like the man who drives

drives a ſtage coach: he muſt ſet out whether there are paſſengers or not.

Since the commencement of this paper, I have been at times not a little curious after my own fame. I have viſited pamphlet-ſhops, without hearing a ſyllable of myſelf. I have called for my own paper in coffee-houſes; "Sir, we don't "take it in." In places, where it is admitted, I have ſeen it twiſted into a thouſand different ſhapes, the paper and print neglected, and the ſtile unregarded. The waiters throw it among their common lumber, and gentlemen keep ſnuff in it. For the viciſſitudes of an author's temper, the critic never makes any allowance, nor does he abate from his ſeverity on account of the humour he is in himſelf. I have been damned by a well-looking man, becauſe his wine was bad the night before. An uxorious gentleman, ſometimes a little henpecked, is ſure never to reliſh me after a curtain-lecture. The price of corn at *Bear-key* has more than once lowered me in the eſtimation of a ſolid citizen. Add to theſe contingencies, the variety of taſtes, that claim to be gratified. I have occaſionally entertained the town with eſſays of humour, and the conſequence is, that it has raiſed a demand upon me every *Saturday* for an equal vein of mirth. Becauſe the *Temple of Laverna* has ex-

cited a general laugh, it is aſked upon entering a coffee-room, " Waiter, has Mr. *Ranger* given us " any more detached ſcenes to-day ? " Is there " any thing immenſely high ?" " Pſhaw ! (ſays another) " this man is always laughing; can't he " be ſerious, and give us ſomething that has ſtuff " in it ? Boy, give me the *Gazetteer*; or the " *Daily Advertiſer*." A correſpondent, who writes to me from his houſe near *Litchfield*, begs to know why I have entirely diſcarded politics: " Why " won't you have a fling at the times ? A touch " now and then upon the Miniſtry, and a ſtricture " upon the conſtitution, would have a pretty go " down with us in the country."

Such is the variety of demands, which I find preſſed upon me from every quarter, and who can gratify all ? This paper was undertaken to contribute as far as the author's time and abilities would permit, to the entertainment, if not the inſtruction of his readers; to laugh out of countenance many of thoſe foibles, which are apt to ſhoot up in this metropolis; to promote decency and good manners, and to detect impoſtors in writing, criticiſm, and many ſituations of life. How far the attempt has ſucceeded I am not able to ſay. I can, however, boaſt that I have had a weekly intercourſe with the public for twelve months

months paſt. In that time I have uſed no artifice to ſolicit the applauſe of friends, or to gain the popular favour. The falſe fame acquired by puffs in our common newspapers, is too contemptible: a man of certain principles will always be above ſo mean a practice. I have had no emiſſaries, to inſinuate that this paper is the joint production of a club of wits; that ſome of the eſſays came from an eminent hand; that Sir *George* ***** wrote ſuch an eſſay; that my Lord ***** diverted the choice ſpirits ſuch a day; that the laſt was very fine, and came from the honourable *****; that the author of ***** contributed the exquiſite entertainment in ſuch a piece, and that Mr. *****, the tranſlator of *****, is one of the gentlemen concerned, his ſtile being eaſily traced, and his manner viſible in the reſpective pieces from ſo fine a pen.

To theſe advantages I have no pretenſion, nor can I aſſume much pride on the ſcore of voluntary ſupplies. Every *Saturday* calls for novelty. The labour of opening the mine falls altogether upon myſelf, and that muſt be frequently done, before it can be known what veins it may diſcover. A ſubject cannot always be ſelected at leiſure: neceſſity too often decides, when no time is left for choice: if found at laſt ungrateful to the writer's care, and unſuſceptible of ornament, it is too late to relinquiſh it; upon the ſpur of the

occaſion it muſt try its fortune in the world. A correſpondent, who ſeems aware of theſe difficulties, aſks me why I condemn myſelf to a life of fatigue? He tells me that I may, without any ſolicitude about ſtile or ſentiment, be what he calls, the *doer* of a newſpaper. The plan, he adds, may be executed without wit, genius, or learning, and, by way of experiment, he has ſent me a ſample of ſuch articles, as may be gleaned without trouble, and cannot fail to procure a number of readers,

Plan of a Newſpaper.

Yeſterday at noon it was currently reported that *Doctor Hill* had got one ſubſcriber to his book upon Good and Nature; but we can aſſure the public, that the ſaid report is without foundation.

A turtle of three hundred weight has been preſented to the club at *White*'s, and on Monday laſt *laid five eggs:* at that place it would have been more conſiſtent, had it laid FIVE POUNDS.

On Wedneſday laſt Miſs *Grogoram* of *Cheapſide* had her ears bored for the firſt time, to the great joy of all her family.

The Nobility and Gentry, who are concerned in making all the ſalutary laws againſt gaming, are deſired to meet to-morrow evening, being SUNDAY, at *White's Chocolate-houſe*, in order to break every one of them.

On

On Saturday laſt a ratifia bottle, belonging to a lady of quality not a hundred miles from the pariſh of St. *James*'s, fell from the top of a cheſt of drawers, and *broke its neck*; for which loſs the lady has almoſt broke her heart.

The ſame day a fire broke out in an old woman's pipe of tobacco, and entirely conſumed the ſame.

Yeſterday evening one of the ducks in St. *James*'s park was ſeen to walk by the ſide of the canal, and after ſome time threw herſelf in. The reaſon why ſhe committed this raſh action is not yet known.

Drury Lane Theatre.

The tragedy of *Richard the Third* was performed here on Wedneſday laſt, when the battle of *Boſworth Field* was both obſtinate and bloody. The attack was begun on the *left wing* by GRAY the conſtable: General RAFTOR received the impreſſion, and ordered the woods to be ſcowered, but he was driven back into the Green-room. He there rallied his forces, and returned to the charge. The fight was renewed with great vigour on both ſides, but at laſt *General Raftor* fell, much lamented: if we may imitate *Salluſt*, the ſame abſence of paſſion, for which he was remarkable while living, was ſtill viſible in his countenance.

Lieutenant-General Mar was found among the ſlain. The number of wounded was as follows:

Carpenters — — —	15
Scene-drawers — — —	11
Dreſſers — — —	14
Makers of lightening — —	5
Thunder-clappers — —	3
Barbers — — —	11

This ſavage entertainment was received by the audience with a general *war-hoop*. We do not hear that any *ſcalps* are brought in.

Such is the plan chalked out by my correſpondent. It contains, indeed, all the wit, and all the criticiſm, and all the ſenſe of our modern writers. The taſk ſeems eaſy, but the venders of falſe-wares will excuſe me if I do not join them. I am not willing to deſert my poſt. The duty is fatiguing, but a regular ſoldier, though he never gain rank, is better than a free-booter. I prefer honeſt induſtry to idleneſs and diſſipation, truth to calumny, and honour to malevolence.

NUMBER LIV.

Saturday, Oct. 27, 1753.

Naturaliter audita viſis laudamus libentius; & præ-
ſentia
Invidiâ, præterita veneratione proſequimur: & his nos
Inſtrui, illis obrui credimus.

VELL. PATERCULUS.

THERE is not a more favourite, or a more trite ſubject of declamation, than the degeneracy of the times. Each individual of ſociety, charitably judging himſelf exempted from the general reproach, aſſumes the privilege of inveighing againſt the vices of the age, and the total decline from thoſe virtues, which immortalized the exalted characters of antiquity. When the fit of admiring what is paſſed and gone is once raiſed, there is no paradox that the rhapſodiſt in this kind will not advance: he adds in the fervor of declamation, that the preſent race of *Engliſhmen* are not only ſunk below all *Greek* and *Roman* fame, but much degenerated from that rough honeſty, which enabled our anceſtors to deliver down to poſterity a conſtitution, which renders *Great Britain* the envy of the world.

This

This ſplenetic humour of decrying the moderns, is become univerſal. All ranks and orders of men ſeem more or leſs infected by it. The Divine pathetically bewails the ſhameful neglect of religion. The Patriot laments, that venality and corruption have irretrievably extinguiſhed the genuine ſpirit of liberty. The Philoſopher ſighs, that enthuſiaſm and ſuperſtition ſhould have uſurped the throne of free enquiry, and debaſed the intellectual faculties. The Fair complain, that the diſſolute inclinations of the men compel them to drag out an uncomfortable life in celibacy: while the Men, in their turn, pour out the moſt bitter invectives againſt the extravagance and diſſipation of the other ſex, which, they would have the world believe, are riſen to ſuch an exceſs, that the word matrimony carries with it an idea of bankruptcy and ruin. Nay ſo far has the influence of this infatuation reached, that it is become very common even for Stock-jobbers to aſſert, "That things are not now as they have "been: nothing is to be done now. The bro-"kerage in and out runs away with all the pro-"fit; whereas, in King *William*'s time, when the "Government was diſtreſſed for money, and "forced by its neceſſity to give ſix *per cent.* upon "a loan, great ſtrokes were to be made."

In

In order, therefore, to ſhew the unreaſonableneſs, as well as diſingenuity, of this epidemic diſſatisfaction with the age, in which I had the happineſs to be born, I ſhall endeavour to demonſtrate, and, I flatter myſelf, I ſhall be able to do it beyond all poſſibility of doubt, that the now exiſting inhabitants of *Great Britain*, ſo far from being inferior to their illuſtrious predeceſſors, do at this day ſurpaſs the ancients in all the admired virtues and qualifications, which the moſt enthuſiaſtic idolizer of antiquity ſhall be able to point out.

In the firſt place, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Cicero*, and ſome few others of remote antiquity, are frequently celebrated for that amazing ſtrength of mind, which enabled them to detect the impoſtures of the religion eſtabliſhed in the country where they were born, and empowered them to break through the impediments, which ſuperſtition and prieſtcraft had placed in the avenues to truth. But ſurely the inſignificant number of inſtances, that ancient hiſtory furniſhes, of thoſe truly philoſophic characters, however reſpectable the names may be, will little deſerve our attention, when we conſider how infinitely the preſent age eclipſes their claim of ſuperiority in this reſpect. Is there a gentleman at this day, any ways converſant in polite life, who does not entertain the greateſt con-

contempt for the prejudices, or faith (as it is vulgarly called) in which he was educated? Are not the coffee-houſes about *Temple-bar*, nay, even in the city, ſo many ſeminaries, where our youth diſcuſs the moſt important queſtions of philoſophy, and explode the errors impoſed on mankind for ſo many centuries? Nor is this knowledge, as among the ancients, the reſult of tedious enquiry and meditation, but entirely intuitive, being moſt eminent in thoſe, who are almoſt totally void of the leaſt acquiſition in any branch of literature, indebted to Nature alone for their aſtoniſhing diſcoveries.

The advocate for antiquity will, perhaps, thunder out an eulogium on the exalted virtue and patriotiſm of *Cato*, *Brutus*, and ſeveral other illuſtrious *Romans*, who, prodigal of life, diſdained to ſurvive the liberties of their country. But certainly there can be no room to run a parallel. The advantage is obviouſly on the ſide of the moderns. Thoſe ingenious hiſtorians, the daily news-writers, in every page of their works afford us examples of the nobleſt diſregard of death. The *Roman* voluntarily left the world, becauſe he could not bear to be a witneſs to the ſlavery of his country; but the *Engliſhman* puts a period to his exiſtence, becauſe the fogs of *November* depreſs his ſpirits, and he ſcorns to be compelled to live

longer

longer than life continues agreeable. How noble is this ſpirit of freedom! It is not confined to people of birth and education, but extends itſelf to the loweſt mechanics. My lord is not more ready to diſcharge a piſtol through his brain, than his barber to lift the razor to his throat. In ſhort, the point is ſo extremely clear, that it would be ſuperfluous to labour at the proof of it. I may venture to aſſert, that no nation, of which hiſtory has preſerved the leaſt record, has any pretenſion to diſpute the glory of ſuicide with the diſcontented people of *England*.

I am aware, that great ſtreſs may be laid upon the literary merit of the ancients. I expect to hear the names of *Ariſtotle*, *Longinus* and *Quintilian* thrown out, with an air of triumph. Far be it from me to derogate from the long-eſtabliſhed fame of thoſe great men. Undoubtedly, they were very good critics for the times in which they lived; but with all due reſpect to thoſe celebrated geniuſſes, we may take the liberty to ſuppoſe, that the art of Criticiſm muſt be now much better underſtood, than it poſſibly could be in their days, as it is much more univerſally practiſed. Attornies clerks, mercers apprentices, and merchants book-keepers, in this year 1753, *credite poſteri!* are thoroughly qualified to pronounce, in the moſt deciſive manner, upon the merit of all literary com-

compoſition, particularly dramatic poetry, the nobleſt province of polite learning; not to mention, that we have found out the abſurdity, and ſhook off the reſtraint of thoſe fetters, which the Stagyrite would rivet on us, and transferred them to our Gallick neighbours, a nation inured to, and patient of, ſlavery.

Should any diſcontented, or diſappointed politician, after poring over *Livy*, inſinuate, that mankind are not now, as they were in the times of the *Roman* republic, when private conſiderations always gave way to the public good; I would deſire ſuch a phlegmatic murmurer to look through the kingdom, and only obſerve what a number of gentlemen have impaired their eſtates, and deſtroyed the tranquility and happineſs of their families, in order to procure a ſeat in the repreſentative aſſembly of the nation: undoubtedly with no other view, than to gain an opportunity of watching over the liberties of their country.

Some mercantile Cynic, diſſatisfied with an unruly ſon, who finds more charms within the regions of *Covent-garden*, than the counting-houſe, will perhaps pay little regard to what I have hitherto advanced; he will exclaim, "that the ſpi-
"rit of induſtry is loſt, and people of this age re-
"gard

" gard nothing but pleaſure." The injuſtice of this cenſure will evidently appear to this narrow-minded citizen, if, the next time he goes to the pit at *Drury-lane* with his wife and daughters on a *Saturday*, he will only take the trouble to make the enquiry concerning the moſt gay and brilliant perſonages in the boxes. How will it raiſe his wonder, when he is told that moſt of thoſe, who ſhine in that brilliant circle, are diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of *Knights of Induſtry*, who, without any viſible means of ſubſiſtence, enjoy all the pleaſures of this metropolis, in the moſt elegant manner, and run into expences, which few men of *real* fortune can ſupport ?

Let us now turn our view to the amiable ſex, and enter into a compariſon between the females of ancient times and the preſent ladies of *Great-Britain*. In what an honourable light will our countrywomen appear ? In vain ſhall the pedant, who derives his knowledge ſolely from books, harangue upon the conjugal attachment of *Roman* matrons, while we can mention numberleſs *Britiſh* wives, who, at this day, with unexampled unanimity, go hand in hand with their huſbands, in purſuit of the grand buſineſs of life ? I mean the practice of gaming, called by Mr. *Pope*, in his uſual emphatic manner, *the nation's laſt great trade*.

Nor

Nor ſhould the candor and diſintereſtedneſs of the virgins of this iſland want that encomium, which juſtice cannot refuſe. *Plutarch* informs us, that *Lycurgus* ordered the *Spartan* nymyhs to appear at the public exerciſes, in garments, made with artificial openings in different parts, in order that the *Lacedæmonian* youth might be captivated, by a ſeemingly accidental diſcovery of their charms. How have the fair-ones of the preſent age improved upon this antient rule of ſtate-craft? Diſdaining little ſtratagem, and ſcorning to take advantage of the illuſions of imagination, which, inflamed by a tranſient glympſe, is apt to form enthuſiaſtic ideas of hidden beauty, they *ſhew things as they really are*, and by a generous diſplay of all their charms, leave no room to their future huſbands to complain that they were deceived in their expectations.

Theſe examples, which I have brought in ſupport of the propoſition I undertook to prove, will ſufficiently evince to every impartial mind, that the fancied pre-eminence of *Greece* and *Rome* over *Britain*, has no other foundation than prepoſſeſſion and envy. The unprejudiced reader muſt acquieſce in the truth of the obſervation, made, with great inſight into human nature, by the elegant hiſtorian, from whom I have taken the motto

of

of this paper: *We are naturally more inclined to praiſe what we hear of, than what we ſee: contemporary merit excites our envy; that of antiquity our veneration: by the latter we are edified; but by the former we feel ourſelves eclipſed.*

NUMBER LV.

Saturday, Nov. 3, 1753.

Vendidit hic auro Patriam, dominumque potentem
Imposuit, fixit leges Pretio atque refixit.

VIRG.

MIRGEHAN was a peasant in the deserts of *Arabia:* he frequently begged an alms of the travellers in the passing caravan. For a long time he drove the loaded camel over Mount *Pharan* for a jeweller of *Cairo*, till having, by an amazing parsimony, got together a few sequins of gold, he followed the occupation of his master. Affairs succeeded so well with him, that in the course of a few years *Mirgehan* began to assume to himself the pride of wealth. Elate with joy, and basking in the sunshine of fortune, he resolved to remove to *Bassra*, where he was soon distinguished as the most eminent merchant of the place. As it is the nature of ambition to be ever restless and dissatisfied, after having, in the course of six years residence, amassed a very ample fortune, he determined to change his abode once more, and settle, with all his immense wealth, at *Bagdad*.

He

He was not long fixed at that place, when the reputation of his affluence was ſpread abroad. In all convivial meetings, among the reſt of the merchants, as ſoon as his lips ſeemed to open, every tongue was ſuſpended with ſilence; every eye gazed at him with admiration, and every ear devoured the periods of his ſtory with greedy eagerneſs. His voice, which naturally was rough as the ſound occaſioned by a colliſion of billows on the rocky ſhore, now ſeemed as ſoft as the fragrant gale, which pants upon the leaves of the *Arabian* trees.

Mirgehan's credit grew every day more extenſive. People of all ranks and degrees depoſited their money with him. It was as much as a hundred ſervants could do, to count over the ſequins of gold, which he was either to receive or pay away for others. In the midſt of all theſe ſmiles of fortune, it happened, that the relict of a rich merchant, lately ſnatched away from the face of the earth, by the angel of death, attracted his attention. Her name was *Dardanè*, born in the city of *Damas*, and now in the poſſeſſion of enormous wealth. From the habits, which education and time had implanted in her, ſhe was in her temper of a moſt greedy avarice, and a powerful ambition to be counted richer than the reſt of her

acquaintance. Urged by theſe motives, and by theſe only, (for to the paſſion of love ſhe was an utter ſtranger) *Dardanè* beſtowed her graceful perſon upon *Mirgehan*, who, ſhe thought, would manage her ample fortunes, and by the gainful trade that he followed, add a wonderful accumulation of wealth. *Mirgehan* amuſed her expectation, but could not bear the idea of a ſharer in his proſperity. To call the whole ſtock his own was his ardent wiſh, and to accompliſh this point, he did his utmoſt by cruelty to cut ſhort the days of the wife of his boſom. In this he ſucceeded too well. *Dardanè* pined and waſted away. The roſes faded on her cheek; the lilly appeared of a yellower hue; and, by ſlow degrees, her conſtitution received ſuch ſevere ſtrokes from his ſeverity, that in a ſhort time ſhe lay breathleſs on her bed.

Mirgehan was now happy in the completion of his wiſhes: he had got rid of a wife, whom, notwithſtanding her exquiſite beauty, his ſoul abhorred. He exulted in the review of the vaſt acceſſion to his fortune, which, through her means, he had obtained. His heart now began to expand with greater alacrity, and he reſolved to ſpend the remainder of his days in eaſe, in elegance, in luxury, and every delicate enjoyment. The dainties of the Eaſt did not ſuffice to crown his board; he would ſend to the Weſt for *Turtle*, and

and every corner of the globe adminiſtered to his gratifications. Not far from *Bagdad* he purchaſed a moſt magnificent houſe, where he determined to fix his country retreat. The rooms eternally reſounded with fingers and minſtrels; amber and alloes contributed their rich perfumes; and his tables were covered with vaſes of agate, filled with the moſt delicious liquors. Painting and ſculpture concurred to adorn his apartments. Vanity became a leading paſſion, and governed him with force little inferior to his avarice. Expence in great profuſion followed, but he knew that it extended his reputation, and his avarice was in ſecret pleaſed with the reflection, that opportunities of a full reimburſement would frequently be offered by the follies of mankind; and in the art of profiting by the follies of others, no man equalled *Mirgehan*.

He was now happy in all the enjoyments which riches could procure him; his heart danced to perpetual tunes of joy, and the meanneſs of his birth he thought ſufficiently compenſated by the luſtre and dignity of his preſent way of life. To compleat his elevation, and to raiſe himſelf to that point of eminence, from which he imagined he might look down upon moſt of his fellow creatures, Fortune, who had for a ſeries of years ſmiled

propitiouſly upon all the undertakings of *Mirgehan*, at length preſented an opportunity.

It happened, that the Emperor of *Bagdad* had occaſion, on a particular emergence in his affairs, to call together an aſſembly of the wiſeſt and ableſt heads in his territories. He was upon the eve of an important war with the moſt powerful Prince in the Eaſt. Large ſums of money he ſaw would be immediately neceſſary, and for this purpoſe he wiſhed to be aſſiſted in public council. The *Califf* reſolved upon this ſtep, with the advice of his *Vizir*, and in a few days mandates were diſpatched to ſundry different parts, commanding the provinces and towns to depute to the general Divan two perſons the moſt renowned for ſagacity and judgment. *Mirgehan* heard the news at his country ſeat. His paſſions were violent as the eddying ſand that is torn up by the hurricane. His pride was rouzed, and to be enrolled among the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſtateſmen of *Bagdad* was the ambition of his ſoul.

In purſuit of this deſign he ſet out from his habitation; but had not gone far, when travelling a ſolitary road, over a long extended mountain, the heat of the day, together with the fatigue he had undergone, inclined him to ſtop under a ſhady retreat, and refreſh his ſenſes with a gentle ſlumber.

From

From this he was ſoon awakened by a ſtrain of muſick, which thrilled melodiouſly in his ears. He thought that gleams of Paradiſe were opening to his dazzled ſight. He looked around, and ſaw a reverend form advancing towards him: *Mirgehan* roſe from the arbour, and throwing himſelf on his knees, he worſhipped the venerable appearance which ſtood before him. This perſonage was an holy hermit, who long inhabited a ſmall manſion on the ſide of a rock, which terminated the proſpect on the left ſide of the mountain. Being endowed with a magic power, he called forth all around ſuch beautiful ſcenes, as looked like a new creation. *Mirgehan*'s heart throbbed with holy rapture. At length the pious ſage began. "*Mirgehan*, I know thy purpoſe; I am ac-
" quainted with thy deſign in this journey. But
" reflect, O Man! on the obſcurity of thy birth,
" and the meanneſs of thy education. Canſt
" thou confer light to the councils of the wiſe?
" Canſt thou diſpel the miſt from before their
" eyes, and let in powerful irradiations of truth
" upon their darkling underſtandings? Deſiſt,
" vain man, from thy ill founded purſuits." At theſe words the venerable hermit waved his wand, and ſuddenly the ſcene vaniſhed like a morning dream from *Mirgehan*'s eyes. After having raiſed his arm; "Now, ſaid he, let the objects that are

" placed before thee, inſtruct thy ſoul; behold
" how eaſily thou mighteſt have ſquandered away
" all thoſe poſſeſſions which thy heart delights in,
" for a mere empty bubble. There ſee an election
" for two perſons to aſſiſt in the debates for the
" eaſe and happineſs of the Califf; ſee the blind,
" the lame, the old, the infirm, the ſick arriving in
" caravans, to vote for thoſe who pay them high-
" eſt. See how they all ſolemnly vow by the
" holy Prophet, that money has no influence up-
" on them; and yet behold how in private they
" graſp the ſequins of gold! Does not thy heart,
" which has fixed all its affections upon thy yel-
" low dirt, tremble within thee, to think that in
" this manner all thy wealth might be ſquandered
" away, and thou not be able to render the leaſt
" ſervice to the Califf, thy country, or thy family?
" That this is the fate of many, who, like thee,
" have riſen from mean beginnings, and have, in
" their old days, proved mere ſpendthrifts, thou
" may'ſt receive ocular demonſtration, by ſurvey-
" ing thoſe wretches, who are now deſpiſed by
" their country, deteſted by their relations, and
" rejected by the *Vizier*, in whoſe ſervice they ex-
" hauſted all their treaſures."

Here *Zemroud* (for that was the hermit's name) perceiving the affections of *Mirgehan* totally changed,

changed, diſperſed into the air his new creation, and returned with ſolemn ſtep to his cell under the rock. *Mirgehan* ordered his camels to be turned towards *Bagdad*, where he ſpent the remainder of his days in eaſe and content: at his death he left thoſe ſums of gold, which he was going to ſquander in viſionary ſchemes, among his relations, who now live in affluence, and the memory of *Mirgehan* is reſpected among them.

NUMBER

NUMBER LVI.

Saturday, Nov. 10, 1753.

Non omnia apud majores meliora; ſed noſtra quoque ætas multa laudis et artium imitanda poſteris tulit. TACIT.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

I Cannot but very much approve that love of truth and juſtice which ſeem to have inſpired your generous vindication of modern times from the calumny of thoſe, who degrade all living virtue, and admire nothing, but what lies far removed, and covered with the clouds of antiquity. This, Sir, you have performed with undoubted ſucceſs. As I entirely coincide with your way of thinking, I beg leave to addreſs this letter to you, as a ſupplement to the doctrine you have advanced.

As you have led the way, I am free to declare that the moderns have in every thing greatly exceeded the admired ancients. If the latter boaſt their *Plato*, we have our *Chafteſbury*; and if the death of *Cato* is juſtly ſtiled by the poet *Catonis nobile*

bile Letum, becauſe he would not ſurvive the loſs of liberty, is it not much more heroic in a modern cobler to diſpatch himſelf, for no other reaſon than that he does not like the weather? or in a nobleman to cut his throat, becauſe he has loſt the odd trick at whiſt? In addition to this, it muſt be confeſſed that few inſtances of this ſort of fortitude are recorded among the *Romans*; whereas I am credibly informed by a very ſenſible man, and one who belongs to the *Coroner*'s *Inqueſt*, that there does not paſs by a ſingle day, without his being called to ſurvey the glorious reliques of a ſelf-devoted taylor, a ſhoemaker, a gambler, and others of various deſcription. The ſame perſon aſſures me at the ſame time, that not a tenth part of thoſe exalted minds have due honours paid to their memory by the public newſpapers. They are permitted to remove themſelves from human life in the ſame ſilence, as if they had quietly paſſed through nature to eternity, and never dared to fly in the face of their Maker. But to ſtate the account fairly between the ancients and the moderns, I ſhall here draw up a catalogue of thoſe eminent worthies, who figure in the records of ages paſſed, and againſt this boaſted liſt I ſhall place, in an oppoſite column, the illuſtrious names, which have done honour to the preſent age. Upon a fair inſpection, the impartial reader will be able to decide for himſelf.

Ancient

Ancient Catalogue.	*Modern Catalogue.*
1 *Ariſtotle.*	1 Doctor *Hill.*
2 *Hippocrates.*	2 Doctor *Rock.*
3 *Socrates.*	3 *Whitfield.*
4 *Tully.*	4 Orator *Henley.*
5 *Cato Uticenſis.*	5 *Engliſhmen* that hang and drown themſelves
6 *Epictetus's* Morals.	6 The Fable of the Bees
7 The *Stoics*, the *Sceptics*, the *Peripatetics*, the *Academics*, the *Epicureans*, *&c. &c.*	7 The *Deiſts*, *Mandevillians*, *Muggletonians*, *Freethinkers*, the *Robin Hood* Society.
8 *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis*, *Longinus*, *Quintilian.*	8 The *Magazines* and *Daily Papers.*
9 A Seceſſion of the *Romana* Plebs.	9 An *Engliſh* Mob.
10 The Eluſinian Myſteries	10 Free Maſonry.
11 *Balnea Romana.*	11 The *Covent Garden* Bagnios.
12 The Olympick Games.	12 *Newmarket* Races.
13 *Plato's Sympoſion.*	13 The Club at *White's.*
14 Lucius Junius Brutus.	14 Ravillac.
15 The Roman Conſuls.	15 The Two Brothers.
16 Senatus Populuſque Romanus.	16 The Parliament of Great Britain.

Without

Without adding any further articles, I think it manifeſt from the above ſtate of the caſe, that the moderns can eaſily balance the ſcale with the ſo much celebrated ancients. But the matter does not reſt here: I am convinced we can throw in ſeveral circumſtances, which will greatly entitle us to the pre-eminence. For inſtance, I do not find that an *Atheiſt* was known to antiquity; and ſurely the character of an *Atheiſt* muſt, in the eyes of all men of ſenſe, do very great honour to the preſent age, the tenets of his philoſophy being entirely new, and ſuch as were not diſcovered by *Plato*, *Socrates*, or any of the ancient philoſophers. *Epicurus* did not controvert the exiſtence of a Supreme Being; he only denied his attributes. *Tully* informs us, that in his time no nation was ſo ſavage, no man ſo brutal, as not to have ſome impreſſion of a Deity. *Nulla gens tam fera, nemo omnium tam immanis, cujus mentem non imbuerit deorum opinio.* The happy diſcovery of *fate* and *blind* chance was reſerved for the preſent age, ſo much enlightened, as a great genius ſays, in all true philoſophy. Add to this, what has been already urged on a ſimilar occaſion, the ancients were totally ignorant of the laws of *England*, and, I believe, it cannot be denied, but the common law of *England* is by many degrees preferable to the laws of *Solon*, or any other legiſlator, founded, as it certainly is, upon the

the baſis of common ſenſe, intelligible to the meaneſt capacity, and full as eaſy in the practice as in the theory. I muſt acknowledge that I have read in *Livy* and *Salluſt* ſome random accounts of the contempt the candidates had in *Rome* for money upon all elections for the Conſulſhip, the Tribuneſhip, and other public offices. This procedure among them was by the ill-natured called by the name of *Ambitus*; by the rigid among the moderns bribery and corruption. But, to diveſt things of odious appellations, the public and benevolent ſpirit of our countrymen at a general election cannot be parallelled any where in the *Roman* page. The ancients occaſionally make a murmur concerning a matter which they call *nequiſſima fœnora*, but it will need no force of argument to prove, that uſury has attained to a greater degree of rapacity among the moderns. How many young heirs are ruined with us before they come to years of diſcretion? Not to mention that the *Greeks* and *Romans* had not the faintеſt idea of the *Stocks*, *Jonathan*'s coffee-houſe, *Change-alley*, the *South-Sea-houſe*, the *India-houſe*, *Reſcounters*, *Directors*, *Brockrs*, and the reſt of that claſs. That the *Romans* were a very expenſive people, is well known to every one who has dipped into *Vertot*'s Revolutions, or the famous *Monteſquieu*'s Cauſes of the Declenſion of the *Roman* Empire; notwith-

notwithſtanding this, I have the pleaſure to congratulate my countrymen on our owing ſo many millions of money. My readers will to a man allow, that the national debt gives us a very great advantage over the ancients. I am not ignorant that *Salluſt* mentions *publicè Egeſtatem, privatim Opulentiam, public Penury* and *private Opulence*. But, Sir, I appeal to you, whether we have not both of theſe in a more eminent degree than appears any where in the *Roman* hiſtory. I ſhould be ſorry to be guided by partiality in this matter. The point, I know, is of moment, but I cannot help ſaying that our national debt is as remarkable a thing as I ever read of in hiſtory. As to private wealth, the infinite ſums of money laid out in artificial falls of water, artificial canals, and indeed in artificial wine, prove our ſuperiority to a demonſtration. Moreover, the ancients were entire ſtrangers to routs and drums; not to mention two or three hundred card-tables in one houſe. I do not think they ſeem to have the fainteſt idea of an E. O. table, of *reverſing*, of *forcing*, of *fineſſing*, of *ſeeſawing*, and the many elegant turns in the game of whiſt. *Picquet*, *Brag*, *Backgammon*, *Cribbidge*, are not even mentioned in the ſlighteſt manner. I flatter myſelf I may ſay, without the danger of a controverſy, that the diſcoveries made by Mr. *Hoyle* in the doctrine of *chances*,

chances, by far exceed their deepeſt reſearches in the mathematics.

To give the argument another turn; the beauty, the elegance, and manners of our *Britiſh* ladies, add a ſurprizing luſtre to the preſent age. *Horace* informs us,

> *Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere poſſis,*
> *Cætera, ni Catia eſt, demiſſâ veſte tegentis.*

A matron never ſhews any part of her perſon except her face. They were, it ſeems, all, except *Catia*, ſtudious to cover the reſt of their amiable bodies with a garment. *Catia* appears a ſingular inſtance; but how different is the conduct of the matrons of the modern times? They have happily emerged from the ruff of Queen *Beſs*. The chief endeavour, at preſent, is to diſplay all their charms to full view. Had this faſhion prevailed among the ancient ladies, I conceive, a *naked Venus* would not have been ſo great a rarity. Indeed in *England* ſome remains of this falſe modeſty prevailed not very long ſince, and, therefore, Mr. *Pope* has ſaid,

> *If* Queenſbury *to ſtrip there's no compelling,*
> *'Tis from a handmaid we muſt take an* Helen.

But happily future painters will not be reduced to ſuch difficulties. The modern ladies are daily ſtrip-

ſtripping as faſt as they can. The approaches of the amiable ſex to a general nakedneſs, cannot fail to give a luſtre to my fair countrywomen. The tendency to undreſſing is ſo ſtrong at preſent, that I make no doubt but the time will come in a period not far diſtant, when Miſs in her teens will cry out, "Lard, mamma, I have been reading "ſome of the eſſays written in 1753; but they "are ſo full of hard and cramp words, I can't "think what to make of 'em. Pray, mamma, "what can they mean by ſtays?" "Really, "child, I can't ſay for certain, but if one may "conjecture, I ſhould imagine, that in thoſe days "the women wore ſomething about their bodies, "as high from the waiſt as the pit of their ſto-"mach." "He! he! he! mamma, what a ri-"diculous faſhion that muſt be! what has a wo-"man a fine ſkin for but to ſhew it? or, if ſhe "has not a fine ſkin, what has ſhe paint for but "to make a fine ſkin? And then, mamma, what "could the petticoat be? Why, child, it looks "as if in thoſe days they wore a covering for "their limbs down from the waiſt as low as the "ankle." "Horrid! what has a woman legs "for but to ſhew 'em? And then, mamma, I "ſuppoſe by crown-whiſt that the people in "thoſe days were ſo penurious, and ſo pitiful, "as to play for crowns?" "Yes, child, that is

" pretty plain, and keeping *Sundays* was then
" made a crime, and three hundred card tables
" was counted a thing of conſequence." " Well,
" mamma, I am glad as any thing I was not born
" in thoſe grave, formal times."

This, or ſomething not unlike it, will moſt aſſuredly be the language of the riſing generation. If improvements are made in other branches, ſuch as the *national debt*, *atheiſm*, *libelling*, *perjury*, *cheating*, *buying annuities*, and the like, I perſuade myſelf, that whatever the admirers of the antients may urge at preſent, our ſuperiority will then be inconteſtible.

Pleaſed with the proſpect of this happy period, I will here lay down my pen, and ſubſcribe myſelf,

A MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

NUMBER LVII.

Saturday, Nov. 17, 1753.

O curas hominum! O quantum eſt in rebus inane!
PERSEUS.

HOW vain and fantaſtic are all human purſuits? How unſettled and inconſtant are our tempers? One day pining for the attainment of ſome imaginary good, and the next turning with averſion from what excited ſo much vehemence of deſire. How often are the ſobereſt underſtandings thrown into agitation about things of little value, and by accidents, which no prudence could prevent? When the hurry of our thoughts is over, how contemptible do we appear to ourſelves, for yielding to a ſtorm of paſſion, to which the cauſe bore no manner of proportion? Every period of life is marked with this inconſtancy: the child has perplexities which the boy laughs at: when ripened into manhood, our previous occupations become ridiculous, and old age thinks the whole a ſeries of folly, little aware that the paſſions operate at that juncture with diminiſhed force, not becauſe reaſon is ſtronger, but becauſe the whole frame has loſt its vigour. Old men, ſays *Rochefoucault*, give good advice, be-

cauſe they cannot any longer give bad example. I am inclined to think that the human ſoul will be always in this progreſſion, conſtantly making each moment a critic on the laſt, and that as ſoon as the ſpirit ſhall be unbodied, it will inſtantly ſmile at our wiſeſt employments in this world, our deepeſt reflections, and our moſt ſerious ſpeculations.

It was a tenet of the ancient ſchools of philoſophy, that the ſoul of man would, in a future ſtate, be employed in the ſame purſuits that engaged its affections on this ſide of the grave. This doctrine has been adopted by *Virgil*, and embelliſhed with all the graces of a fine imagination.

——— *Quæ gratia currûm*
Armorumque fuit vivis; quæ cura nitentes
Paſcere equos; eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtos.

Were the notion true, the conſequence, in my opinion, would be endleſs miſery. To continue in another world, without any reſpite from the cares of this, what were it but to go on in a progreſſion of folly to all eternity? If any habits contracted in this ſtate of probation may be ſuppoſed not to wear out, it muſt be thoſe of virtue only. Muſt the man, who ruined himſelf and his poſterity by his horſes at *Newmarket*, be tormented

mented with a ſtud in the next world? Such an account would well conſiſt with a deſcription of the regions of torture, not with a ſtate of bliſs. For my own part, I am willing to think, that it will hereafter be the happineſs of man to be diveſted of all his wordly anxieties, his idle hopes, and frivolous fears; or, if he remembers his former purſuits, and the ends for which his ambition laboured, I conceive he will only remember them, to wonder at the abſurdity of his views, and the vehemence of his vain deſires.

I was the other evening ſtruck with this idea, and having an imagination, which does not eaſily detach itſelf from what has made a deep impreſſion, I went on in the ſame train of thought for a conſiderable time. There is ſomething in theſe abſtract ſpeculations ſo very amuſing, that one ſometimes goes on in a waking dream, aware that we ſee nothing but a baſeleſs fabric, yet pleaſed with the deluſion. I fell, accordingly, into a *reverie* of this ſort, and cannot now refrain from giving an account of it.

I thought the hemiſphere on a ſudden brightened with more than common luſtre: a flood of glory diffuſed itſelf through all creation, and from an opening of the heavens appeared, high exalted on a throne, THE GENIUS OF HUMAN KIND. A

trumpet had ſounded three times, and the following ſounds were awfully pronounced. " Let all " thoſe fleeting ſpirits, which formerly ſojourned " on earth, forthwith appear from their ſeveral " manſions of retribution; and let thoſe who now " ſupport a feveriſh exiſtence upon earth, inſtantly repair hither, diveſted of their bodily incumbrance, and account for the uſe they have made of their time."

The edict was immediately obeyed. I fancied that I had no ſooner emerged from my tenement of clay, than every thing wore another appearance. I had inſtantly new faculties of perception. The original colours, concerning which ſo many volumes have been written, vaniſhed into nothing. Wit, taſte, learning, philoſophy, mathematics, and even money itſelf, appeared an abſolute chimæra. I ſaw numbers approach the throne. On every countenance I could plainly read the traces of repentance and ſelf-reproach. They looked back to their actions done in life, and ſaw that their moſt ſtrenuous efforts for fame, for wealth, for honours, and preferment, were mere contentions for a bubble. In general they offered up their addreſſes in terms of humiliation, but in ſuch a multitude I could not hear them all diſtinctly. The voices of many were depreſſed with ſhame: ſome delivered themſelves without heſitation,

tation, and, as I conceived, to the following effect.

Homer declared that, ſince he read the works of *Moſes* and other inſpired writers, he conſidered his own poems as a wild and extravagant rhapſody. He ſaid it was truly obſerved by *Cicero*, that he had transferred to his heroes the attributes of his gods, and, in return, clothed his deities with the frailties of man. He was glad, however, that by ſome moral touches, he made amends for his vain theology.

Plato owned that he knew nothing of the firſt *Good*, firſt *Perfect*, and firſt *Fair*. *Shafteſbury* wiſhed that, inſtead of being guided by the Pagan Philoſopher, he had made uſe of the light of Revelation, which might have afforded him ſome faint dawning of that truth, of which he is now perfectly convinced.

Ariſtotle declared his Syſtem of Logic to be nothing but a ſcheme of laboured perplexities, calculated to puzzle and bewilder mankind. *Pindar* ſmiled at his Olympics, and did not heſitate to ſay, that he believed he was mad when he wrote them. Old *Euclid*, who, I believe, never once laughed on earth, burſt into a loud expreſſion of mirth, when he reflected upon his endeavours to ſquare the circle.

Alexander confeſſed himſelf a child for weeping for more worlds. *Cæſar* declared he would as contentedly be the laſt in a village, as the firſt in *Rome*; and *Pompey* had no longer an averſion to an equal. *Cicero* condemned his purſuit of fame. He added that he never thought himſelf properly employed but when expatiating againſt the minute philoſophers. *Virgil* ſtill perſiſted that his whole *Æneid* ſhould be burned. *Horace* and *Ovid* both laughed at the duration of their works, which in their days of nature they flattered themſelves would be indelible monuments of their fame.

In ſhort, among all the celebrated perſonages of antiquity, every one accuſed himſelf of miſtaken views; of a falſe eſtimate of life, and means exerted with vigour, when the ends were unworthy of a wiſe man's conſideration. Warriors wiſhed they had not left the plough for the command of armies; and conquerors, who were famous for laying waſte the human ſpecies, acknowledged that their glory would have been more ſolid, if they had taught mankind how to rear with encreaſe a ſingle blade of graſs, or a grain of corn. Even *Titus* complained that he had loſt many days.

There were, who acknowledged that they never knew uneaſineſs in life, but what was occaſioned

ſioned by the ſucceſs of others. They were always completely happy, or completely miſerable by compariſon. *Poets* laughed at all their labours to tag a rhyme and their ſolicitude for works which now appeared to them in a proper light; and *Criticks* owned that they took too much pains to deſtroy productions of ſo periſhable a nature.

I ſaw *Miniſters of State*, who aimed at popularity, not by their actions, but by paragraphs in newſpapers, for which they ſquandered the public money. I alſo ſaw, in the various walks of life, ſeveral perſons who had felt an ardent paſſion for fame, unbleſſed with talents to deſerve it. They repined at the ſucceſs of others, but aimed at no improvement. They gave themſelves up to envy, and while they were tormented, they thought they were leading a life of literature. They defamed, what they could not imitate. While they leſſened their contemporaries, they thought they raiſed themſelves; and while the public voice was ſilent about them and their works, they hoped to grow illuſtrious, by being the clandeſtine writers of their own panegyrick. Theſe unhappy men now ſaw too late that they ought to have wiſhed for an honeſt fame, or honeſt obſcurity. The *Miſer* railed at gold: he expected that it would pay him with happineſs, but he found it inſolvent.

The

The ſofter ſex appeared upon this occaſion; but the ſimper of ſelf-admiration no longer diſplayed itſelf. They were not anxious about the gloſs of their ſkin, the arrangement of a curl, or the diſpoſition of a patch. The ſnowy breaſt ceaſed to heave by rules of art, and the ſhape was no longer tortured a thouſand ways, in order to look attractive in the eye of man. The labours of the toilet were now deſpiſed: each fair-one wondered how dreſs could make ſo great a part of the buſineſs of life. They were now perſwaded that true beauty dwells in the mind; drums, routs, cards, and equipage were held in contempt. The ſex was aſhamed of the falſehood of their friendſhips, their turns of coquetry, their diſſimulation, and all the variety of female artifice. All agreed that they had been diſtracted with cares beneath a rational creature.

From the paſſions, that diſturb our happineſs, I was rejoiced to ſee my fellow creatures relieved; and to perceive love, joy, and benevolence, effacing all traces of former guilt, gave me inexpreſſible delight. But this glow of rapture, like all things ſubject to time and mortal chance, ſoon came to an end. I had been for ſome time troubled with a cold, and all my wiſdom, like that of *Horace*'s Stoic, vaniſhed in a fit of coughing. I then perceived

ceived that I had loſt myſelf in a deep, and, perhaps, a wild meditation: whatever it be, this moral may be deduced from it, namely, that there is nothing in human life worth the anxiety it creates, and that it ſhould be our buſineſs to fix thoſe propenſities in our ſouls, which we ſhall have no occaſion hereafter to wiſh totally effaced, and which it is probable we ſhall be carrying to a higher degree of purity in thoſe parts of our exiſtence, that lie concealed in futurity.

NUMBER LVIII.

Saturday, Nov. 24, 1753.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora.——————

OVID.

THE chambers over my apartment in *Gray's-Inn* having been unoccupied, I have lived for a conſiderable time in lettered eaſe, and unmoleſted tranquility. Thoſe ſudden alarms of noiſe and uproar, which too frequently occur in the Inns of Court, have been for many months entirely baniſhed: but my repoſe has lately met with an interruption of ſo pleaſant a kind, that I have determined to acquaint my readers with the particulars of the incident.

About ten days ſince a gentleman entered upon the upper chambers. Ever ſince I have been frequently diſturbed by ſuch quick and unexpected ſhocks, that it was abſolutely impoſſible for me to purſue the ſame train of thought with any degree of attention. I was yeſterday morning peruſing Mr. *Hawkins Brown*'s excellent Poem upon the Immortality of the Soul, in which he has artfully combined, in their full force, all the arguments

ments in ſupport of that important article of our belief: the ſubject is awful, but there is ſomething wonderfully grateful in that variety of emotions, with which the heart is agitated. Scenes of futurity fill the imagination, and we are loſt in the immenſity of duration and ſpace. As I ſat, abſorbed in contemplation, I heard on a ſudden a violent noiſe over my head: the cieling trembled as if ready to come down; a violent convulſion ſhook the houſe. Deep reflection ſometimes unbraces the nerves to ſuch a degree, that an unexpected noiſe ſtartles the whole frame, and throws the ſpirits out of that placid ſtate, which is requiſite in order to think with calmneſs and perſpicuity. This diſcompoſure I experienced upon ſo many occaſions, and ſometimes in ſuch quick ſucceſſion, that I judged it proper to ſtep up ſtairs to the gentleman, to inform him of the inconveniencies which I ſuffered, and to beg of him to manage his affairs for the future with leſs commotion.

I knocked two or three times at his door, but receiving no anſwer, and hearing him run about with great violence of exertion, I made bold to walk in. A long entry lies before you: you go into the dining-room through a glaſs folding-door, which was at this time ſhut, but the curtains undrawn. Through the window, I ſaw the gentleman pulling off his cloaths with the utmoſt eager-

eagerneſs. In an inſtant he appeared in the habit and air of an old woman delivering Doctor *Rock*'s bills upon *Ludgate hill.* Surprized at this change, I ſtopt ſhort to obſerve the actions of this extraordinary perſonage. I was ſoon entertained with another change. After friſking about the room, and running in circle within circle, with the agility and the gambols of a cat purſuing its own tale, he ſhifted his cloaths, and with an air of compoſure walked about with a baſket on his ſhoulder, pronouncing with an audible voice, " Muf- " fins for coffee and tea, gentlemen and ladies." This appeared extremely whimſical; he then varied his dreſs, and with a ſilver pipe cried out *London Evening Poſt:* after which he threw away his bundle of papers, fell down upon his knees, laid his hand on his heart, looked up with a great expreſſion of joy, and then riſing, indulged himſelf in all the whimſical vagaries of a man frantic with ſenſations too exquiſite to endure. In this way he continued for ſome time: at length he threw himſelf into the attitude of ſurprize; he looked up to Heaven; he claſped his hands; he beat his breaſt, and ſtood for ſome time plunged in the laſt deſpair. In this ſituation he ſeemed to invoke the gods, but in vain: he fixed his eyes upon the ground, as if to call up the dæmons of miſchief: at length, to my great amazement, he muſtered

up

up his ſpirits, took a turn or two with wonderful celerity, and leaped through the pannel of a cloſet door. He fell, it ſeems, into the coal-hole. After abſconding there for a ſhort ſpace of time, he came forth with a ſack of coals upon his ſhoulders, which he emptied in the middle of the room, calling with ſome earneſtneſs, "*Below.*" He bowed from ſide to ſide with profound humility, plainly indicating by his manner that a number of people were paſſing by. Over the head of one of them he lifted up his ſack, and pulled it, with great dexterity, about the poor fellow's ears, and I could perceive that he ſoon enveloped his whole body. He then placed his ſack in the middle of the room, with his priſoner in it, and dancing round in frolick gambol, gave the poor man ſeveral ſmart ſtrokes acroſs the back, which, you may imagine, made him roar moſt luſtily. Amidſt this triumph, he directed his eyes ſparkling with joy to his bedroom door, and gazed like an Indian at a ſtar. He threw the ſack over his ſhoulder, and marched off as if he laboured under the weight. Having diſincumbered himſelf, he returned in rapture, and drew from the adjoining room a paſte-board figure, repreſenting a lovely female form. He was now wild with tranſport. After many extatic movements, he waved his wooden ſabre: the curtains dropt; a table run upon caſtors with great

great velocity; he placed a couple of chairs, and ſat down with the lady. Though there was not a ſingle diſh on the table, he revelled in luxury. I ſaw him hold up nothing, and diſſect a fowl with the ſkill of an anatomiſt. He kiſſed his miſtreſs's hand, filled out the wine, drank her health; fell on his knees, and roſe in extacy. The ſeaſons adminiſtered to his palate: be eat cherries, and ſhot away the ſtones; he ſucked his gooſeberries, blew up the ſkins, and with a briſk ſlap of his hand cauſed a ſudden exploſion. After a full diſplay of this manual eloquence, he ſeemed to enjoy the completion of his wiſhes: but human felicity is of ſhort duration. He ſtarted away from the table, and ran about in agonies of grief, of rage, vexation, and deſpair, as if ſuddenly purſued, exploring every paſſage, hopeleſs, without a chance of eſcaping. Having tried every avenue, but in vain, he advanced to the folding doors, where I had in the beginning fixed my ſtation. The opportunity ſeemed fair to make my appearance, but I no ſooner opened the place, than he ſeized me by the ſhoulder, and twirling me round with all his ſtrength, ſent me reeling into the furtheſt corner of the room. He, meanwhile, ſtood at a diſtance in a fit of laughter, and, with one leg raiſed and extended, ſtood pointing at me with contempt, till at length he gave himſelf

ſelf a ſtroke on the thigh, ran out of the room, and drew the door after him. I was glad to be thus delivered. My troubles I thought were over, when, to my great ſurprize, he opened a ſmall caſement-window, which was over the door of his bed-chamber. From thence ſtretching forth his neck, and looking me full in the face, he burſt into a loud fit of laughter; then producing a ſquirt, he let fly at me in ſuch a manner, that I was ſoon pretty well watered from head to foot. The exclamations which I vented upon this occaſion, rung ſuch a peal in the gentleman's ears, that he was brought to a recollection of himſelf. He came down very leiſurely from his poſt, and with a modeſt air and genteel addreſs, politely aſked my pardon, adding, that he was ſo intent upon his buſineſs, he really did not perceive that he was offering indignities to a ſtranger.

Thinking myſelf in the hands of a madman, I was willing to acquieſce with his apology, but to ſatisfy my curioſity, I took the liberty to enquire of him, the nature of his buſineſs, and what might be his vocation. "Sir, ſaid he, will you pleaſe "to be ſeated? With regard to my buſineſs, I "am a Pantomime Poet:" "a Pantomime Poet! "Pray, Sir, what is a Pantomime Poet?" He anſwered with a ſmile, "A writer of pantomime,

" Sir. It is a plan to which I have determined " to apply myſelf: it is the only way of ſucceed- " ing in the preſent age. I was bred at *Eton* " ſchool; from thence I removed to the Univer- " ſity: at both places I laid in a ſufficient ſtore of " *Greek* and *Latin*, but always feeling a particu- " lar turn for the Drama, I directed my genius to " Tragedy and Comedy. In each ſpecies of wri- " ting I have given the finiſhing hand to ſome " pieces, which have received the approbation of " a few gentlemen of known taſte, and perfectly " well verſed in critical matters. Encouraged by " their opinion I came to town; I waited on the " Managers, and after much painful attendance, " I find it impoſſible to get any of my perform- " ances exhibited. Mr. *Garrick* has already, like " a provident general, laid his plan of operations " for two years, as he aſſured me. For the truth " of his aſſertion, he appealed to his Prompter, " his Carpenter, and ſeveral others, whom I did " not know; but they all vouched for him. I went " to the other houſe: Mr. *Rich* is determined to " bring on no new pieces, till we have ſuch a genius " as *Tom D'Urfey*. " I wiſh, ſaid he, that we had " ſuch a writer now." In this ſituation my pa- " tience is worn out. Being, however, fertile in " expedients, I have reſolved to cultivate a ſpe- " cies of the drama, which cannot fail of being " profitable to all parties."

Here-

Hereupon I broke the thread of his diſcourſe: pray, Sir, are you determined to perform Harlequin yourſelf? He anſwered in the negative; but as it is a rule in writing to place yourſelf in the ſituation of the character for which you are to find ſuitable dialogue, he had judged it not improper to conform to the precept. In order the better to concert the ſudden eſcapes and changes of dreſs, which have ſo pleaſing an effect in this kind of poetry, he was practiſing over every ſtriking attitude, and every unexpected ſituation, that he might the better form an opinion of the plot, and the ſeveral incidents of the marvellous, which he had found it neceſſary to introduce. He proceeded to inform me, that he purpoſed calling his firſt piece HARLEQUIN TRIUMPHANT, or POETRY IN THE SUDS. In this performance the whole race of authors are to be expoſed to the deriſion of the public. Harlequin is to crack a very great number of facetious jokes upon their ſhoulders with his wooden ſword. A poet is to be placed at a table with a beef-ſtake laid before him, to his inexpreſſible joy, when in an inſtant, by ſome curious ſtroke of art, the ſolid ſubſtance is to be changed into a modern tragedy, and *Calvert's Entire But* wafted away from his longing eyes. The Bard after this is to be ducked in a well, and then toſſed dry in a blanket, while Mo-

ther *Dulneſs* enjoys the ſprightly vein of mirth, happy to ſee her orders faithfully executed. In ſhort, the unhappy Poet is to undergo every indignity that human wit can invent: in contraſt to this, Harlequin is to riot in luxury; the ſpring is to pour forth her freſheſt verdure to charm his eye, ſummer to ripen the various fruits upon the loaded boughs; autumn to adminiſter the circling glaſs, and winter to expand the frozen ſurface of the waters, that he may ſkate with dignity, in ſight of the aſtoniſhed audience.

Though this plan appeared highly romantic, I could not help telling the gentleman, that I made no doubt but he would find his account in it. I added, that the ſure way to riſe in the world was by gratifying the follies of the people. I hinted, that if he could contrive to be leſs violent in his ſtudies, I ſhould take it as a particular favour, and after aſſuring him of my ſincere wiſhes for the encouragement of his project, I took my leave. Ever ſince this interview, I have been tolerably quiet, not hearing more than two or three alarms in a day, which muſt be now and then expected from ſo vigorous and warm an imagination.

NUMBER LIX.

Saturday, Dec. 1, 1753.

——— *Pictis bellantur Amazones armis.*
VIRG.

I Paid a viſit, a few days ſince, to a lady, for whom I always entertained the higheſt eſteem. Beſides the many good and amiable qualities, that adorn her character, ſhe poſſeſſes, in a ſupreme degree, that eaſy turn of converſation, that can intereſt even in trifles, and ſoften the auſterity of knowledge, by giving it a familiar air, and making her deepeſt remarks ſlide into her diſcourſe, as if they found their way by accident, the careleſs eſcapes of an enlightened mind, not uſhered in by deſign, for the vanity of talking ſentences, or the ambition of ſhining.

Mrs. *Mellefont* (for that is her name) was never known to have the ſmalleſt propenſity to ſcandal. She knows what is doing in the gay world, but does not chuſe to be a retailer of anecdotes. The important knowledge of who and who were together at the maſquerade; who were ſeen to interchange amorous glances at the theatre, and who has had an ill run at play,

with many articles of the ſame kind that ſwell the ſcandalous chronicle, ſhe is obliged to hear, but ſhe hears all with an air, that ſhews her unaffectedly concerned for the misfortunes of her acquaintance, and the folly of prevailing faſhions. Subjects of this nature are never long kept up in her company. Malice, indeed, loves to dwell upon certain topicks, and, as a French writer expreſſes it, finds a ragout in detraction: but Mrs. *Melleſent* has the art of diſappointing malice, without giving offence: in a manner peculiar to herſelf, ſhe ſhifts the converſation, and that ſo imperceptibly, that the attention of all is ſoon transferred to another object. Politeneſs, affability, and good nature are her characteriſtic perfections. She is ready to allow wit and beauty in others, as well as her own daughters; though, in my opinion, it is a rare thing to ſee them equalled by any of their ſex. The two young ladies are tall and graceful; elegant in ſhape, and delicate in their features; extremely like each other in the turn of the face, and ſtill each of them forming, if I may be allowed to uſe the phraſe, a different ſchool of beauty.

Harriet has the ſtart of her ſiſter by near two years. She is about nineteen, of courſe more formed, and approaching nearer to woman than

Char-

Charlotte. She is now in the higheſt bloom, but frankly ſays ſhe dreads the total eclipſe, which her beauty muſt ſuffer very ſhortly, when all the charms, which are at preſent budding forth in the perſon of *Charlotte*, have attained their full perfection. Though *Harriet* is ſenſible of this, ſhe yet perceives it without any proneneſs to envy. On the contrary ſhe rallies herſelf with great vivacity, and will fairly own that ſhe is upon the look-out for a man for herſelf, before *Charlotte* becomes ſo miſchievous a beauty, as to engroſs the attention of every beholder, and then, ſays ſhe "I ſhall loſe all my admirers: I "am, therefore, reſolved to get married out of "the way."

At preſent ſhe takes the lead in converſation, and though ſhe does not copy her mother's manner, ſhe ſhews, however, that ſhe has benefited by ſo bright a model. At times ſhe is the liveliеſt rattle in the world, but in her wildeſt ſallies there is ſo ſweet a delicacy, that I am convinced her good ſenſe will lead her, when ſhe reſigns her perſon, to imitate the gentleneſs and mild affection of her ſiſter. *Charlotte* does not aſpire to be ſo fierce a beauty as *Harriet*. To be miſtreſs of willing hearts is her ambition She does not endeavour to kindle her eyes into that glare

of fire, for which many others are remarkable, but unambitiouſly ſhe lets them ſhine in their own native mildneſs: if ſhe captivates every heart, it is without any premeditated deſign. In ſhort, the difference between theſe two young ladies is this: *Charlotte*'s charms have a conſtant emanation; *Harriet*'s are in perpetual exertion.

I ſpent an hour in the moſt agreeable manner with this family, when, *Harriet*, in her giddy manner, gave a new turn to the converſation, by aſking me, "Pray, can you tell me about *Macklin*'s "new ſcheme? he has left the ſtage, they ſay; "what is the man about?" Not being ſufficiently in the ſecret, the ſum of my anſwer was, that he has built two magnificent rooms, and intends to furniſh them in an elegant manner; the apartment on the ground-floor to be a public coffee-room, and the other for the reception of ſuch gentlemen as are ready to ſtake, or, as the caſe may be, to ſeek their fortunes at play: and thus the company and their landlord will be all adventurers; but the latter, I feared, would ſhare the common fate of projectors.

"Well, I vow and proteſt, ſays *Harriet*, it's a "vexatious thing to ſee how theſe men are al-"ways contriving places for their own accom-"modation. Nobody thinks for us women. The

"odious

" odious things are always herding with one an-
" other, and the ladies are ſequeſtered, and left to
" themſelves. Does not one hear the men eter-
" nally ſaying with an air of indifference, Ma'am
" I muſt go to the coffee-houſe, and ſo they ſaun-
" ter away with that janty careleſs air, that never
" fails to provoke me? Well, I wiſh the women
" would agree to have a coffee-houſe of their
" own; it would be the ſweeteſt revenge. I
" would have it an excluſive club; no man to be
" admitted. I don't know what to ſay as to huſ-
" bands; but they will not deſire admittance.
" And as to lovers, what ſhould be done? Poſi-
" tively exclude them: the men will be ſo
" humbled, and will ſo beg and pray: it will do
" charmingly; don't you think ſo, ſiſter? It
" will ſo tantalize the creatures, to ſee us going
" into a place where none of them can gain ad-
" mittance. They will be proud to wait at the
" door to hand us to our chairs; and it would be
" ſuch a pleaſure to meet one's acquaintance
" without going conſtantly in a formal dreſs to
" routs and drums. Mr. *Ranger*, you muſt give
" us an helping hand; give us an eſſay upon it,
" you wild devil." With this ſhe tapped me on the ſhoulder, in her lively manner, and inſiſted with all the rhetoric of a beautiful romp, that I ſhould propoſe her ſcheme to the public.

The

The idea of a lady's club ſeemed, at the firſt view, to be attended with inſuperable objections. The men, in my opinion, are not gainers by the number of coffee-houſes always open for their reception. To people of buſineſs, who have bargains to drive, and the courſe of exchange to ſettle, ſuch places may be of uſe; but at the St. *James*'s end of the town, I am ſure it is otherwiſe. Take a view throughout the city of *Weſtminſter*, and how are the coffee-houſes filled? With bucks, bloods, rakes, and others of the like deſcription. From their manners you can acquire nothing, except a ſwagger in the gait, a drunken totter, a noiſy riotous deportment, a volley of oaths, and a total breach of all decorum. The loungers form another, and, perhaps, the moſt numerous claſs. Of theſe what ſwarms abound in every quarter of the town? And what a melancholy ſpectacle do they exhibit? We ſee them weary of themſelves, oppreſſed with langour, liſtleſs for want of ſomething to do, and ſinking even under the load of nothing. Their minds are in a ſtate of ſtagnation, and not a breeze bruſhes over the pool, to give it motion. They look at a newſpaper for want of thought, and they lay it down with equal inſenſibility. Were an idea to penetrate their heads, they would wonder what is the matter with them. They count the clock, and never

never reflect that the hours are passing away, which will be hereafter imputed to them. A life like this can hardly be said to rise above vegetation. It is of such men that *Seneca* has said, They die before they begin to live; and *Sallust* emphatically tells us, that their life and death are of equal moment; for men are silent about both.

For this whole tribe of useless beings, whom true poetry has lately called, "The insolvent te-" nants of incumber'd space," we are indebted to those receptacles, called coffee-houses. The bold and forward have no other place to figure in. It is there that the old and peevish neglect their family affairs for the good of their country. They follow *Shakespear*'s precept, "Get thee glass eyes, " and, like a scurvy politician, see things that are " not." It is there that the gamester passes his time from six in the evening till seven the next morning, wearing himself out in the service of the four Kings of those mighty empires, SPADES, CLUBS, HEARTS, and DIAMONDS. I have lately visited some of these temples of fortune. At the *Crown* coffee-house in *Bedford-row*, I saw faces of care and anxiety. The deepest silence prevailed, at times, however, disturbed by a rich old gentleman, who seemed, by some right, which I did not understand, to insult the rest of the company. His phraseology resembled *Swift*'s Polite Conversation.

If

If he made a bett, " *Here*, ſays he, *I have a guinea* " *that my wife knows nothing of.*" If he played a rubber, he had his vulgariſms for every turn of the game: upon the loſs of a trick, " Oh! my G-d, " quoth *Nanny Sayer*, what a whore am I!" If he won the trick, " You, Mr. *Quibus*; Nominativo, Quibus, Quobus, Quodbus, and ſo forth." This was thought humour, and the company looked as if they were paſſing a pleaſant evening. I adjourned to *Slaughter*'s in St. *Martin*'s lane, and there ſat down to obſerve the ſtratagems of the game of cheſs. The players, however, ſoon broke off in a violent quarrel. Monſieur *D'Onion* happened to approve of the ſtruggle made by the Parliament of Paris againſt the arbitrary meaſures of the Clergy: " Parblieu! ſaid he, de *Hugenots* " may be reſtore: if I ſee dat day, I die wid plea- " ſure; for I have ſacrifice my eſtate of five hun- " dred livre, de rent, for my religion." Monſieur *D'Echalotte* (the oppoſite party) took him up ſhortly: " Monſieur *D'Onion*, fat right have you " to make de man of conſequence? My father " give up his eſtate, *avec droit de chaſſe*." " But, ſaid Monſieur *D'Onion*, " my eſtate was better:" " Dat may be, replied *D'Echallote*, but not *avec* " *droit de chaſſe*." The diſpute grew violent, and this aſylum of refugees was ſoon in ſuch commotion, that I was glad to retire.

I have

I have ſince reflected upon the nature of coffee-houſes, and not being able to perceive any advantages ariſing to the men, who frequent them, I tremble for the conſequences that may follow, ſhould a rendezvous of the ſame kind be eſtabliſhed for the ladies. The graces of the ſex, I fear, will be laid aſide. The town will ſwarm with pretty libertines, and maſculine beauties. What ſhould we ſay of a memorandum-book at the bar, containing meſſages in the following ſtile?

" Lady *Laſt-ſtakes* came according to appoint-
" ment to meet Lady *Betty Modiſh*; is gone to
" hear *Shuter* give the *London Cries*; will be here
" again after the play, when ſhe will be glad to
" have a party of *piquet* with Lady *Betty*, and
" ſpend the remainder of the evening."

" Miſs *Madcap* called here about ſix o'clock, in
" hopes of ſeeing Miſs *Limber-tongue*; is gone to
" conſult Mrs. *Sermon* in *Naked-boy alley*, after
" which ſhe intends to ſee *Harlequin Ranger*, and
" will call here again. Begs Miſs *Limber-tongue*
" will leave word where ſhe may be heard of."

" Miſs *Tattleaid* begs to ſee Miſs *Graveairs*;
" has a million of things to ſay to her, and parti-
" cularly ſomething ſhe heard laſt night at Lady
" *Hurlyburly's*."

Such

Such proceedings threaten a revolution of the manners, in its nature violent, but, perhaps, of ſhort duration. I remember a *Greek* comedy, in which the men, with common conſent, abandon their town, and leave it to a republic of women: but they ſoon return and beſiege the place. A female club, from which the men are excluded, may have the ſame effect. The ſtate of ſeparation will, probably, be found intolerable, and both ſexes may be brought together upon proper terms. I am therefore willing to try the experiment, and for that purpoſe have drawn the following regulations.

Rules for the Female Club.

1. That each lady pay one ſhilling at the bar, whether ſhe drink tea, coffee, chocolate, capillaire, citron-water, or ratifia.
2. That Actreſſes may be admitted, to the end that the ladies may learn the ſecrets of the Green-room, and thereby become as good critics as the men.
3. That no lady ſhall, upon any account, be ſuffered to brag of her amours, that infamous practice being thought fit for the men only.
4. If any lady's cap, ruffles, or lace ſhould be torn in a quarrel, the firſt aſſailant ſhall pay to the injured party the milliner's bill.

5. If

5. If any lady is diſcovered with a pair-royal of aces in her pocket, ſhe ſhall be expelled the club, with as much ſtrictneſs as if it had happened at *White*'s.
6. If any huſband ſhould ſend in for his wife, he ſhall be obliged to prove that he endeavours to make home agreeable, and in default thereof, his meſſage ſhall be treated with contempt.
7. Should any young lady, who is thought handſome, offer herſelf to be choſen into the club by ballot, a ſingle white ball ſhall be ſufficient, it being improbable that a real beauty can obtain that favour from more than one of her ſex.
8. If any lady's huſband makes it his cuſtom to ſtay out all night, the wife ſhall be at liberty to do the ſame, and what the huſband ſays to the contrary ſhall be null and void.

NUMBER

NUMBER LX.

Saturday, Dec. 8, 1753.

Mendici, mimi, balatrones, hoc genus omne.
HOR.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

IT is the obſervation of *Congreve*, that, wherever Wit is, it is always contriving its own ruin. Of this truth there are in the world a number of melancholy inſtances. If we ſearch for the cauſe, the ſolution will not be attended with much difficulty.

To ſucceed in life is generally the effect of prudence, or to expreſs myſelf with more preciſion, of moderate paſſions, and a ſedateneſs of mind, that can purſue, with ſteadineſs, what it conceives to be good, and avoid what has the appearance of evil. To this end it is enough to feel the influence of one ſingle paſſion; the reſt cannot be held too much in ſubjection. Let the deſire of private advantage, or ſelf-intereſt prevail; let the love of lucre be a keen and active principle; and if the mind in every other reſpect is lulled in apathy, the

the perſon ſo formed by nature will find at the foot of the account a conſiderable ballance in his favour. His progreſs may be ſlow, but at the long run will be ſure. Genius is not required in the ordinary track of buſineſs: on the contrary, a comfortable ſhare of dulneſs is moſt likely to thrive. With the man of lively parts the caſe is different: he talks and reaſons from the perceptions of his underſtanding, but acts with the violence of his paſſions. The man of prudence is often purblind: he ſees but a little way before him, and, for fear of ſtumbling, walks with timidity. Genius has more extenſive views, a greater variety of objects, and a larger horizon. It looks abroad from an eminence; ſurveys the diſtant ſcene, and never thinks of the tangling weeds that lie beneath, to obſtruct the way. Add to this, the chief, and, too often, the only intereſt of genius, is applauſe, not the accumulation of wealth. The man, who has quickneſs and vigour of mind, is amply paid if you admire him; and admiration is ſo cheap a recompenſe, that blockheads are ever ready to part with it. Gentle dullneſs loves a joke, and wit aims at nothing more, content with the laughter it excites. The object of the man of buſineſs is to chaſe away his cares, and he, who has talents to divert his company, thinks the loudeſt laugher his

ſincereſt friend: but, unhappily, there is not a word, in the compaſs of the Engliſh language, more groſsly abuſed than the term Friendſhip. As matters are now managed, it means no more, than that men eat together, game together; are grave and merry, drunk and ſober together, without taking an intereſt in each others affairs, or feeling a concern for their mutual happineſs. I believe every day's experience will point out numbers, who are the dupes of convivial mirth, and fancy that they have friends, when in fact they have only bottle-companions. In the courſe of my obſervation I have marked a particular character, that falls more egregiouſly into this error, than the reſt of mankind. The character I mean is that of THE COMICAL FELLOW, or THE AGREEABLE DEVIL, or THE MAN OF HUMOUR, or THE GENIUS, or by whatever name, (for many names will ſuit him) you may pleaſe to diſtinguiſh the perſon, whom a cheerful flow of ſpirits, and a quick circulation of ideas, conſpire to render an entertaining companion.

The COMICAL FELLOW, is in high requeſt among all his acquaintance: different parties at the *Shakeſpear*, the *Bedford-Arms*, the *King's Arms*, and other places, are vying with each other to have him the maſter of the joke. He is without doubt

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the fitteſt creature in the world to kill an hour with, the merry droll has ſuch a variety of chat, and ſuch a deal of humour in telling a ſtory. But while the Son of Gaiety is happy in the careſſes of all, this ſecret misfortune attends him; he has not any where procured the leaſt degree of eſteem, becauſe it is too well known that he has not a ſingle virtue under the ſun. He would at any time, according to the common ſaying, rather loſe his friend than his joke. No obligation can bind him; he laſhes all alike, for ever upon the look out for ſome incident, which, by a perverſion of circumſtances, or by a few touches of mimickry, or by ſome other adventitious aid, may be worked up into a ſtory for the entertainment of the next company he goes into. On this account THE AGREEABLE DEVIL is held in contempt; but the vivacity of his imagination will not afford him leiſure to think; his vanity is gratified by the applauſe he meets with, while his finances run to waſte in the company of men, who have nothing in view, but to brighten the miſt, that riſes from the cares and the buſineſs of life.

I will venture to affirm, that few evils are more epidemic, than this rage of being an HIGH FELLOW. Of the many bankruptcies, which fill the columns of the *Gazette*, few are ſo much owing to

loſſes in trade, as to the pitiful ambition of diſcovering a vein of humour. When once the ſober Cit becomes the ringleader in wit and frolick feſtivity; when once he has learned to *elevate and ſurprize*, his ſhop aſſumes a gloomy aſpect, and book-keeping is a dull employment, unfit for men of finer ſenſations. Accordingly the man of buſineſs exchanges his Ledger for *Joe Miller:* in purſuit of mirth he flies to the tavern, where he cracks his joke, and thrice he enjoys the laugh, and thrice repeats the pun. In a little time, his name is inſerted in the *Gazette:* his former companions ſhake their heads: "He was a wag, a "merry man; a COMICAL FELLOW; but buſineſs "is a ſerious thing."

Poor *Jack Spatter!* he is at preſent the moſt remarkable of all THE AGREEABLE DEVILS I have ever known. *Jack* does not want a ſhare of native humour: he dreſſes up a ſtory at ſecond hand with ſuch additional touches, that a man is frequently as much entertained as if he had not heard it before, or had not himſelf told it to the merry droll the preceding day. For it is often the diverting rogue's trick unwittingly to faſten with *ſomething high* upon the very perſon, who at firſt ſupplied him with the ſubject. And then THE GENIUS is ſuch a mimick! nothing can eſcape him. A Cat, a Dog, a Monkey, a Manager, a

Burletta

Burletta Girl, a *Woodward*, a *Garrick*, all muſt undergo the touches of his humorous imitation, and mean while, the company, whores, waiters and all, do ſo laugh, and ſo ſhake their ſides, that life is quite flat and inſipid without *Jack Spatter*. But in this world, where, as *Moliere* ſays, *on donne rien pour rien*, where every thing muſt be paid for, it cannot but prove very expenſive to be thus aſpiring in company; and the vanity of *Spatter* extends to expence, as well as wit and humour. How many ſhifts have I known him make, that he might diſplay his vivacity at the tavern! A turtle-feaſt was ſometime ſince fixed at the *King's Arms* in *Cornhill*, and *Spatter* was invited to make one. "A turtle-feaſt," ſays *Jack*, "very well! "it can't be better: citizens laugh heartily when "their bellies are full. I'll certainly go: but "how to pay my reckoning! There's *Title-page*, "the bookſeller; he likes a touch of my humour. "He'll tip me two guineas for an epilogue: I'll "write one for him: let me ſee what's here? "*Dryden*'s *Miſcellany!* I'll tranſcribe one from "this."—No ſooner ſaid than done, for *Jack* has quick parts, and away he ſets out towards *Fleet-ſtreet*. He meets his friend *Humdrum* at *Temple-bar*; reads the piece to him, to ſhew what a Comical Devil he is; *Humdrum* admires it; *Jack* forgets that he ſtole it, and admires it more; touches

two guineas from *Title-page*, and who but he at the turtle-feaſt? A *maſquerade* requires ſomewhat a larger capital. He writes a pamphlet from ſtale materials, and receives five guineas. A jant to *Tunbridge*, in the ſummer ſeaſon, with ſome lovers of wit and humour, could not but be agreeable to Mr. *Spatter:* he ſits down and writes a farce; and becauſe *Fielding*'s *Coffee-houſe Politician* is not very likely to be acted again on either of our ſtages, what does the merry wag do, but he takes the character, gives it a new name, makes a little alteration in the ſcene, where the *Politician* reads the newſpapers, and inſtantly *Genial Jacob, and a warm third day*, equip the GENIUS for *Tunbridge*. Thus is the HIGH FELLOW, the AIMABLE FRIPON, perpetually ſpending the income of his brain, and torturing his invention in endeavours to live with thoſe, who have fortunes to ſupply their expences, and do not entertain the leaſt ſentiment of friendſhip for their merry companion. They court him for his humour, but, in ſerious matters, they never conſult him, aware of his indiſcretion: to their friendſhip they never receive him, for they know his treachery. What will become of him, when he has played all his tricks, and when his ſtories are worn threadbare, I tremble to think, and, as if his misfortunes were now preſent, I cannot help crying out, "Alas, poor

"*Yorick!*

" *Yorick!* I knew him, a fellow of infinite jeſt:
" where be your gibes now? Your flaſhes of
" merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a
" roar? Quite chop-fallen!"

My fancy has pictured this ſcene of diſtreſs ſo ſtrongly, that I wiſh ſome means could be deviſed to avert the impending evil. An ingenious gentleman, whom I have the pleaſure of knowing, propoſed ſome time ſince a ſcheme for an HOSPITAL FOR DECAYED POETS. Suppoſe, in imitation of this laudable deſign, an hoſpital were to be raiſed for DECAYED COMICAL FELLOWS. I cannot but think the plan deſerves encouragement. For my own part, I am willing to give the profits of this paper towards carrying it into execution. Mr. *Garrick* and Mr. *Rich* will, I dare ſay, contribute on their parts an annual benefit towards ſo uſeful a charity, the objects of which may be admitted as follows.

" It being certified to us, that the bearer, *A. B.*
" was an AGREEABLE DEVIL, and entirely ruined
" himſelf by endeavouring to keep company with
" men of fortune, who countenanced him merely
" as their jeſter, you are hereby directed to admit
" the ſaid unhappy pleaſant creature into the hoſ-
" pital for DECAYED COMICAL FELLOWS, *London.*
Signed by two Directors."

Should this propoſal take effect, I ſhall rejoice at being inſtrumental in the redemption of ſo many diverting creatures from utter miſery. It would be melancholy to reflect that he, who often enlivened even the ſprightly *Champaign*, might become miſerably witty in an alehouſe, or be a joking *boot-catcher* at an inn, and tell your honour a ſtory, while he is diveſting your legs of their leathern incumbrance. I ſhall therefore hope that all true lovers of humour will promote a ſcheme, calculated to prevent the diſtreſs of thoſe, who ruin themſelves to divert their company.

I am, Sir, your conſtant reader,

CRITO.

NUMBER LXI.

Saturday, Dec. 15, 1753.

——— *Utinam remeare liceret*
Ad veteres fines, et mænia pauperis Anci.
CLAUD.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

I Cannot agree with you, or your correſpondent (who on the tenth of laſt month thought proper to ſecond your argument) in the poſition, which you have both laid down, in favour of modern times, as I conceive, to the diſadvantage of the ancients, and no leſs injurious to the intereſts of truth and virtue. Your hypotheſis, in my opinion, remains unſupported by either facts or reaſon.

Notwithſtanding that air of gravity, which runs through both your performances, I muſt take the liberty to ſuppoſe, that under the maſk of irony you have concealed an opinion diametrically oppoſite to what you have advanced. For a ſyſtem ſo wild and chimerical there is no other way of accounting. And even upon this ſuppoſition I cannot think you juſtifiable. There is a paſſage in

in the account given by *Tacitus* of the ancient *German* manners, which might have occurred to you; and if it had, a little reflection would have taught you to treat so important a subject in a very different manner. *Nemo illic vitia ridet*, says the great *Roman* historian, *nec corrumpere et corrumpi sæculum vocatur*. Vice, it seems, in those uncivilized regions excited indignation. The levity, that considers it as a subject of mirth and raillery, was not as yet in fashion. To laugh at that, which calls for efficacious remedy, is mere quackery in morals; and, like all physical quackery, leaves the disease untouched, or, perhaps, more inveterate than ever. It may be said that taxes and game-laws have so engrossed the legislature for a series of years, that there has been little leisure to counteract vice, and reform the manners. If that be so, it is the crisis of national depravity. When a people, says *Livy*, can neither bear their vices, nor the application of adequate remedies, they are upon the verge of ruin. It is the duty of a moral writer not to compound with vice for the sake of wit or idle merriment. For my own part, your whole account of modern times appeared to me no better than wilful misrepresentation, and I went immediately to see the reverse of the medal. That was near at hand. I found it in *Gulliver*'s Voyage to *Brobdingnag*, where the Emperor, after hearing a smooth

a ſmooth apologiſt for the manners of this country, pronounces our hiſtory to be no better than *a heap of conſpiracies, rebellions, murders, maſſacres, revolutions, baniſhments, the very worſt effects, that avarice, faction, hypocriſy, perfidiouſneſs, cruelty, rage, madneſs, envy, luſt, and malice, and ambition, could produce.*

I could not help ſaying to myſelf, Here is a writer, who deals in bold truth, and holds up to the world its own form and image. I then turned to the comparative view of a *Roman* and a modern ſenate. It made too deep an impreſſion. I felt for my country, and with great anxiety of mind went to reſt, when I had the following viſion, proceeding, as I ſuppoſe, from the agitation of my ſpirits.

I thought I was embarked on a voyage round the world, but with what view I am not certain. It was either to find the longitude, a new mineral, or a ſlipper of the bark of a tree for the Royal Society. Being in the great Pacific Ocean, we were thrown, in the night-time, by diſtreſs of weather, upon an iſland unknown to the ſhip's crew. While they were, next morning, all hands at work to get off the ſhip, I adventured up the country. I had not journeyed far, when I perceived that I was among the people of *Brobdingnag*. As they had

had before ſeen one of my ſpecies, I was freed from the diſagreeable circumſtance of being ſtared at, and ſhewed about, in the manner we do a tall man or a ſhort woman in *England*. I was conducted without delay to the office of the Miniſter of State, and ſoon after to the Emperor's preſence. As I entered the room, he burſt into a fit of laughter, which made me think of myſelf with great contempt. His Majeſty ſent for an interpreter, and, on his arrival, placing me on a table, began to queſtion me concerning the ſtate of *Europe*, and that of *Great Britain* in particular. He aſked me whether the ſame vices were ſtill in faſhion among us, more eſpecially whether that liſt of enormities, which *Gulliver* had mentioned to him, ſtill continued in practice; ſuch as *robbing*, *ſtealing*, *cheating*, *pimping*, *forſwearing*, *flattering*, *ſuborning*, *forging*, *gaming*, *lying*, *fauning*, *hectoring*, *voting*, *ſcribbling*, *ſtar-gazing*, *poiſoning*, *whoring*, *canting*, *libelling*, *free-thinking*, and the like. I told him they flouriſhed with as much, if not more vigour, than ever, and that two of them, *gaming* and *libelling*, encreaſed and gathered ſtrength every day; that there are ſeveral in the metropolis of *Great Britain* who profeſſedly live by them, and had no other means of ſubſiſtence. To carry on gaming with alacrity, I mentioned ſeveral ſocieties, that meet with a deſign upon one another's pockets.

pockets. I took great pains to give ſome idea of the games in vogue. I added, that the hours ordained by nature for repoſe, are ſpent in painful vigils, and with an induſtry, that ſeems to aim at nothing leſs than the ruin of health, reputation, and fortune. I ſtated the pernicious conſequences, that attend the habit of gaming, and in particular mentioned it as the cauſe of frequent SUICIDE. His Majeſty deſired me not to tell him a lie. Nature, ſaid he, ſhrinks back from deſtruction, and that any man ſhall voluntarily ruſh upon it, is altogether incredible. I aſſured him of the fact, and deſcribing a piſtol as well as I could, obſerved, that the horrid deed is generally performed by a brace of bullets diſcharged at ſome part of the head by the force of that powder, which *Gulliver* had mentioned to him. The Emperor here fetched a groan, that ſounded in my ears like thunder. I could not diſſemble, that the ladies are as much addicted to play as the men, diveſting themſelves as faſt as poſſible of all the natural affections, and thoſe amiable qualities, that conſtitute the peculiar ornament of the ſex.

Of LIBELLING the account I gave was without reſerve, but in nothing exaggerated. I took notice of what is called the liberty of the preſs, being, in fact, no more than a right of doing that, without a licence, for which we are afterwards accountable,

countable, if the act be immoral, or of a tendency to public or private miſchief. Men, in this reſpect, as in many others, are left free agents, but their conduct is imputable to them. The printers of newſpapers underſtand it differently. The liberty of doing, what is blameleſs, they conceive to be a right to do, what is wrong. The materials of truth afford but a ſcanty ſupply, not ſufficient to furniſh one column of a paper. For the reſt, invention muſt be tortured, and when that faculty is once let looſe, every quarter of the globe is laid under contribution. But to commit ravages in every place, without mercy, requires a number of hands. For this purpoſe, the printer retains in his pay a ſett of ſcribblers, who in their garrets write letters from foreign parts, and prowl about at home, ſeeking whom they can devour. Hence enſues a general maſſacre of characters. Nor rank, nor merit, nor ſex, nor age is ſpared. The perſons employed in this deſtructive work, ought to be at the plough or the anvil. He is often ſeen mending a pen, who might be uſeful in making Whitechapel needles. The wages of defamation are better than the King's pay, and for that reaſon government is often in want of ſoldiers, while the town abounds with critics without a tincture of learning. The art, by which theſe men ſucceed in their vocation, is attended with little

little difficulty: they know that envy and hatred, malice and treachery are interwoven in the conſtitution of the human mind, and he who beſt can gratify thoſe malignant paſſions, is ſure of the greateſt number of cuſtomers. The coarſeſt ſtile anſwers the purpoſe. To convince the Emperor of this truth, I took out of my pocket one of our daily papers, and at the ſame time happened to drop another printed ſheet, which I endeavoured to recover in great haſte and ſome confuſion. A few articles of news abundantly ſatisfied the Emperor's curioſity. He then deſired to know the contents of the paper, which I had dropt by accident. This was Mr. *Pond*'s liſt of the ſeveral horſes, that had run at a *Newmarket* meeting. His Majeſty laughed heartily at the whimſicalneſs of the conceit, but wondered that Mr. *Pond* would ſay the thing, which was not. I aſſured him of the truth of the account, and added, however incredible it might appear, that boys, who ſweat themſelves down to a certain weight, ride at the full ſtretch of their horſes ſpeed, to decide wagers for the nobility and gentry; and that the moſt eminent peers of the realm frequently ride their own matches in the face of the world, making no better appearance than common jockies and grooms. To be a ſpectacle to the people, upon theſe occaſions, is no diſgrace to the

the proudeſt lord in the kingdom. I could not help adding, that on the approach of a race-week, I have known the moſt important buſineſs of the nation ſuſpended, that the miniſters might have an opportunity of ſhewing how capable they are, if rightly employed, of being moſt excellent poſt-boys. As I uttered theſe words, I perceived upon his Majeſty's countenance a ſmile expreſſive of the moſt mixed ſenſation I ever beheld. Contempt, indignation, and ridicule were blended together in proportions, that played alternately, and ſometimes with their united force, upon every feature of his face. After a pauſe, he aſked me whether miniſters of ſtate were not often choſen from the body of the nobility, and whether any care was taken of the education of ſuch perſons ſince he had converſed with Captain *Gulliver?* I told his Majeſty, that no form of education was held neceſſary: to qualify a nobleman for the firſt offices, it is ſufficient, that by the ſplendor of his living, by the boroughs under his influence, and the number of his cooks, he can keep a great many adherents and dependants in his train; that in his younger days he called himſelf a Whig, headed mobs, and burnt the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender; that he has learned to promiſe, and to break his promiſe with dexterity; and that he knows in apt time how to give a few yards of blue

blue ribbon to one, of red to another, and green to a third. Theſe are the qualifications of a miniſter, and with theſe he may keep his place, when age has impaired his faculties, governing by jobbs at home, ſending blockheads to preſide in colonies abroad, advancing broken gamblers to preferment, ſecuring majorities to vote away the national money, and from ſuch expedients aſſuming the name of a ſtateſman.

The Emperor pauſed for a ſhort time, and then put ſeveral queſtions, which I anſwered without diſguiſe. Of parliaments, their elections, and their conduct, I could ſay nothing that varied from Captain *Gulliver*'s account. That *trick* and *chicane* were baniſhed from our courts of law, was more than I could pretend; nor could I venture to aſſert that the rights of men were always determined upon the real merits. I confeſſed that for want of a ſingle word, and ſometimes a ſingle letter in an indictment, the worſt malefactors eſcaped; and of thoſe, that were convicted of fraud and perjury, many were ſent to foreign provinces, in order to ſow, in places too remote from authority, the ſeeds of treachery and future miſchief. Our religious ſectaries, I was obliged to admit, continue to live in mutual animoſity, their faces decked with ſmiles, and their hearts envenomed againſt each other.

In praiſe of our philoſophers nothing could be urged. I mentioned ſome, that affected to believe the Exiſtence of a God, and the Immortality of the Soul, yet hanged or ſhot themſelves: others, who denied both thoſe important articles, relying for their virtue upon the pride and dignity of human nature, and by their actions proving, that ſelf-intereſt, where there is no ſenſe of obligation, will be always found a motive too prevailing.

I explained the nature of BROKERS and CONTRACTORS, and enlarged upon ſeveral other topicks. The hiſtory of divorces took up much time: but the Emperor was now out of humour, as he ſaid, with ſuch a catalogue of vices. By a perſon, who entered the room, we were informed that the ſhip, in which I came, was got off the rocks, and ready for ſea. In compliance with my requeſt his Majeſty permitted me to return, with much condeſcenſion wiſhing me a good voyage, and adding with ſome ſpleen, "*My little friend,* "*as I formerly ſaid to Captain Gulliver, your coun-* "*trymen are the moſt pernicious race of little odious* "*vermin, that ever crawled upon the face of the* "*earth.*"

I was glad to reviſit my companions. We ſet ſail with a favourable wind, and meeting but few

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accidents on our voyage, we came in a ſhort time ſafe to anchor in the Downs. In this manner I cloſed the adventures of a night, not without reflecting, as ſoon as I waked, that the ſuperiority of the moderns over ancient virtue, is the extravagance of paradox.

NUMBER LXII.

Saturday, Dec. 22, 1753.

—— *Nil dulcius eſt bene quam munita tenere*
Edita doctrinâ ſapientum templa ſerena.

LUCRET.

IN a former paper I took occaſion to make my readers acquainted with that celebrated academy, called the ROBIN HOOD SOCIETY. I am pleaſed to find that the arts and ſciences flouriſh in this learned ſeminary, and that moral, as well as natural philoſophy, continues to make the moſt rapid advances. I attended the debates of the initiated on Monday laſt, and perceived, with inward ſatisfaction, that the ſeat of rational enquiry, *de quolibet ente*, of metaphyſicks, *occult qualities*, and *ſubſtantial forms*, is now fixed in BUTCHER-Row. In imitation of *Spratt's* hiſtory of the Royal Society, I have ſome thoughts of collecting together the annals of this reſpectable aſſembly, the members of which have nothing ſo much at heart, as the diſcovery of truth. Sir *Francis Bacon*'s noble project for the advancement of learning, together with the *Novum Organum* of that COLUMBUS in literature, may now be laid aſide, conſigned for ever to the libraries of the curious. The *Academus*

demus of SOCRATES, and the *Lyceum* of ARISTOTLE, are wholly eclipſed by this modern inſtitution. All degrees and ranks of men crowd to this place. The love of knowledge has pervaded every breaſt, inſomuch that wiſdom ſcorns all diſtinction of perſons, and we may now hear an unſhod ſhoemaker rejudge the works of creation; a taylor, out at elbows, demonſtrate that *a remnant of all ſhall be ſaved*; an attorney, who has loſt his INSTRUCTOR CLERICALIS, bring *a writ of error* againſt revelation; a *Philomath* from ABERDEEN ſet forth the danger of lawn ſleeves to both church and ſtate; and a cobler ſolve a knotty point, and ſettle the moſt abſtruſe ſpeculation. It is here that the moral government of the univerſe is called in queſtion, and the fitneſs of things, and the eternal rule of right, are either eſtabliſhed or refuted, according to the different genius, the tempers, and complexions of the ſeveral diſputants. In the courſe of their academical exerciſes, the ſtudents are frequently obſerved to make ſuch vigorous application to certain pewter pots lying before them, and to draw from thence ſuch copious draughts, that it is by many imagined to be at laſt diſcovered, that the ancients were miſtaken, when they ſuppoſed TRUTH to be in the bottom of a well; this coy and retired goddeſs, in the opinion of the *Robin Hood* Society, being to be found at preſent

in the bottom of a *pot of porter*. Certain it is, the noble ſyſtem of free-thinking is here diſplayed in its genuine luſtre. The deiſtical writers, and the minute philoſophers of every denomination, are in great vogue with the members of the academy. *Hobbs*, *Chubb*, *Mandeville*, and *Spinoza*, are in current reputation. The preachers of *Boyle*'s lecture, with *Locke*, *Berkley*, and others of that ſtamp, are in no degree of credit. At the laſt meeting of this learned body I heard, with aſtoniſhment, the moſt profound points treated by the profeſſors with an air of conviction, that ſhewed how familiar the ſeveral profeſſors were with the deepeſt ſecrets of nature. They called to my mind the philoſophical diſputes deſcribed by *Milton*:

Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high
Of Providence, Fore-Knowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fix'd Fate, Free Will, Fore-Knowledge abſolute,
And found no end, in wand'ring mazes loſt.

But this will appear more fully from the following debate, with which I ſhall fill up the remainder of this day's paper.

Robin Hood Society, Dec. 17, 1753.

At ſix this evening the members began to aſſemble. They ſpent their time in various modes of

of contemplation, such as sleeping, dozing, snoreing, whistling, drinking, and yawning, till seven, when the President made his public entry, through a lane of Under-Graduates. Having taken possession of his chair, he began with a clear and audible voice—" Silence, gentlemen—Pray, gentle-
" men, be silent—Gentlemen, here are two ques-
" tions to be read to you for your approbation,
" before they can be inserted in our book of *Free*
" *Enquiry*."

Whether English quartern loaves are not better than French bread? Signed *Antigallicus*.

" You that are for its being a question, hold up
" your hands—*(hands up)*—You that are against
" it, hold up yours *(hands up)* The majority is
" for it. The other question is,

Whether religion is consistent with the genius of a trading nation? Signed, *Lovegold*.

" You that are for it, hold up your hands *(all up)*
" it must be a question."

First Member. What do you throw down the *porter* for?

Second Member. It was only an accident.

First Member. An accident! I have it all in my shoes.

Preſident. Pray, gentlemen, be ſilent: pray, gentlemen, don't laugh. Are all the gentlemen ſerved with *porter?*—Gentlemen, the firſt queſtion is, *Whether there is in the natural or moral world ſuch a thing as evil, and if there be, what is the origin of evil?* Signed, *Manly.*

Is Mr. *Manly* here? If he is, I wiſh he would anſwer.

Manly. Sir, the queſtion is mine, and my reaſon for propoſing it is, becauſe I am afflicted with the gout, the ſtone, the gravel, and a complication of diſorders. I want to know, as I was always an enemy to French claret, why I ſuffer ſo much phyſical evil? and having lent fifty pounds to an ungrateful fellow, who has made off with my money, why moral evil has been allowed to take place in the world? and whether it would not ſhew a more juſt and benevolent diſpoſition of matters and things, if I was free from the gout, and my money paid back, as of right and juſtice it ought?

Preſident. Do you chuſe to ſpeak, Sir?—Do you?—You?—Does any gentleman in this row chuſe to give his thoughts?

William Croſslegs. (a taylor without buttons to his coat) It has long been my opinion that things are all going wrong. The cauſe is not ſo very remote, but he that will look, may ſee it. From the

the introduction of Italian operas we may date the whole of the miſchief. I am an enemy to all modern harmony. I believe in a *pre-eſtabliſhed harmony*, and the caſe of the *præ-Adamites* may be proved to a demonſtration. And the gentleman who preached laſt Sunday at the Tabernacle—

Preſident. Time, ſir: your ſand is run out. Do you chuſe, ſir?

Timothy Meek. (*a cabinet-maker, with a wife and ſeven children ſtarving*) When I think, Mr. Preſident, of thoſe horrible times, when perſecution was carried on in the bowels of the land; I cannot come down ſo low as the gentleman who ſpoke laſt. Operas, to be ſure, may be accounted among the evils, that add to the grievances of the public. No man is more ready to declare againſt thoſe unnatural ſhews, contrived, for the moſt part, by people ignorant of every principle of compoſition. They know nothing of *counterpoint*. Now counterpoint is the art of placing different notes, ſo that they may ſound together in true harmonic order. Muſick, Sir, conſiſts of melody and harmony: but melody is the regular progreſſion of a ſingle part, and harmony, is the union, the full accord of different parts. And ſo much, Sir, for Italian operas. But when I think of faggots lighted up in Smithfield, of fires blazing, and men, women, and children conſumed in the flames, I ſay,

I ſay, Sir, when I think of this barbarous tragedy, am I to waſte a thought upon Italian operas? I have read in *Eachard*'s hiſtory—

Preſident. Time, Sir.

Iſaac Inſtep (a ſhoemaker, whoſe cuſtomers are all leaving him, becauſe they can get no work out of his hands) I have conſidered the queſtion, Mr. *Preſident*, for this week paſt, as well as my friend who ſpoke laſt, and I fancy's I have come at the very *Seal* of it, and I'll now lay my *All* before ye, and, as a body may ſay, you'll find I have taken the right meaſure of the ſubject. The tanners, Sir, do the whole miſchief, and if the tricks played by them in the articles of bark, and—

Preſident. Mr. *Profound*, do you chuſe to ſpeak?

Mr. *Profound.* Sir, I have a motion to make.

A Member. Sir, you muſt at preſent ſpeak to the queſtion.

Several Members. The queſtion! the queſtion!

Preſident. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh. The preſent queſtion muſt be militated before any other queſtion can be received.

Mr. *Profound.* Mr. Preſident,—a—I think,—I think,—a—Mr. Preſident, that you have all been wrong-headed in this debate;—I believe they have not read *Quintilian*, and of courſe have not correct minds—a—Mr. Preſident,—I never, for my own part,—looked into the *vitals* of the

dead

dead languages, but there is a gentleman, who tells me what *Quintilian* ſays in the beginning of a chapter, and then I can think with the author, and find out the reſt of his meaning. If I hear but one ſentiment, that is clue enough for me. Sir,—I have more imagination than I can diſpoſe of. In the preſent debate there is a *Trinity* of circumſtances, that—a—a—make up a *Veſuvius*—or—a—a—a Mount *Ætna*, as I may ſay, in the mind.

Preſident. Time, Sir.

Mr. *Profound.* Pray, Sir, why are you to lay an *embargo* on my thoughts?

Preſident. Sir, the Rules——

Mr. *Profound.* But, Sir, every diſcourſe ſhould have a *beginning*, a *middle*, and an *end*. I have not got to the beginning: and ſo I move for five minutes more. I am to ſpeak upon an important queſtion: now ſpeaking, as *Quintilian* ſays, has different modes. An orator, Sir, *(in a very huſky tone)* ſhould have a ſilver voice. An orator ſhould ſhew *(rubbing the ſweat from his forehead)* that he has lived among gentlemen: and that *(ſcratching his arm-pit)* that he has had a polite education. And now, Sir, to the point. Read the queſtion, Sir. *(queſtion read)* Law! what is law? what is obligation? All things have their laws: that candle has its law. The philoſopher of *Malmſbury*——

Preſident.

Preſident. I am ſorry your time is out.

Witwould. And, Sir, my patience is out. With difficulty I ſurvived the laſt five minutes, and ſo, Mr. *Preſident*, we'll do with him, as he does with *Quintilian:* when once he has told us a ſentiment, for the future, we'll *think* the reſt for him.

Preſident. Pray, gentlemen, don't laugh. Does any gentlemen there chuſe to ſpeak? Mr. *Macpherſon*, it is with you.

Mr. *Macpherſon.* I do not know whether the gentleman's raſoning be *reet*, about *Quintilian*, and as to the philoſopher of *Malmſbury* he has left us in the dark. Others have mentioned Italian Operas, and I agree with them; they are exotic productions, and will never thrive in *Britain*. But, Sir, operas of our genuine manufacture ought to be received. I am of opinion that *Allan Ramſay* ſet to muſick by the *Philarmonic* ſociety at *Dumferlin*, will exceed the ſqueaking of Italian eunucks. The muſick of the north is your only muſick. It received, I grant, ſome advantages from *David Rizzio*. We have now in the north ſeveral pret y poets, and for true paſtoral they excell *Theocritus*. And you ken, Sir, that in *aw* things you may look to the north for perfection: from the banks of the *Tweed* to *Johnny Grots* it is a nation of *ſcholars* and of poets. And as I ſaid juſt now, you ſee that in *aw* things the North-Britons are excellent.

For

For the ruffies, there is Mrs. *Mac-Cloud* in Bond-ſtreet; for the law, there is the Advocates at *Edinburgh*; for true conſtitutional principles, you have there the beſt politicians, and if one part of the family is wrong, the other is ſure to be right. For the mathematicks, you have *Mac Gregor*, who is eſteemed better than NEWTON; and for the ſhoes, you have *Mac Auly*'s blacking ball. So you ſee that in *aw* things——

Preſident. Time, Sir.

Macpherſon. You ſee that in *aw* things—

Preſident. Pray, gentlemen, be ſilent.

Macpherſon. And for the origin of evil you can go no higher than the Revolution; though ſomething like amends has been made by the acceſſion Britain has gained by the Union.

Preſident. Order, Sir: you muſt obſerve order. —As to my ſentiments, gentlemen, upon this queſtion, it is now late, and I ſhall endeavour to be very conciſe. Matter—motion—cogitative—incogitative—blind chance—mind—directing intelligence—Epicurus—concourſe of atoms—hiſtory of human opinions—Pythagoras—Galileo impriſoned for the damnable hereſies of the Copernican ſyſtem.—Gentlemen, it is late: I wiſh you all a good night.

NUMBER

NUMBER LXIII.

Saturday, Dec. 29, 1753.

Multa renaſcentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentque,
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore, vocabula, ſi volet uſus,
Quem penes arbitrium eſt & jus & norma loquendi.

HOR.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

THE languages of all nations have ever been in a ſtate of fluctuation. Old words have fallen into obſcurity, new ones have ſtarted up, and modes of phraſeology have varied, often without neceſſity, frequently without any other cauſe than caprice, falſe taſte, or the natural inconſtancy of the human temper, not content with what is fit and uſeful, ſeeking ſomething better, and generally finding what is worſe. Of this inſtability complaints have been made in every age by men, who had the honour of letters at heart. The diction of the Romans is now like to laſt till time ſhall be no more; yet we find that *Horace* was aware of this decay of old words, and the coinage of new. In ſeveral paſſages of his writings there are ſhort reflections upon this uncertainty of language, and the poet always delivers himſelf with regret.

regret. Words, he ſays, have their ſeaſon: they fall like leaves, and yield their place to a new ſucceſſion: like young perſons, they flouriſh for a time, and then are heard no more. Nothing can be more juſt than this compariſon. It may be added, that as young men, in their bloom and vigour, are ſaid to be *upon town*, it is the ſame with words: they are alſo upon town for a time; they ſoon die away, and ſink into oblivion. I have often thought, that a *weekly bill* of words would not be unentertaining; and that if a regiſter-office were kept for the purpoſe of recording the *birth and burial* of words, as they happen to ſpring up and fade away, we might, from ſuch an eſtabliſhment, expect a hiſtory of language of great uſe, not only to contemporary writers, but to the future commentator and antiquarian. A diſtinction might be made to mark a kind of ſex in words, that is to ſay, which belonged peculiarly to the ladies, and which to the men. DAMNATION I take to be of male extraction: *pſhaw! a fiddleſtick's end!* are perfectly female. Upon this plan the weekly bill might ſtand in this form.

Born this week	Males	300	Buried	Males	400
	Females	900		Females	990
	Total	1200		Total	1390

Decreaſed in the burial of words this week 57.

If,

If, for the satisfaction of the curious, a list were made of the several terms, that are born, and die away, with a short account of the life and character of each, whether born of honest parents in *England* or *Ireland*, what company it kept, whether Whig or Tory, Papist or Protestant, it would, in my opinion, be an agreeable addition to this verbal history. To this might be added an account of all expressions naturalized, with the objections of the learned, who should from time to time protest against the incorporating of so many foreigners with the natives of this land. A work like this would yield satisfaction to the curious, and if not of efficacy to prevent the instability of our language, it would at least display the gradual steps towards improvement or final destruction. For my part, I have ever considered the permanency of our language as of greater consequence than the stocks, of whatever denomination. For this reason, I should be glad that some means were devised to hinder the diction of *Bacon*, *Shakespeare*, *Milton*, and *Hooker*, from being covered with the rust of time, and rendered useless by the quaint prettiness of modern innovation. I never could read the following beautiful lines without particular sensibility.

So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,

Where

Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years the full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live;
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away.

I feel, with uneaſineſs, that ſomething like this may be the fate of *Dryden*, *Pope*, and *Addiſon*. To prevent ſo fatal a miſchief, the Dictionary, which the erudition of Mr. *Johnſon* is now preparing for the public, may hereafter be found of uſe. In aid to that deſign, I have been for ſome time planning a dictionary of ſuch words, as appear to me, from a concurrence of various cauſes, moſt likely to fall into oblivion. To forward this undertaking, I have annexed a ſpecimen, not as yet reduced into alphabetical order, but drawn out in ſuch a manner, as to convey ſome idea of the intended work. The whole, when compleated, may prove a proper companion to the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and all the works of morality, which have been publiſhed in this country. Poſterity may derive from it ſome faint notion of what is meant in many places, when the total change of man-

ners has made the deſcriptions obſcure, the alluſions flat, and the moral unintelligible.

Specimen *of an* English Dictionary.

Creature. A term to ſhew our contempt of any perſon whom we diſlike; chiefly uſed by the ladies.

Thing. Very often uſed to imply our diſlike, but chiefly to ſignify our higheſt approbation. Thus it is ſaid of a fine lady, "She's the very "thing," or of a young fellow, "O, Ma'em, he's "the very thing;" and ſometimes with limitation, "Very well, but not the thing."

Patriot. A man who ſpeaks againſt the Court till he gets a place or penſion, and till then loves his country out of ſpite.

Honeſt. From the *Latin* word *Honeſtum*, which among the *Romans* implied whatever is fair and honourable: *Incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto.* The word, now warped from its original ſenſe, imports gaming, drinking, and debauchery of every ſort. Thus we ſay of a man addicted to all faſhionable vices, "he is an *Honeſt Fellow.*"

Good-Nature. An old *Engliſh* word much in uſe with our anceſtors: it is plain that it carried ſome alluſion to the cuſtoms and manners of thoſe times, but there is no tracing it to its ſource.

Religion. An old *Engliſh* word for the worſhip of a Supreme Being, and the practice of ſocial duties

ties: probably a cuſtom known to the ancient Druids.

Humbug. A lye.

Worth. Originally it meant the laudable qualities of the mind; at preſent confined to a man's fortune. Thus a ſcoundrel of fifty thouſand is a man of *worth*, and an honeſt man in indigence is *worth* nothing.

Party. Formerly ſignified diviſions in the ſtate; at preſent a jaunt to *Vauxhall*, *Bedlam*, *Church*, or any place of diverſion.

Tragedy. A name by which *Shakeſpear*, *Otway*, and ſome others, entitled their dramatic writings: the moderns retain the word, but the thing itſelf is vaniſhed.

Comedy. Probably a piece in which our rude anceſtors repreſented the follies and characters of the age: nothing of this ſort is at preſent known amongſt us.

Damned. When prieſtcraft prevailed in this country, the people were frightened with ſtrange ideas of *Hell*, or a place of torture, where the departed ſpirits of bad men were ſuppoſed to be confined. At preſent it ſignifies the higheſt praiſe we can confer. Thus we ſay, "A damned fine "woman; a damned good dinner; a damned "fine fellow; a damned high thing."

Drum. An inſtrument of warlike muſic uſed

at the march of an army, or in time of battle to animate the ſoldiery: hence ſtiled by *Shakeſpear* the *ſpirit-ſtirring drum*. It has not been uſed to any purpoſe by the *Engliſh* ſince the days of the Duke of *Marlborough*. In its metaphorical ſenſe it means a party of cards. *(Vide Rout)*

Friendſhip. An old *Engliſh* word importing the complex idea of affection and eſteem between two or more perſons, founded upon ſympathy of temper, and congenial habits of virtue. *(Vide Virtue)* This cuſtom was totally aboliſhed in the reign of King *Charles* II. and few or no traces of it have been diſcovered ever ſince.

God. The ancient *Druids*, it is probable from all hiſtorians, imagined that a Governing Mind ſuperintended the direction of the Univerſe, and the term *God*, it is not unlikely, ſignified that Supreme Intelligence; but ſince it has been happily found out, that every thing was made by *Chance*, or that *Nature (Vide Nature)* produced every thing we behold; and ſince the properties of matter have been ſufficiently diſcovered by Lord *Bolingbroke* and others, the term *God* is totally exploded, as merely expreſſive of ſome chimæra, which has no exiſtence.

Modeſty. Alludes to ſome cuſtom among the antient *Britiſh* ladies.

Earth-

Earthquake. A party at cards. (*Vide Rout, Drum, Hurricane*)

Faſhionable. A polite term for all the vices that can be thought of.

Nature. It is often called *plaſtic Nature, univerſal Nature*, &c.: ſuppoſed to be ſuperior to the author of all things: a goddeſs held in veneration by *Atheiſts* and Freethinkers.

Rout. Formerly ſignified the defeat of an army; when the ſoldiers were put to flight, they were ſaid to be routed. The ladies, in order to preſerve ſome idea of *Creſſi*, *Poitiers*, and *Blenheim*, have agreed to call their aſſemblies by the name of *Routs*; and this with the more propriety, as whole families, at thoſe meetings, are entirely *routed* out of houſe and home.

Soul. It was formerly believed, that in each human creature there exiſted ſomething incorruptible, which did not periſh with the diſſolution of our bodies, but removed to ſome other part of the univerſe, to enjoy the reward of virtue, or to ſuffer condign puniſhment for all tranſgreſſions in this ſtate of probation. But the happy diſcovery of the properties of matter has baniſhed this abſurd doctrine, which ſerves now to embelliſh the fictions of poetry, and the viſions of philoſophy.

Immenſe. An epithet of praiſe; thus we ſay "an immenſe fine woman!" (*Vide damned*)

Virtue. The antient *Druids* made it a rule to keep their paſſions in due government, by which means they were never known to treat their Maker with contempt; to injure their neighbour; or to hurt their own conſtitutions by intemperance. This practice, it is probable, was ſignified by the word *Virtue.* It is uſed by *Shakeſpear*, *Spencer*, *Milton*, *Pope*, and other poets: it occurs ſometimes in modern romance, but ſeldom in real life. (*Vide Friendſhip*)

Pity. This is alſo an old *Engliſh* word, the meaning of which cannot be traced: it is now a term of courſe, when we do not care a farthing for a friend in affliction.

Whig. Formerly a name of reproach in *Scotland*, and now, by ſome ſtrange reverſe, a title of honour in *England.*

Tory. Originally a gang of robbers in *Ireland:* the word has been imported from thence to ſigninfy the friends of monarchy.

The Wiſdom of the Nation. A term well underſtood in the Saxon *Witten-a-Gemot:* now a medley of contractors, ſharpers, gamblers, and adventurers of every kind: a *rendezvous* of all the fell paſſions, ſuch as *avarice*, *envy*, *malice*, &c. When they have railed at each other for ſeveral hours, they call it a DEBATE; and when they have roared with barbarous monotony, they call it ORATORY.

Z. Y. Z.

NUMBER

NUMBER LXIV.

Saturday, Jan. 5, 1754.

Contemptor Divûm Mezentius!

VIRG.

AT the laſt meeting of our Club, of which I muſt conſider myſelf an unworthy member, not having of late attended with due punctuality, my friend Captain *Gulliver*, whom I formerly introduced to the acquaintance of my readers, produced a paper, which, he ſaid, he had brought with him from *Cairo*, amongſt ſeveral other manuſcripts of the ſame nature. As the piece ſeems calculated to add to the entertainment of my readers, I have ordered it a place in this day's paper.

In the days when the empire of *Bagdad* ſpread terror round the nations, and their conquering arms added a conſtant acceſſion of honour and wealth to the Califfs, *Aboulcaſem*, a youth of extenſive parts and boundleſs ambition, had the addreſs to raiſe himſelf to the firſt honours of the ſtate. In proceſs of time, he arrived at the dignity of Vizier. In this office his conduct was ſuch as might be expected from a perſon of his exalted talents. His renown for genius and a bright

underſtanding diſtinguiſhed him above the reſt of the Miniſters, and the name of *Aboulcaſem* was wafted on the wings of Fame through all the regions of the Eaſt.

Amidſt all this effulgence of his glory, *Aboulcaſem* was hurried away by the violence of his temper. His paſſions were rapid as the cataracts of the *Nile*, and violent as the whirlwind of the deſart. His ſoul was apt to kindle into a blaze at the ſight of beauty, and in the height of his national buſineſs he would frequently ſport away his hours in wanton dalliance with a *Circaſſian* beauty. With her he would often retire to ſecret bowers, to the baths, and other ſequeſtered places, and, in the midſt of amorous diſſipation, tranſact affairs of the firſt importance to the Califf, and the whole empire of *Bagdad*. Love and buſineſs took their turns, and the tranſition from one to the other was with a celerity that aſtoniſhed all beholders. In the arms of his concubine, he would write diſpatches to his agents at the neighbouring Courts, and though in his general appearance formed for pleaſure only, he was, even in the wanton bower, a profound politician, bold and original in all his deſigns, and by a wonderful diverſity of nature uniting in himſelf the oppoſite qualities of wiſdom and temerity, hurry and reflection, a delicate ſenſe of

of honour, and the moſt artful duplicity. To all this he added a vein of eloquence that could varniſh whatever cauſe he favoured; ſure to charm, even when he could not perſuade. He was at length ſuſpected of favouring the baniſhed Prince *Abdallah*, who was then wandering about the deſarts of *Arabia*. Though no convincing proofs could be alledged againſt him, yet not being able to vindicate himſelf from the imputation, he was obliged to fly his country.

Aboulcaſem immediately betook himſelf to the Prince *Abdallah*, but finding his cauſe totally ruined, without any poſſibilty of re-inſtating him, he ſoon exerted all his induſtry to obtain leave to return home. As things of this nature cannot be compaſſed in a ſhort time, in order to hinder his mind, in the interval, from falling a prey to melancholy, and all the horrors of diſappointed ambition, he applied himſelf to the labours of the wiſe men. Knowledge ſeemed congenial to his ſoul. Here he penned his thoughts upon exile, and many important points of ſpeculative morality. He lived like an hermit in the deſarts of *Arabia*, and, there, illuſtriouſly hid, carried on his reſearches into the ſtudy of nature, hiſtory, and all the branches of human learning. He embraced the whole circle of ſcience, and appropriated with rapidity whatever could enrich ſo accompliſhed a mind.

Thus

Thus furniſhed with all mental embelliſhments, *Aboulcaſem* was in time permitted to return to his native country. He was not, however, reſtored to his former honours. As ambition is ever unrelenting, he was no ſooner fixed in his own abode, than he inſtantly became an implacable enemy to the Vizier, who had conſented to recall him. He drew from the ſtores of knowledge, which he had formerly treaſured up, ſome of the ſevereſt reflections, which could be made upon the Miniſter's adminiſtration, and this in ſuch a powerful ſtrain of nervous eloquence, that he may very juſtly be ſaid to have had a great ſhare in his downfall. To ruin the VIZIER was for a number of years his darling object. In this deſign he perſevered with unrelenting ardour. His efforts were crowned with ſucceſs; but that grand work of his life accompliſhed, he found himſelf as diſtant as ever from his Prince's ear. In deſpair he betook himſelf to his country-houſe at a ſmall diſtance from *Bagdad*, where he employed his hours in reading all the moraliſts of *Arabia*, and, in ſhort, all the fine Eaſtern writers. In this receſs he cultivated an acquaintance with two of the firſt geniuſes of his time, *Selim* and *Mirza*; the former remarkable among the Eaſtern ſages for elevated ſtrains of poetry, and the latter for thoſe Oriental tales, which are generally called the *Tale of a Tub*, and the Adventures of *Gulliver*, the merchant of *Bagdad*.

Bagdad. Theſe two undertook the defence of *Aboulcaſem*'s character, and ſpared no pains to blazon his fame to the world.

Aboulcaſem in the mean time purſued his reſearches into all the branches of human wiſdom: the civil polity of ſtates was to him a ſtore-houſe, which diſcloſed a conſtant ſupply of knowledge: he then turned his eye inwards upon the texture and make of his own mind: he uſed to ſay, that the mind was a concealed repoſitory of riches, and that it behoved every man to find out the ſecrets of it. In every purſuit the genius of *Aboulcaſem* went on with rapidity, ſurmounting difficulties, and always enlarging the horizon of his views. His mind became a repoſitory of ſcience: elocution flowed from his tongue. He did not enjoy the ſecret, ſelfiſh gratification of many, who, when in poſſeſſion of a treaſure, never ſuffer it be ſeen by human eyes; on the contrary, he was glad of every opportunity to diſplay himſelf, perhaps with oſtentation. He proceed to examine into matters of religion: the various ſyſtems of the Eaſtern ſages were to him perfectly known: he laughed at the *Koran*; the ſyſtem of morality which *Confucius* taught, *Aboulcaſem* held in contempt; the Paradiſe of *Mahomet* was the viſion of an impoſtor, and every ſyſtem of belief, however

founded,

founded, and embraced by millions, was to him no better than the vapoured dream, that vaniſhes at the dawn of day. The *Bramins* were the objects of his ſevereſt contempt: in the dictates of natural religion, he would ſay, we have no occaſion for ſuch guides, and in the explanation of eſtabliſhed forms, they are highly dangerous. He was an enemy to the modes of worſhip offered in the temple of the prophet: he endeavoured to ſubvert the principles upon which this worſhip was founded, and to introduce a new ſyſtem of his own. Since *Aboulcaſem* could have no ſhare in the direction of ſtate-affairs, he was determined to ſoar above ſublunary things, and to have the lead in matters of higher importance. Dogmatical in his aſſertions, he carried his extravagance ſo far, as to advance, that there was no difference between the human ſpecies and brutes: he eſteemed it highly probable that dogs and the reſt of the animal creation are endued with ſouls as well as mankind. In general he aſſerted that all ſouls are material.

In the midſt of theſe diſquiſitions, *Aboulcaſem* was ſitting one night in his ſtudy, his lamp burning before him, when of a ſudden thunders rolled deep and awful over his head; the mountains were ſhaken, and they groaned; keen lightenings

flaſhed

flaſhed athwart the hemiſphere; the third heaven was opened, and a flood of radiance deſcended upon the earth. The ſolemnity of the ſcene appalled the heart of *Aboulcaſem*; trembling ſeized his limbs; he fell proſtrate and adored the meſſenger of the Moſt High, who now ſtood before him, and ſpoke in accents, which chilled the blood within him, and made him ſtand convinced of his vain philoſophy.

" *Aboulcaſem*, ſaid he, receive my ſayings with " an ear of attention. Know then, that the eye " of him, who is in the third heaven, hath beheld " thee: he hath viewed thy ways with compaſ- " ſion, and now intends this viſion as a vehicle " of inſtruction unto thy ſoul, at preſentloſt " and bewildered in a maze of idle and fooliſh " philoſophy. Thy enquiries are not calculated " to advance true knowledge, virtue, and wiſ- " dom. Oſtentation and vain-glory have in- " duced thee to diſplay thy imagined ſuperiority " of parts: thy vanity pretends to pervade all " ſyſtems of religion, and thy heart's conceit will " approve of none. Thy ſtudies are ill directed. " Thy views tend only to alienate the minds of " men from any ſettled form of worſhip, which it " it is the more wicked to diſturb, as your own " inſufficiency cannot ſubſtitute a better ſyſtem

" than

" what is deſigned to fix in the minds of men a due
" ſenſe of reſignation to a ſupreme being, and to pre-
" ſerve the bands of ſociety religiouſly unbroken.
" Caſt thine eye upon yonder vale; behold what is
" there tranſacted. There thou may'ſt ſee whole
" tribes diveſted of all forms of worſhip, and ren-
" dered perfectly conformable to thy vain notions
" of religion. There thou may'ſt ſee what is the
" ſtate of man ungoverned by ſettled rules of de-
" votion: they have ſhaken off all regard to the
" Prophet, and behold them immerſed in all
" manner of vicious practice. Uncontrouled,
" they invade each other's rights; they make
" war to gratify their ambition; freely without
" reſtraint, they proſcribe whom they pleaſe; the
" bonds of ſociety are broken, and the contempt
" of divine laws has introduced a contempt for
" all human inſtitutions. To promote this ſcene
" of confuſion are thy writings calculated, but
" know, and dread the truth I am now to utter.
" To lead men to happineſs is the work of an-
" gels; but to pervert all ſenſe of right and
" wrong, and teach the world to be impious, and
" therefore miſerable, is the province of a DÆ-
" MON, or an EVIL GENIUS. It will henceforth
" behove thee to pay ſubmiſſion to eſtabliſhed
" principles: to teach men not to believe, were
" to teach them to be unhappy. Remove the
" impreſ-

" impreſſion of an all-knowing and ſuperior " judge, and you remove all ſenſe of duty: when " obligation ceaſes, who ſhall promiſe himſelf " that he can continue to tread the paths of the " juſt? Diſturb no more the peace of the faith- " ful. Ceaſe to fill the minds of men with doubt, " miſtruſt, ſuſpicion, and all the errors of an over- " weening imagination. Reſpect the ways of " providence; and teach the world, that to adore, " is wiſdom; and to ſubmit with reſignation to the " will of the eternal power, is the true happineſs " of man."

At theſe words the radiance, which ſpoke, withdrew from his eyes, and left *Aboulcaſem* in the utmoſt conſternation. The impreſſion was, however, ſoon effaced: he perſevered in his ill deſigns; but the thread of his days was cut ſhort before he could ſend abroad into the world the pernicious doctrines over which he had long been brooding. But the hand of Death had no ſooner ſmote him, than his Viſions fell into the hands of *Mirvan*, the ſon of *Hamet*, an inferior genius of the eaſt, who aſſumed the pride of talents, but ſucceeded chiefly by a certain pliancy, that could, in apt ſeaſon, fawn and cringe, and lick the duſt under the feet of his ſuperiors. He boaſted of the works of *Aboulcaſem* as of a Taliſman, which he ſold for ſe-

quins

quins of gold. The miſchief, however, did not extend far. Men ſaw the wickedneſs of the vain attempt, and the inhabitants of Bagdad learned, from this inſtance of human depravity, two uſeful leſſons; in the caſe of *Mirvan*, that avarice, for its own ends, will ſell the moſt pernicious poiſon; in that of *Aboulcaſem*, that the brighteſt talents may be perverted to evil purpoſes, and that, however Providence may be arraigned in the books of preſumptuous man, the GREAT VOLUME OF NATURE will ſtill lie open, diſplaying, in ſtupendous ſcenes, the beauty of the general ſyſtem, and the glory of him, that made it.

NUMBER LXV.

Saturday, Jan. 12, 1754.

Hic ſolos homines imitatur, at ille
Fit fera, fit volucris, fit longo corpore ſerpens.
OVID.

MY friend, the Pantomime Poet, of whom I gave ſome account in a former paper, continues to live in the apartments over mine. I cannot ſay that my tranquility has never been diſturbed, ſince I introduced this extraordinary genius to the acquaintance of my readers; but the interruptions have been but rare, and always of ſhort continuance. Two or three violent jumps at a time have, now and then, given me notice, that my friend was purſuing his lucubrations; but ſuch ſudden ſtarts, upon the conception of a great hint, are natural to a perſon of ſo warm and active an imagination, eſpecially when a new train of ideas is opened to the fancy. My friend continues to be a ſtudent of the Peripatetic School, enjoying the pleaſures of meditation and exerciſe at the ſame time. The fervour of his enthuſiaſm is, however, much abated, and I now conſider him as a peaceable and quiet neighbour.

The other morning he paid me a viſit. As he entered my room, I perceived a ſmile upon his countenance, that ſeemed to indicate a conſciouſneſs of ſomething whimſical in our former interview. Under the operation of the ſquirt, which he played ſo copiouſly upon me, I muſt have made an odd appearance, and that idea, perhaps, preſented itſelf to his mind. To prevent a repetition of apologies, I ſtarted the topicks of the day as quick as poſſible. He converſed with great compoſure, like one returning to plain common ſenſe, when the fit of inſpiration is over. I began to hope that he was now tired of his former wild purſuits, and intended to content himſelf with more ſober ſtudies for the future. In this I was deceived. He found occaſion to ſlide into the ſubject, upon which he came to conſult me. I could not but obſerve, as ſoon as he touched upon his favourite ſcheme of thinking, that his eye glanced fire, and a certain muſcular motion ſeemed to threaten an immediate leap over the table. This alarm ſoon ſubſided. He proceeded with remarkable ſedateneſs. "Sir," ſaid he, "I have intruded upon "you this morning in relation to a work, which "I have had in hand for ſome time. It is one of "the *deſiderata* in literature; a ſpecies of criti-"ciſm, that promiſes much advantage to the "learned world. I intend, Sir, to publiſh by "ſub-

" ſubſcription *The Art of Pantomime*;" and laying his book upon the table, he deſired my opinion of the doctrine, founded, as he ſaid, upon philoſophical principles.

A ſcheme ſo wild and chimerical was enough to make me pauſe. Perceiving the perplexity, into which he had thrown me, he took up the thread of his diſcourſe, aſſuring me, that there was no room for doubt or heſitation. He allowed that much praiſe was due to *Garrick*, for that truth of imitation, which he had diſplayed in the higher characters of tragedy, and in the lower perſonages of comedy; as well in *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*, as in Sir *John Brute*, *Kitely*, and *Abel Drugger*. The tragic powers of this excellent actor, he ſaid, were well deſcribed by his own *Shakeſpear*: " Is it not monſtrous that this Player " here, but in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion, " ſhould ſo force his ſoul to his own conceit, " that from her working all his viſage wanned? " Tears in his eye, diſtraction in his aſpect! a " broken voice, and a function ſuiting, with forms " to his conceit!" Having repeated theſe words, he took from a ſhelf near his hand the firſt volume of *Pope's Shakeſpear*, and read the following paſſage: " How aſtoniſhing is it again, that the paſ- " ſions directly oppoſite to theſe, Laughter and

" Spleen, are no leſs at his command! That he " is not more a maſter of the great, than of the " ridiculous in human nature; of our nobleſt " tenderneſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles; of our " ſtrongeſt emotions, than of our idleſt ſenſations! " And yet, continued my friend, of what avail is " all this excellence? The public taſte calls for " variety: the truth of repreſentation grows in- " ſipid, and nothing now can charm but mon- " ſtrous novelty, wild extravagance, and a heap " of incredibilities. The fable of Phœdrus is " well known: *Garrick* may be conſidered as the " countryman with the pig under his cloak; he " produces the tones of nature, and the true ac- " cent as well of the paſſions, as the humors of the " mind: but how long are the tones of nature to " be in faſhion? Let thoſe decide, who have " ſeen with what applauſe our audiences receive " a Turk upon the ropes, a burletta girl fom Italy, " an oſtrich, or even a monſter unknown to every " naturaliſt."

Our Pantomime Poet ſeemed now to have run himſelf out of breath, but having mentioned Mr. *Lun*, he once more took fire, and went on with new alacrity. " I wiſh," ſaid he, " that I had " lived in the days, when that great man was in " his meridian ſplendor. In a late viſit, which I paid

" paid him, I was tranſported with a recital of the
" feats, which he has performed. GARRICK, Sir,
" imitates men, and men only: LUN runs through
" the whole animal creation; a dog, and cat, by
" turns; a bird, a wild beaſt, a ſerpent, or what
" you will. Don't you think it muſt have given
" the quickeſt ſenſations to every breaſt, to ſee
" him, in the point of being overpowered by his
" purſuers, make his eſcape, by a ſudden leap in-
" to the tub, or box over the ſtage-door? When
" he darted from thence, at his utmoſt need, and
" by the help of a wire, of ſo dark a hue as to be
" inviſible, threw himſelf acroſs the ſtage into the
" oppoſite box, and there ſtood laughing at his
" purſuers, could ſurprize ſwell up, by any natu-
" ral means, to ſuch a tumult of emotion? When
" embraced by one of his enemies, at the top of
" the ſcene, and folded cloſe, arm in arm, both
" fell together; how do you imagine that he
" eſcaped? With wonderful agility he turned
" his comrade under him, and thus had an eaſy
" fall, while the other broke his collar bone,
" amidſt the acclamations of the audience. Per-
" haps you would never gueſs how many ſteps
" he made in running in a circular manner round
" the ſtage: in the length of ten feet, he minced
" it ſo as to make, with aſtoniſhing rapidity, no
" leſs than three hundred ſteps. This, Sir, was the

" glorious æra of the Britiſh theatre. Under the
" patronage of Mr. LUN, I am living faſt to ſee
" thoſe happy days renewed. Next winter we
" ſhall give an old pantomime, new vamped, with
" an additional ſcene of a *Scythian* winter piece.
" Several agents are now in *Ruſſia* to purchaſe a
" ſufficient number of bears, and a large quantity
" of ice is actually preparing at the tin-ſhop. The
" ice will be diſpoſed in large rocks, and the
" beaſts will be ſent on ſhivering amidſt the hoary
" froſt. The ſun will be diſcovered, ſhorn of his
" beams, and you will ſee the lightning play up-
" on the impaſſive ice. There will be at a diſ-
" tance a lofty mountain, from whoſe ſummit will
" come roaring down a tumultuous cataract,
" loud, impetuous in its courſe, and at the bot-
" tom will be placed a reſervoir to collect the
" ruſhing torrent, where it will form itſelf into a
" ſmooth expanſive river, which is to glide off in
" the ſight of the ſpectators. On a ſudden the
" audience will ſee the ſtream arreſted in its
" courſe by the intenſeneſs of the froſt. The
" water will inſtantly be ſtopped by the gelid ſea-
" ſon, and the ſpectators will have the pleaſure
" of ſeeing the pendant icicle made by the beſt
" hand at Paris, ſuperciliouſly ſpangled. How the
" audience will gape and ſtare at the wonders of the
" liquid ſtone! *Liquidi miracula ſaxi*, you know *Clau-*

" *dian*

" *dian* talks of. To all this will be added seve-
" ral other ornaments, tending greatly to
" heighten the wonder of the public."

Our theatrical projector was now exhausted. He left his book with me, and retired. Upon perusal, I found it *A complete Treatise on the Art of Pantomime*, in imitation of *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, and divided into as many sections. The first chapter gives an account of the imitative arts, in which pantomime is preferred, for variety of gesticulation, and the significance of its attitudes. The next section treats of the persons proper for imitation, such as magicians, enchanters, genii, gods, imps, monsters, devils, and furies. Then follows a dissertation upon the proper manner of imitating, with an enquiry into the origin of pantomime, tracing it from the time of *Horace* down to the glorious days of Mahomet *Carathra*.

Our author proceeds to examine the nature of *Farce*, and shows how it differs from *Pantomime*. He then enters more minutely into the laws of *Pantomime*. The fable is first considered, and may be either simple or implex. He does not totally reject the former, but insists principally upon the beauties of the complicated plot, such as *Harlequin Sorcerer*, *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, and the like.

The refined beauties of the art offering themſelves next, our author exhauſts all his erudition, all his rhetoric, and all his whole ſtock of criticiſm, to point out the advantages ariſing from a well-conducted *Peripetia*, which he defines in theſe words. "The pantomimical *Peripetia* conſiſts in "ſudden changes of fortune, ariſing from a con-"catenation of incidents, that bring about an im-"probable end by means ſtill more improbable." The *Agnitio* is proved to be the livelieſt beauty in this ſpecies of the drama, when the perſonages of the piece, after long abſence, recognize, and know each other again. As when *Harlequin* finds acceſs to his *Colombine* in diſguiſe, and ſhe by ſome token diſcovers her lover, and is happy in his embrace.

Having enforced theſe ſtriking particulars, he delivers rules for the excitement of terror, pity, and the marvellous. The two former he mentions but ſlightly: but in the marvellous conſiſts the utmoſt effort of human genius. The means by which it is excited, are flying Mercurys, rope-dancers, ſtorms of rain, thunder, and lightening, and a good quantity of paper cut into ſnow.

The next diviſion of the work, relates to the manners, the cuſtoms, the intrigues, the flights and deſcents of the gods, with the whole hiſtory of the heathen mythology. In this part of the work

work he expatiates at large upon the uſe of machinery, excelling, in my opinion, the celebrated *Boſſu*. Having the intereſts of the theatre greatly at heart, our author proves, that no playhouſe can long ſubſiſt without a good ſet of carpenters, an expeditious band of ſcene-drawers, excellent candle-ſnuffers, fire-eaters, trap-door men, monkeys, ſerpents, and the whole animal world, beſides a race of beings never ſeen upon the face of the earth.

The ſentiment comes into conſideration in the following chapter. The ſeveral modes of the mind are here explained, and directions given to the performer, to render himſelf perfectly acquainted with the different actions of begging, commanding, threatening, interrogating, anſwering, that he may be able to impreſs a lively idea of each upon the minds of his ſpectators.

The ſentiment being eſtabliſhed, the diction claims our next regard. Under this head the ſeveral pretty pieces of poetry introduced into *Pantomimes* are criticiſed, and proper rules preſcribed for writing theſe kind of nonſenſe-verſes. To the whole work is annexed a particular examen of *Harlequin Fortunatus*, in order to give a ſpecimen of the great utility and truth of the foregoing rules.

rules. I ſhall conclude this paper with an abſtract from this part of the work.

There cannot, ſays my author, be found in any pantomime writer a better imagined opening, than the firſt incident in this piece. The ſcene diſcovers a large wood, in which Harlequin is wandering, in a violent ſtorm of rain, thunder and lightening. In a fit of deſperation he throws himſelf on the ground, and to heighten our compaſſion poor Madam *Fortune* is introduced bemoaning her condition in a very pathetic ſtrain of poetry. The amiable character of *Fortunatus* is ſeen in his readineſs to aſſiſt the diſtreſſed, and the ſequel conveys a fine moral, namely, that riches, riot, and debauchery, are the moſt deſirable things in this world. The piece, accordingly, ends with *Harlequin*'s full enjoyment of all his wiſhes. The Farmer's Yard affords a pleaſing image of rural happineſs, and the beautiful incident of a dog biting the clown, ſerves to convince us that a dog's obeyed in office. It ſerves further to enforce the neceſſity of an act of parliament to leſſen the number of dogs, which over-run the kingdom, to the great annoyance of his Majeſty's loyal ſubjects. The frequent remembrances between *Columbine* and *Harlequin*, make upon all occaſions an admirable *Agnitio*, and the ſudden change of their

their fortunes, affords a beautiful *Peripetia*. Harlequin's eſcape into the oven, his running up the chimney, and his leap over the gateway, when his enemies are in cloſe purſuit of him, are all touches of the higheſt elevation and genius. Upon the whole, we may ſay with Mr. *Dennis*, that this piece is admirable for its fine moralities, its univerſality, and its integrity.

Such is the work of this extraordinary projector. I conſider the whole as ſo much theatrical poiſon, and ſhall, in ſome future paper, endeavour to furniſh a proper antidote.

NUMBER

NUMBER LXVI.

Saturday, Jan. 19, 1754.

Quod genus hoc hominum? Quæve hunc tam barbara morem
Permittit patria? VIRG.

IT is a general complaint made by the ladies of Great Britain, that the men have not only caſt off that reſpect and attention which are at all times due to their charms, but even ſhew great averſeneſs to their company. The charge, I fear, cannot be controverted. The truth appears too manifeſtly in that air of conſtrained deportment, and thoſe uncouth attempts at politeneſs, which almoſt univerſally characterize the youth of this ſland.

Certain it is, that a frequent, liberal intercourſe with that more refined part of our ſpecies, which is happily deſcribed by the appellation of the *Fair Sex*, ſo powerfully influences, not only our manner and behaviour, but our way of thinking, that from thence we acquire a certain delicacy of ſentiment, which extends itſelf even to the moſt minute circumſtances of life. From hence it is, that our neighbours, the *French*, have eſtabliſhed

through

throughout *Europe* that character of politeneſs, which we do not chuſe to be at the trouble of emulating, as we find it much more eaſy to ridicule and laugh at it. My Lord *Anglois*, while the profuſion, with which he diſperſes his guineas, creates aſtoniſhment in the mechanics of *Paris*, conſcious of a deficiency in that eaſe and elegant freedom, which he obſerves in every man of education, ſhuns all good company; and after reluctantly ſpending three months between the *Hôtel* and the ſeveral places of public diverſion, returns to his native ſoil, ſtrongly impreſſed with the moſt contemptuous idea of the *French*, whom, though he has but literally ſeen, he takes the liberty to deſcribe as a ſuperficial, volatile nation, for no other reaſon, perhaps, than that they are perfectly ſkilled in the moſt entertaining, I had almoſt ſaid the moſt uſeful art that invention can ſuggeſt; namely, the art of trifling agreeably.

A *Frenchman* has no idea of a party of pleaſure without ladies, nor can an *Engliſhman* entertain the leaſt conception of enjoying himſelf, until they retreat. From thoſe oppoſite diſpoſitions it ariſes, that the firſt introduces himſelf with a becoming unconcern into company, a perfect maſter of that *bienſeance*, which diſtinguiſhes the gentleman, and performs all offices of life with-

without embaraſſment: whereas nothing is more common among us, than to find gentlemen of family and fortune, who know nothing of the fair-ſex, but what they have collected from the moſt abandoned part of it, and can ſcarce reckon a virtuous family within the whole ſcope of their acquaintance. It is not unpleaſant to obſerve one of this claſs, when chance or neceſſity has brought him into a room with ladies of reputation: an aukward reſtraint hangs about him; he is afraid to ſpeak, leſt he ſhould inadvertently bolt out ſomething, which, though extremely ſuitable to the dialect of *Covent-garden*, would be grossly offenſive to thoſe females, who have not received their rudiments of education in that ſeminary. The gloom that hangs over an *Engliſh* company, while the ladies remain, and the reciprocal reſtraint, that each ſex ſeems to be upon the other, has been frequently a ſubject of ludicrous obſervations to foreigners; and indeed the fair-ones themſelves, *though natives here, and to the manner born*, frequently wonder what myſteries the men can have to celebrate, ſo oppoſite to thoſe of the *Bona Dea*, that no female muſt be preſent at the ceremony. I am not at liberty to divulge this important ſecret: for the ſatisfaction of the ladies, I will, however, aſſure them, that they are not of a nature vaſtly beyond their apprehenſion; on the con-

contrary, they may be eaſily underſtood, even by a Miſs in hanging-ſleeves, provided ſhe has had the happineſs of a boarding-ſchool education.

At the ſame time that I condemn my countrymen for ſeparating themſelves from thoſe, who have the art of refining every joy this world affords, I am ſorry to be obliged to obſerve, that the ladies themſelves do, in ſome meaſure, contribute to this great evil. The ſcandalous practice, ſo prevalent at preſent, of giving up their whole thoughts, as well as time to cards, has made the company of women (pardon the expreſſion) extremely inſipid to thoſe, who would willingly conſider them as rational creatures, and do not depend upon their ſuperior ſkill in the game of whiſt for a ſubſiſtance. Is it to be imagined that a man, whoſe mind is the leaſt raiſed above the vulgar, will devote that time, which he may employ in converſing agreeably either with the dead or the living, to thoſe aſſemblies, where no ideas enter beyond the reſpective excellencies of *Garrick* and *Barry*, and the ſeveral poſſible caſes ſo profoundly calculated by the incomparable Mr. *Hoyle?* Yet from declining theſe places, I know many intimate friends, who have acquired the odious character of women haters, though at the ſame time they entertain the higheſt eſteem for that amiable ſex, and ſincerely regret, that the tyrant

rant fashion has put it out of their power to enjoy more of their company, than a bare view of their persons, agitated by the various and uncertain revolutions of fortune's wheel.

Besides what I have already mentioned, another obstacle, extremely pernicious to society, proceeds from the excessive officiousness of the female world in cutting out matches. It has been said, that *every woman is at heart a rake:* I believe it is not less true, though I fear the assertion will be much more offensive to the virgins of *Britain*, that *every woman is a fortune-hunter*. This character is deservedly infamous in the male part of the creation. All agree to laugh at the man, *though of an exceeding good family in Ireland*, who, aided by the friendship and confidence of his taylor, makes a pompous display of the breadth of his shoulders, and the firmness of his calves; and yet no indignation is expected against the lovely nymph, who *undresses* herself, in the same view, with the most seducing art, and generously, much too generously for her own interest, exhibits every charm the happy man will be possessed of, who takes her to his bosom. The idea of entrapping somebody mixes so intimately with the general cast of thought in women, that they can never divest themselves of it. If a gentleman pays that compliment to their beauty, which female pride will not

not pardon, if he had omitted, they immediately flatter themſelves that he muſt have a deſign of marriage. This notion once conceived, a convocation of aunts, old maids, diſcreet friends, and prudent neighbours, is aſſembled, when every circumſtance is ſure to be diſcuſſed.——Miſs intimates, "He is very particular to me: what "can he mean? He looked at me all the time "he was here; ſure he will propoſe ſoon. Then "did you remark, Aunt *Betty*, when we talked "of marriage, what he ſaid?—He certainly "means to have me"——The reſult of this conſultation is, that Miſs muſt carry it with a proper reſerve, in order to compel the imaginary lover to declare himſelf, who, if he be a man of experience in the ſubtleties of women, inſtantly ſees through the flimſy artifice, and diſcontinues his viſits. I ſubmit to the candor of every female reader, whether I have here drawn an ideal picture. Can theſe angelic beings reaſonably expect, that a man will chuſe to viſit them, under the diſagreeable alternative of behaving continually with a ceremonious diſtance, or running the riſk of being driven to the neceſſity of an aukward explanation? No, while narrow ſentiments of this kind prevail, it will be impoſſible to introduce a truly ſocial converſe between the ſexes, which muſt be effected, on the part of

the ladies, by an undeſigning decent freedom, the inſeparable companion of real virtue. Let them aſſert their own dignity, and manifeſt a conſciouſneſs that they were not created merely to be inſtrumental in the continuation of the ſpecies, but are endowed with intellectual faculties, that qualify them for the ſweet joys of ſociety. Let them at length ſo far undeceive themſelves, as to think, that a man may like their company, admire their virtues, nay, even their perſonal charms, and cheriſh the warmeſt friendſhip for them, without any intention of addreſſing them on the ſcore of love: let them but offer this violence to the natural vanity of their ſex, and I will undertake to promiſe that they will not long have reaſon to complain of being neglected. Men of ſenſe will then ſeek their company, and, what I hope may make ſome impreſſion on a female mind, will then think of them as partners for life.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-Houſe, Jan. 17th.

THE following is a copy of the Epilogue ſpoken by Mr. *Macklin* at his benefit in December laſt, when that excellent Actor took his leave of

the Stage, determined, it ſeems, to give his whole attention to the buſineſs of his houſe in the Piazza. In this Epilogue, the reader will perceive the features of an author, who has often diverted the town upon ſimilar occaſions, and ſeems to keep the retail-trade of wit in his own hands. *Foote* obſerved, that *Garrick* wrote the Epilogue, in hopes that *Macklin* will keep his word; but the ſenſe of the company was, that ſo juſt a performer cannot be ſpared; "You "need not fear," ſays *Foote*, "he will firſt break in trade, and then break his word."

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. MACKLIN.

POOR I, toſs'd up and down from ſhore to ſhore,
Sick, wet, and weary, will to ſea no more;
Yet 'tis ſome comfort, tho' I quit the trade,
That this laſt voyage with ſucceſs is made,
The ſhip full laden, and the freight all pay'd.
Since then for reaſons I the Stage give o'er,
And for your ſakes,—write Tragedies no more:
Some other ſchemes, of courſe poſſeſs my brain,
For he who once has eat, muſt eat again.

And left this lank, this melancholy phyz,
Should grow more lank, more dismal than it is;
A Scheme I have in hand will make you stare!
Tho' off the Stage, I still must be the Play'r.
Still I must follow the theatric plan,
Exert my comic pow'rs, draw all I can,
And to each guest appear a different man.
I (like my liquors) must each palate hit,
Rake with the wild, be sober with the cit,
Nay sometimes act my least becoming part—
the wit.
With politicians I must nod—seem full;
And act my best becoming part,—the *Dull*.
My plan is this:—Man's form'd a social creature,
Requiring converse by the laws of nature;
And as the moon can raise the swelling flood,
Or as the mind is influenc'd by the blood,
So—do I make myself well understood?
I'm puzzled, faith:—let us like *Bayes* agree it,
You'll know my plot much better when you see it.

But truce with jesting, let me now impart
The warm o'erflowings of a grateful heart.
Come good, come bad, while life or mem'ry last,
My mind shall treasure up your favours past:
And might one added boon increase the store,
With much less sorrow should I quit this shore:

To

To mine, as you have been to me, prove kind,
Protect the pledge, my fondneſs leaves behind :
To you her guardians I reſign my care,
Let her with others your indulgence ſhare ;
Whate'er *my*-fate, if this my wiſh prevails,
'Twill glad the *father*, tho' the *ſchemiſt* fails.

NUMBER LXVII.

Saturday, Jan. 26, 1754.

Falſus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret
Quem niſi mendoſum & mendacem. HOR.

MY readers will obſerve, that the mottos to theſe eſſays are frequently ſelected from the author, whoſe name ſtands at the head of this day's paper. *Horace* is the writer of all antiquity, who looked at life with an eye of penetration; and has painted the manners and the paſſions of men with the moſt elegant touches of his art. His ſenſe is ſo refined, and the turn of his expreſſion ſo peculiarly delicate, that his remarks occur upon almoſt every occaſion. He is ſenſibly and elegantly ſententious, not only in his epiſtles and ſatires, which are profeſſedly moral diſcourſes, but alſo in his lighter odes, and his gayeſt excurſions of fancy. I have often thought, that an excellent ſyſtem of morality might be extracted out of his writings; and I have carried this hint ſo far, as to think ſeriouſly of publiſhing a tranſlation of all his excellent ethic obſervations, which would, in my opinion, be

be the beſt collection of thoughts on various ſubjects, that has ever been offered to the public.

The paſſage, which occaſioned the looſe reflections now to be laid before the reader, contains a very beautiful moral. "Who is there," ſays the bard, "that can deſire an acceſſion of falſe "honour, if he is not ſenſible of ſome inherent "defect? Who can be alarmed at the blaſts "of calumny and detraction, while he bears in "his own heart a regard to truth?"——This ſentence carries with it the brighteſt marks of a virtuous diſpoſition. It ſhould be written in letters of gold, and impreſſed in deep characters on the heart of every man, who would paſs through life with a fair and honeſt fame. It fills the generous mind with a juſt contempt of all praiſe, but that which is truly earned. Complimentary verſes, puffing paragraphs, letters, and eſſays, whether written by the man himſelf, or his venal inſtruments, all fade away, and ſink into nothing, when they are conſidered as the mere lye of the day. And, in like manner, all productions of that kind, that teem with falſehood, calumny, or malevolence, will be diſregarded by the firm and upright heart, that triumphs in its own integrity, and knows that

the publications of the day are the wretched efforts of envy, dullneſs, and malice.

Hot, buſy, bold, and loud, the ſcribbling fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink and die.

Hypocriſy is conſidered, by all moraliſts, as the moſt deſpicable and infamous diſeaſe of the ſoul. It diſcovers a ſenſe of the grace and beauty of a fair character, but carries with it a total abſence of all good qualities. It aims at eſteem, by artfully concealing latent imperfections, while it exhibits to the public eye a gloſſy appearance of ſomething amiable and honeſt. But unleſs the mind is thoroughly weeded, in ſpight of every artful diſguiſe, the lurking miſchief will, one time or other, break out, and, as *Perſius* expreſſes it, like a wild *fig-tree*, force its way through the very liver;

———*Quæ ſemel intus*
Innata eſt, rupto jecore exierit Caprificus.

Since I have mentioned this ſatiriſt, it falls in with my preſent purpoſe to obſerve, that there is not in any author ancient or modern, a nobler deſcrip-

tion of a real honour, than what is found in two lines of that author. I ſhall tranſcribe his words, becauſe the paſſage is highly beautiful, and for the ſake of the mere *Engliſh* reader, I ſhall add Mr. *Dryden*'s excellent tranſlation.

Compoſitum jus faſque Animi, ſanctoſque Receſſus
Mentis, & incoctum generoſo Pectus honeſto.

A ſoul, where laws both human and divine
In practice more than ſpeculation ſhine;
A genuine honour, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the laſt receſſes of the mind.

For the formation of a regular character, clear and ſettled principles are neceſſary. Mere inſtinctive goodneſs, acting upon the ſpur of the moment, will often have, not only the appearance, but alſo the ill conſequences of caprice and whim. A perfect knowledge of right and wrong ſhould be ſettled in the mind: virtue ſhould be lodged in the ſoul, and the heart ſhould glow with the love of truth; but as the world goes, there is more art to acquire the popular opinion than merit to deſerve it. The uſual method, by which people graſp at fame, conſiſts in depreciating ſome neighbour's character. Thus the female beauty aims at being a general toaſt,

toaſt, by detracting from ſome of her acquaintance. The merchant endeavours to extend his own credit, by an artful propagation of ſuſpicions to the diſadvantage of his neighbour; and the quack, after ſetting forth the unerring efficacy of his noſtrum, cloſes his advertiſement with, "Beware of counterfeits, for ſuch are abroad."

Cicero obſerves, that for one man to detract from another, and to think of aggrandizing himſelf at the expence of his neighbour, is more againſt nature than death, than grief, or any other calamity incident to human life. The realms of fame are not to be explored by *doublings* and *ſhiftings*. He who would arrive at thoſe regions muſt ſteer a direct and open courſe. Honour, truth, and generoſity muſt freight the veſſel: the breath of voluntary, impartial, and unbribed applauſe muſt ſwell the ſail; and the whole voyage of life muſt carry on a fair and lawful commerce.

A reputation, otherwiſe obtained, will afford very little ſatisfaction, and will ſtill adminiſter leſs, when we conſider, that it is only, as *Shakeſpeare* calls it, MOUTH HONOUR, gained from the ignorant, from the ſelf-intereſted, the mean, and the contemptible: *Tollat ſua munera cerdo*, ſays a writer

a writer already quoted: let the underlings of mankind keep their commendations to themſelves. The praiſe of ſuch is beneath the ambition of an honeſt man, and, by parity of reaſon, their cenſure, their diſapprobation, their cabals, their intrigues, their tattles, their daily compotations, and their midnight clubs, are to be deſpiſed by every one, whoſe breaſt is impregnated with a love of truth and virtue.

To draw to a concluſion: The uncertain tide of popularity is ever known to fluctuate, to ebb, and to ſubſide: The *ſhallows* are then diſcovered; the *treacherous quickſands* are revealed, and the *bottom* lies betrayed to ſight. In like manner giddy detraction ſpends and exhauſts itſelf; the ſtorm howls for a time, but ſoon decays into the murmur of obloquy, and at length dies totally away; the ſcene clears up; the luſtre of integrity ſpreads a day around; and infamy, inſtead of adhering where it was directed, returns to its native ſpring.

I have ſomewhere met with a ſhort *Chineſe* tale, with which I ſhall diſmiſs this paper. "The celebrated *Ming* was accuſed of entertaining diſreſpectful Ideas of *Tien* and *Li*, and of being diſſaffected to the Emperor *Vang*. "When

" When the executioners went to ſeize the old " man, they found him compoſing a panegyric " upon *Vang*, and an hymn to *Tien* and *Li*."

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Tilt-yard Coffee-houſe, Jan. 20, 1754.

WE are not a little ſurprized, that Mr. *Ranger*, in his Rambles, never drops into this military academy; perhaps he may imagine that among the gentlemen of the ſword nothing can offer worthy the notice of a man of letters. But we can aſſure him we have ſome perſonages of profound erudition. Capt. *Halfpay* acquainted the corps, the other day, that he had lately taken up a book, which lay on the window at his lodging, called THE BIBLE. He ſaid, he had never met with the work before; he read a pretty ſtory enough in it, of one *Joſeph* and his brethren. He obſerved, that the ſtile was rather uncouth, but that really there was ſomething well enough in it for a book of the kind. Upon this Lieutenant *Strut* ſaid, that he had heard of the book, but never looked into it. He believed he had it in his hand once, when he took the oaths, but he did not well recollect. He added, however, that he

he would upon Captain *Halfpay*'s recommendation, carry it with him, when he went next into country quarters. We mention this only as a ſpecimen of what *Ranger* may pick up, if he will but favour us with a viſit.

Covent-Garden Theatre.

The *Italian Burletta*, which was performed here for the firſt time about the middle of laſt month, has continued to draw ſplendid audiences three times a week ever ſince. The humour does not ſeem calculated for the meridian of this country; and yet, one of this exotic Troup, who, in the piece is called *Spiletta*, has ſuch a quick expreſſion in her countenance, ſuch vivacity of action, joined to ſuch variety, that ſhe is allowed, in this fantaſtic part of acting, to be an excellent performer. Mr. *Rich*, the manager, very gravely obſerved, that ſhe does not know how to lay her *emphaſis*. "I aſſure "you, Mr.——, ſaid he, the *Italians*, as well as "the *Engliſh*, lay their EMPHERSIS on the "ADJUTANT."

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

ANY perſon inclined to go to *Drury-Lane* Playhouſe this evening in a hackney-coach, may hear of three agreeable companions at the *Rainbow Coffee-Houſe*, in *Cornhill*.

N. B. As *Harlequin Fortunatus* is to be performed, it will be neceſſary to ſet out early.

NUMBER LXVIII.

Saturday, Feb. 2, 1754.

In omnes ſuperbiâ (quæ crudelitate gravior eſt bonis) graſſatus—— FLORUS.

A WRITER of periodical eſſays is like the voyager, who goes coaſting from place to place, in order to lay down a proper chart, and mark the bearings and limits of the land. As he purſues his courſe, every minute object furniſhes him with matter of contemplation: not a hill lifts its head, whether cloathed with verdure and embowered with over-hanging wood, or wild, barren, and craggy, but he inſtantly treaſures it in the ſtorehouſe of imagination. Each receſs of the land, each creek, rock, and harbour demand his particular notice. In like manner, the writer, who is engaged in a courſe of lucubrations to be publiſhed on a ſtated day, is conſtantly traverſing about, to watch the varying ſcenes of life. In his intercourſe with men and manners every occurrence attracts his eye; in the courſe of his reading, he often meets with paſſages, which deſerve to be

be minutely ſet down, to ſerve as lights or land-marks to thoſe, who, like himſelf, are embarked upon a ſea of troubles.

For the purpoſe of the Eſſay-writer, the ancient claſſics abound with the moſt uſeful hints. The art of ſaying much in a narrow compaſs ſeems to be their peculiar talent. A ſhort reflection, interwoven with the thread of a poem or narration, and given with ſo little parade, that it lies almoſt concealed in the general matter, will often afford to a thinking mind a ſubject of meditation for ſeveral days. Of this nature is the remark made by *Florus* upon the character of *Tarquin*. The hiſtorian tells us, with his uſual cloſeneſs, "That the tyrannic monarch "behaved to all who approached him, with a "peculiar pride, which to the ingenuous mind "is worſe than cruelty." This obſervation, conciſe as it is, is founded in truth, and a thorough knowledge of human nature.

A witty ſatiriſt has called pride the univerſal paſſion, and indeed its influence on mankind is ſo manifeſt, that there is too much reaſon to believe the maxim ſtrictly true. The general prevalence of politeneſs ſuppreſſes in ſome meaſure the appearance of it among the *French*, but he,

he, who has been at *Verſailles*, may remember, that after all the attention and deference of the embroidered gentleman, who undertakes the office of ſhewing the curioſities of the place, the ceremony is always concluded with a conſciouſneſs of their national ſuperiority. You are ſure to be aſked, "*Eh bien! Monſieur, avez vous de* "*pareille magnificence à Londres?* Well, Sir, have "you any thing equal to this in *London?*" In *Italy*, *Portugal*, and *Spain*, haughtineſs is manifeſted by the uſe of the ſtiletto: Pride is there diſplayed by killing others; and the people of *England* diſcover it by murdering themſelves.

The notion of independence, with which a free-born *Briton* is inflamed, renders him untractable and refractory to all laws: of religion he makes a joke; and he wonders at the impertinence of parliament in attempting to reſtrain his unqueſtionable right to diſpoſe of his perſon in marriage as he thinks proper.

Monteſquieu imputes the variety of oddities, which prevail in this country, to the general infection of the ſcurvy. Black and ſizy blood may certainly aggravate the diſtemper. Pride ſeems to be to the ſoul what the ſcurvy is to the body, the ſource of ill humour and diſorders.

The fatal effects of the corporal indiſpoſition have been ſo ſeverely felt for a long time paſt, that our common news-papers are filled with advertiſements of chymical drops, to eradicate it intirely out of the blood. This unqueſtionably would be a general benefit; but, I apprehend, he would ſtill deſerve more of mankind, who ſhould deviſe a cure for the diſeaſe of the mind. I ſhould, therefore, be glad to ſee a paragraph in the papers to the following effect.

To Perſons of either Sex, afflicted with any ſpecies of

P R I D E.

NEVER were *pride*, *arrogance*, and *haughtineſs* ſo frequent as of late years; nor has any remedy been found adequate to this pernicious habit, which occaſioned a phyſician of the ſoul, who has employed ſeveral years in ſtudy, to adapt a medicine, or Moral Elixir, which is a ſovereign remedy againſt PRIDE and all the variety of ſymptoms, by which it mimics, by turns, almoſt all the vices poor mortals are afflicted with, and have their riſe from a depraved ſelfiſhneſs of thinking, vicious ferments of ill-nature, and the want of ſelf-knowledge; whence proceed the ſupercilious brow, and ſurly moroſeneſs in the men, and coquetry,

quetry, airs, fidgets, tehees and titters in the women, deſtroying their beauty and their features, and by a conſent of parts affecting their heads, and producing direful views and terrible apprehenſions; at other times, fits, fluſhing heats, lowneſs and ſinking of ſpirits, palpitation of the heart, twitchings of the limbs, with many convulſive diſorders, which affect numbers of both ſexes.

The above Elixir is a wonderful alterative. It enters into immediate conteſt with the offending matter, and entirely eradicates the ſame. It occaſions laudable humility, and is good for all ſorts of people, producing in perſons of both ſexes an even temper of mind, and making them patient, good humoured, affable, and perfectly polite.

Whenever I meet with a proud man, I am apt to imagine, that if his inward ſtate of mind were detected to the eye of the world, it would afford a ridiculous contraſt between his ſeveral foibles and his fanſied elevation above the reſt of his ſpecies. I would have a perſon of this caſt made emperor of the Moon, or removed to ſome other ſphere fitted for his reception, where cruelty

may paſs for courage, oſtentation for merit, and pride for dignity.

Nothing can ſo ſurely demonſtrate a narrow mind, as an attempt to degrade our fellow-creatures by an haughty arrogance of carriage. *Hamlet* reckons the *inſolence of office* and the *proud man's contumely* among thoſe inſtigations which might prompt injured merit to a deed of extreme deſpair.

I cannot diſmiſs this paper without obſerving, that there is a right ſpecies of pride to which every man is entitled, and that is a ſpirit above dependence, above flattery, above an abject deportment, and above every thing poor, ſordid, and little. There is a pride, which may ſerve to invigorate honour, to embolden truth, and to carry virtue to the higheſt pitch of improvement. The pleaſures reſulting from this principle are manly and noble. To enjoy the inward conſciouſneſs of integrity and honour, is juſt and laudable. Thus much of pride every one has a right to, and I know no external circumſtance, that can reaſonably entitle any man alive to more.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Jonathan's in Change-Alley, Nov. 24.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exhibition, which Mr. *Ranger* has lately given us, in his ſcenes called the *Temple of Laverna*, there are ſome of us, who can boaſt a taſte for the polite amuſements of the town. Mr. *Simeon Paraphimoſis* acquainted us the other day, that he has ſeen *Garrick* in King *Lear*, this ſeaſon; and gave it as his opinion, that he did it 5 *per Cent.* better than uſual. He informed us, that tho' he was at the houſe at half an hour after four, he ſhould not have got in at all, if he had not employed one of the orange wenches as a *broker*, who got him into the Pit thro' the Boxes. He added, that *Garrick* makes a *fine job of it*, and that he ſhould be glad to have an *intereſt* in the houſe: "For "plays, continued he, are well enough now and "then, when it is not a man's club night, and in-"deed I ſhould go pretty often, only for the ex-"pence of being *transferred* there, which, not-"withſtanding the *caravan*, is ſo great, that "really it does not turn to *account*." We ſhall occaſionally communicate more of this Gentleman's remarks, from which the critics will undoubtedly receive great inſtruction.

NUMBER LXIX.

Saturday, Feb. 9, 1754.

Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
HOR.

THE Theatre is the place where I love to paſs the leiſure hours of the evening; but I do not go, as I believe moſt people do, merely to ſee and to be ſeen. A well-conſtructed fable, eſpecially if it be, as it ought, ſubſervient to the production of character, affords me the moſt exquiſite entertainment. The artifice of the poet, who can, at times, give reality to fiction, fills the mind with the moſt agreeable ſenſations: but if the performer does not ſhew that he has a taſte for fine writing, by doing juſtice to his author, the beſt ſcenes may fail of their effect. It is for this reaſon that I intend, in this day's paper, to throw together ſome looſe reflections upon the art of acting.

The precept, which the judicious author of my motto has laid down for the good writer, is likewiſe the beſt rule for an actor; they both pro-

profeſs an imitative art, and the poet's rule is applicable to each. "I would recommend," ſays *Horace*, "to the ſkilful imitator, a cloſe obſervance of human life, and the manners of the performers in that great drama; that he may, from that ſource, derive the true language of nature."

This advice, ſhort and ſimple as it is, contains the whole ſecret: whoever artfully conforms to it, will be ſure of acquiring applauſe from crowded theatres. The actor, in every ſituation on the ſtage, is a copyiſt: the deportment of gentlemen is to be attained by watching the manners in that claſs of life. As perſons of inferior degree muſt be in a well-wrought drama frequently intermixed, the leſs poliſhed, but perhaps, more natural deportment of citizens, even down to the loweſt ſcale, muſt be attended to by him, who wiſhes to be a general performer. It is thus that we ſee repreſented by the ſame perſon, *Don Felix* one night, and *Abel Drugger* the next. *Archer* and *Scrub* have been both performed by GARRICK, and in Mrs. PRITCHARD we have ſeen Lady BETTY MODISH and DOLL COMMON.

But the cloſeſt obſervation of external circumſtances will not be ſufficient. The human heart is the proper ſtudy of every performer, who would arrive at the point of excellence. The paſſions are to be ſtudied, in all their various workings, and their minuteſt effects upon the human frame; in what proportion they agitate the nerves and muſcles; how they impreſs the features with their reſpective ſignatures, elevate or contract the brow, brace or relax the ſinews, and command the attitude and diſpoſition of the whole perſon. There is not a paſſion, in the whole train of thoſe feelings, to which our nature is ſubject, but what has its own peculiar adjuncts, its own air, its own look, and its own proper tone. Sorrow unnerves the whole ſyſtem, ſinks the ſpirits, and depreſſes the voice into a plaintive melancholy; anger, on the other hand, contracts each ſinew, ſends the ſpirits in a blaze to the eye, and vents itſelf in precipitate and vehement accents. It is the immediate buſineſs of the performer, to lay down to himſelf an exact definition of each paſſion, with all its characteriſtics; otherwiſe it will be impoſſible to mark the progreſs and workings of a mind, awakened and excited by the vehemence of their impulſe, or to ſeparate the tender deſire of *Romeo*, from the conjugal affection of *Jaffier*.

After

After having thus diſtinguiſhed the nature and boundaries of each affection, the next ſtep to be taken, is, to watch them in the various ſhiftings and veerings of the ſoul, and that quick viciſſitude with which they riſe and fall, ſucceeding to each other with a rapidity almoſt imperceptible. The mind of man cannot dwell for any conſiderable time upon one object: love and reſentment, grief and joy, deſpair and hope, rage and tenderneſs, are perpetually taking their turns in the breaſt. To perceive minutely the very point where the firſt ceaſes, and the ſucceeding one begins to riſe, requires a nice diſcernment; as in the well-wrought piece of ſome eminent artiſt, the colours run ſo artfully into one another, that their gradual evaneſcence from the ſight, and their growing by inſenſible degrees into a full glow, is only to be diſcovered by the curious eye. If I do not miſtake, the touch, which ſo ſkilfully blends different colours in this delicate confederacy, is called by the painters the *demi-tint*. Should not ſomething like this be preſerved, in the performances of a good actor, in order to render each tranſition graceful and natural? to melt an audience by regular eſſays into tenderneſs, or induce any other impreſſion with juſtneſs and propriety? He, who has marked with due attention the various

tran-

tranſitions of the mind, how one paſſion ebbs away, and another flows in like the returning tide, will be always ſure to have an irreſiſtible command over his audience.

But the matter does not reſt here: there is another peculiar circumſtance in the operation of the paſſions, which muſt never eſcape the notice of him, who would imitate nature to advantage. The affections of the ſoul not only ſucceed to each other, but they often unite, claſh, and blend in one mixed emotion.

——— *Æſtuat ingens*
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque inſania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conſcia virtus.
VIRG.

Theſe complicated agitations of the mind are often imperceptible to all but the ſkilful obſerver; and, therefore, as the actor's chief difficulty lies in this point, a feeling expreſſion of it will always be a proof of his excellence. Strokes of this nature, well executed, will impreſs on every breaſt the livelieſt ſenſations.

To give with full force this union of contending, and even oppoſite paſſions, is among the

the niceſt beauties of the orator and the poet. With the latter we find it more frequent, as poetry more directly profeſſes to pleaſe the imagination. Thus we ſee, that, in mere deſcriptive verſe, the writer, obſerving ſome ſurpriſing agreement between things in their nature totally inconſiſtent, from thence takes occaſion to reconcile contrarieties in ſuch an agreeable aſſemblage, that the reader of taſte is entertained with a picture, which at once amuſes his fancy, and ſatisfies his judgment. *Virgil* has many delicate touches of this nature; and *Horace*, who had art enough for every poetic embelliſhment, has heightened his odes with ſeveral beauties of this ſort. In this claſs of elegancies, may be reckoned the following paſſages;

Urit grata protervitas;
Pignuſque direptum lacertis
Aut digito malè pertinaci.
———*Tityoſque vultu*
Riſit invito.———

Milton, who has every ſofter delicacy in minute deſcriptions, as well as every lofty image in the ſublime, has given many beautiful touches of this ſort in his *Paradiſe Loſt*. *Darkneſs viſible*, and *grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile*,

are inſtances that will occur to every body. Mr. *Addiſon* has given to thoughts of this nature, the title of *thwarting ideas*; and he adds, that they are ſome of the fineſt ſtrokes in the whole compaſs of poetry. If I might be allowed to carry this hint further, I ſhould call all paſſages of this kind, where the mind is worked into a ferment, by the name of *thwarting paſſions*; and I will venture to ſay, that they will be univerſally acknowledged much more beautiful than that mere claſh of ideas, which the eminent critic juſt mentioned has ſo much inſiſted upon; becauſe they not only ſurprize with a ſeeming contraſt, but alſo intereſt the heart; the very perfection of poetry. The *Greek* and *Latin* poets, and indeed the fine writers among the moderns, are full of theſe pathetic repreſentations of human nature; but among them all, I do not remember a finer inſtance, than a paſſage in Mr. *Whitehead's Roman Father*, when that hero is reflecting on the combat, which is to decide the fate of *Rome*. As ſpoken by *Garrick*, there is hardly any thing in *King Lear*, that has affected me more.

——Had I a thouſand ſons in ſuch a cauſe,
I could behold 'em bleeding at my feet,
And thank the Gods with tears.——

To

To expreſs theſe complicated ſenſations, where ſeveral paſſions at once agitate the ſoul, requires ſuch a command of countenance and voice, that in this the greateſt difficulty, as well as the niceſt beauty of acting, may be ſaid to conſiſt. With a kind of magic power, it always leads us into the moſt pleaſing diſtreſs. The mind is thus like a muſical inſtrument: one chord is touched, and while it ſounds in the ear, another is ſtruck, and mingles with the vibration of the former note. Thus *Othello* ſays, "I'll tear her all to pieces!—" And yet the pity of it, *Iago*; Oh! *Iago*, the pity of it!"

If the bounds of my paper would admit it, I ſhould here indulge myſelf in examining our preſent performers, with regard to the three diviſions of the paſſions above eſtabliſhed. To one, I ſhould, perhaps, aſcribe the merit of expreſſing with proper enforcement the ſentiments of haughty anger, and tyrannic cruelty; in another, I ſhould chiefly admire the graceful tranſition from rage to tenderneſs; and probably I ſhould not heſitate to ſay, of a third, that he is excellent in all viciſſitudes of the mind; and that in mixed ſenſations, he penetrates to the very ſoul of his hearers. Were I to add, that, in many ſituations, I have experienced the ſame

from

from Mrs. *Cibber*, it would be but barely doing her that juſtice which her excellent art deſerves.

From what has been premiſed, it will appear, that to expreſs the emotions of the human heart is the chief buſineſs of an actor. No account is ever to be made of figure, voice, or any other external circumſtances, unleſs when they combine with the performer's feelings to make deeper impreſſions on an audience. I have known an actor lengthen out the tone of voice, and if it ſounded clearly, imagine his buſineſs finely executed, when nature and the paſſions required that he ſhould ſpeak in another key, and in broken, ſhort, and vehement accents. *Quinctilian* has a juſt remark on this head. " As poets," ſays he " profeſs to ſing their works, verſe ſhould be " repeated in a manner ſomewhat elevated above " common diſcourſe, with a ſweetneſs properly " tempered by diſcretion, and not thrilling into " a wanton luxuriance of ſound, as if the throat " had been gargled for the purpoſe." I ſhall only add, a lively imagination is the talent, which an actor ſhould principally cultivate, as it is that which excites thoſe pathetic feelings, without which no man will ever ſucceed on the ſtage, and with which it is hardly poſſible to fail.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Rainbow Coffee-Houſe, Feb. 6.

THE Board of *Priggiſm* met here a few days ſince, when the following perſons were preſent; *Jack Oakſtick*, *Harry Lapelle*, *Bob Nankeen*, *Jemmy Scratch*, *Nat Pigtail*, *Billy Spindle*, *Jack Phaeton*, *Peter Littlehat*, and *Billy Lowheels*. *Nat Pigtail* ſignified to the *Board*, that he was in the country upon a hunting party in December laſt, when Mr. *Glover*'s *Boadicea* was acted at *Drury-Lane*. *Jack Phaeton* and *Billy Lowheels* were alſo out of town, when the play was acted, but gave it as their opinion that it was a Comedy. *Harry Lapelle* interpoſed: he ſaid, that he had not been long from *Merchant Taylor*'s; that he believed the word to be *Latin*. Upon which, *Jack Oakſtick* ſaid, he did not care about the word; but he was in the Pit the firſt night, and for his part, he was no great judge, but the phyſician, who always ſat near the ſpikes, ſaid it was an excellent Tragedy.

NUM-

NUMBER LXX.

Saturday, Feb. 16, 1754.

———*Sub judice lis eſt.* HOR.

MY Readers will remember, that a Court of *Cenſorial Enquiry* has been ſome time eſtabliſhed by virtue of an authority given under our hand, ſoon after the commencement of this paper. As the *Court of Conſcience* has juriſdiction with regard to ſmall debts; ſo the Court above mentioned has cognizance of petty offences againſt decency and good manners. Though no report has been lately publiſhed of the proceedings of the Court, the commiſſioners have been unwearied in the diſcharge of their duty. I ſhall devote the entire papers of this day, and the enſuing Saturday, to an account of the moſt material cauſes, that have been tried in that upright Court of Manners, where, according to the law of the land, every Engliſhman has his trial by jury.

Proceedings of the Court of Cenſorial-Enquiry, on the *Commiſſion of* OYER *and* TERMINER, *and general Goal Delivery, held for the Cities of* London *and* Weſtminſter.

About nine o'clock the Judges took their ſeats, and the Jury, conſiſting of the following perſons, were ſworn and impannelled.

Thomas Thimble, an EMINENT *Haberdaſher of Small-ware.*
John Rhubarb, an EMINENT *Apothecary.*
William Buckram, an EMINENT *Taylor.*
Joſeph Bauble, an EMINENT *Toyman.*
Abel Drugger, an EMINENT *Tobacconiſt.*
John Candlewick, an EMINENT *Tallow-chandler.*
Jeremiah Prim, an EMINENT *Mercer.*
Timothy Buck, an EMINENT *Breeches-maker.*
Joſeph Inſtep, an EMINENT *Shoe-maker.*
Robert Frizzle, an EMINENT *Peruke-maker.*
David Elzevir, an EMINENT *Bookſeller.*
Iſaac Birmingham, an EMINENT *Hard-ware-Man.*

Jack Oakſtick was indicted for that he, on *Saturday* night, the 4th of *February*, went into the middle-gallery at *Drury-Lane* Play-houſe, and from thence one apple, value a farthing, on

the ſtage did fling, to the great annoyance of the actors, and diſturbance of the company. The fact was proved by two undeniable witneſſes, who, being interrogated whether they had not the freedom of the houſe, ſeverally anſwered, that they had not, and added, that they did not even go in with an order: that their only motive for appearing on the occaſion was, to bring to condign puniſhment an offender againſt the reſpect due to a public aſſembly. Whereupon, the priſoner being aſked by the court what he had to ſay for himſelf, made anſwer, that he was drunk, and as he hoped to be ſaved, it was nothing but an innocent frolick. GUILTY; upon which he was ordered to wait upon the managers of the above-mentioned theatre, to aſk their pardon for his miſbehaviour: He was ordered to drink but a pint of wine after dinner for the future.

Sir *Peter Jeſſamy* was indicted for ſtanding between the ſcenes in ſuch a manner, as to hurt the moſt pathetic ſituations of the drama. GUILTY; but it appearing to the court, that it was not done with malice prepenſe, but only with intent to diſplay his cloaths to the ladies, he was diſmiſſed without any other puniſhment than a ſevere reprimand, and an order, that he ſhould

not be admitted behind the ſcenes again, without giving ſecurity for his good behaviour, of which Mr. *Varney* and Mr. *Crudge* are to take proper notice.

Elizabeth, the wife of *John Gayleſs*, Eſq. was indicted, for that ſhe, not having the love of her huſband before her eyes, hath, for the ſpace of three years paſt, obſtinately, wilfully, and urged on by the inſtigation of a certain fury called GAMING, addicted all her attention to cards, to the great detriment of her huſband, and the utter extinction of all domeſtic happineſs.

The cauſe was opened by Councellor *Manly*, who urged, in a long harangue, that to ſpend a life over a pack of cards, is an apoſtacy from all that can be deemed elegant in that amiable ſex; that ſuch conduct can only ſerve to ſpoil their complexions, diſturb their tempers, and ſuppreſs the natural affections, which alone can create conjugal felicity; that it muſt inevitably put to flight the *loves* and *graces*, which would otherwiſe hover round them; and in their ſtead, infeſt them with a band of *harpies*, ſuch as *ſuſpicion*, *miſtruſt*, *vexation*, *diſappointment*, &c.——That, in ſhort, it muſt bring on ſuch an inſenſibility, as to render a woman capable of venturing a

daughter's portion upon the turning up of a die, and oblige her to ſurrender her lovely perſon, in caſe of non-payment, upon an *habeas corpus* from the Court of *Venus*.

After this, *Betty Minnikin*, chambermaid to the priſoner, was examined, and ſhe depoſed, as how her miſtreſs never went to bed till four or five in the morning, and that ſhe had often heard her ſay, ſhe actually thought the King of Clubs a much handſomer man than her huſband.

Croſs examined. Pray miſtreſs—Remember you're upon your oath——Have you no intrigue with your maſter?——

Betty Minnikin—I'd have you to know Sir—that I ſcorn your words—I've nothing to do with fellows—though to be ſure (in tears) he does uſe me barbarouſly, and has taken no notice ever ſince he had his wicked will of me.

James Ditto, Mercer, was ſworn, and depoſed, that he had ſerved the lady ever ſince her marriage, and that he knew no more of the colour of her money, than of the real colour of her face, though he was informed by her huſband, and he verily believed the ſame to be true, that ſhe

ſhe had been ſupplied occaſionally with money to diſcharge all her bills.

The Defence.

The *Priſoner's Council* proved to the Court, that their client always preſerved her virtue, and that no inſtance of infidelity to the marriage-bed could be charged againſt her, even though ſhe had been tempted by Lord *Trumpabout*, who offered to remit a conſiderable gaming debt, for ſo ſmall a conſideration as cuckolding her huſband; upon this they reſted their defence.

In reply, the Council for the proſecution obſerved, "It is not enough that a woman preſerves "her virtue, if ſhe is inſenſible to ſhame in every "other point, agreeably to the *Statute 6th Young*,

Some modern ladies think one crime is all;
Can women then no way but backward fall?

Lord *Townley*'s caſe was alſo cited, by which it appeared a matter of indifference, whether a man be cuckolded by a *black ace*, or a powdered beau. Whereupon the jury, without withdrawing, brought in their verdict, GUILTY; and the priſoner was ordered into the cloſe cuſtody of

her husband, to be by him carried into the country for twelve months, there to read the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, and never suffered to revisit *London*, without proper security for her good behaviour.

John Cockney was indicted at the suit of Mrs. *Seesaw*, for that he, as a servant to the said Mrs. *Seesaw*, behaved ill in his place, and was guilty of several misdemeanors, such as not answering when called, nor shutting the room-door after him, and, when bid, doing it in such a manner, as to shake the whole house. The fact being proved, the prisoner was asked, what he had to say in mitigation of his offence; to which he replied, "I "does not want to live with the lady—I have "often bid her discharge me——She keeps but "seven card tables—and what can a poor ser-"vant do, if he gets no more vails nor that?— "it is not the pay of a country curate——Lord "bless her, she may get some raw boy to live "with her, but it won't do for me"—Upon this the jury declared him GUILTY. The Court directed Mrs. *Seesaw* to discharge him without a character, giving her at the same time a hint to keep fewer card-tables for the future.

William

William Dactyle was indicted, for that he hath frequently been, during the winter ſeaſon, at the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe, and then and there for a diſh of coffee did call, or for *red tea*, or *Capillaire*, as his fancy directed, and did afterwards ſteal out of the back-door, without paying for the ſame, to the prejudice of the houſe, *&c.*

Charles Price, ſworn.

The priſoner at the par was at our houſe on *Suntay* evening laſt, ant hur gife hurſelf fery great airs, as Got is hur ſhudge, as much as Mr. *Ap Jones* of *Trinigidie*, or any *ſhentleman* in the place. "Waiter, give a tiſh of coffee," ſays he; and ſo hur was helping a ſhentleman, and ſo te priſoner huff hur, as if hur was no petter tan a tog. Ecot, it mate my plood poil in me, ant ſo I was reſolfed to pe efen with hur, ant ſo I watch hur, when hur was going out, accorting to hur olt tricks, ant ſo *Ropert* ant I detect hur in te fact.

Q.——Did he make a practice of this?——

Charles Price. I pelief hur to it ten times ſince *Nofember laſt.*

John Hazard, ſworn.

I am marker at the billiard-table, and I ſerve in the Coffee-room on *ſundays*. *Charles Price* bid me watch the priſoner, telling me of his ways, and ſo he went out at the back-door.

Priſoner's Defence.

I have people to call to my character.

Quinbus Fleſtrin. I know Mr. *Dactyle* perfectly well: we both lay together upon a flock-bed in *Fleet-ſtreet*, when we tranſlated *Juvenal's* Satyrs; he always declaimed with great energy againſt vice, and talked much of *decorum*, and the beauty of virtue. I did not think him capable of ſuch an action.

John Rubric. I am a bookſeller; I employed the priſoner to write me an account of lamentable accidents; I advanced him the whole money, being fifteen-ſhillings and ſix pence, and he behaved very honeſtly.

Court. What is his general character?

Rubric. A very pretty verſifyer: I never heard an ill thing of him before this. GUILTY 10*d.*

NUMBER LXXI.

Saturday, Feb. 23, 1754

Ergo exercentur Pœnis, veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendunt.——————

VIRG.

Continuation of the Proceedings at the Court of Cenſorial-Enquiry.

JOHN VAINLOVE, Eſq. was indicted, for that he, not having the fear of this Court before his eyes, but falſely, vainly, and inconſiderately tricked, deluded, and jilted ſeveral of his Majeſty's moſt amiable ſubjects, and urged on by the inſtigation of a moſt extraordinary ſelf-conceit, hath continued for a long time in this practice, to the great diſappointment of ſeveral young ladies, &c.

Clerk of the Arraigns.

John Vainlove, hold up your hand. How will you be tried?

Priſoner. By this court and my country.

Upon which the *Attorney General* of the Court opened the cauſe in a long ſpeech, ſetting forth, that ſuch behaviour argues a depraved mind, inſen-

ſenſible to truth, and wantonly delighting in giving uneaſineſs to the fair-ſex, by making many of them imagine he had honourable intentions, when, at the ſame time, he only meant, in the end, to break off, to their diſappointment and confuſion.

Miſs *Saffron*, ſworn on her pocket looking-glaſs.

I met the priſoner at the bar at *Enfield* Aſſembly, where I danced with him till two in the morning: he ſqueezed my hand ſeveral times, called me his angel, and "I proteſt, Miſs *Saffron*," ſays he, "you have the fineſt neck in the world." I was ſo far miſled by this ſpeech, that I have ever ſince gone without an handkerchief: he viſited me next morning, and gave me ſtrong reaſons to expect propoſals for marriage. But inſtead of that, I have been the *laughing-ſtock* of all my acquaintances ever ſince, for ſhewing the yellowneſs of my ſkin; and I never ſaw the priſoner, from that time till now.

Miſs Threadneedle, *ſworn on a billet-doux.*

I danced with the priſoner at *Hampſtead* Aſſembly: I was at that time upon a treaty of marriage with my father's 'prentice, which I broke off on his account; and I have ſince rejected many very eligible offers, encouraged by the priſoner's promiſes; in conſequence of which,

I bought

I bought me a new gown at *Carr*, *Ibſon*'s and *Bigg*'s; and now I find I'm not likely to be a bit the better for it.

Widow Liquoriſh, *ſworn on a ſmall box of carmine.*

I had not been ſpoke to for ſeveral years, till I met the priſoner at a rout: we played in the ſame ſet; and he paid me ſo many compliments, and loſt his money with ſo much good humour, that I was ſure he was in love with me. I had five card-tables at my lodging ſince, when the priſoner promiſed to be one of our party; but I never ſaw him more, till I heard he was taken up: I am ſure that is he; I can ſwear to the man.

Priſoner's Defence.

May it pleaſe this honourable court, I am a beau; and in order to ſupport that character, I thought it would not be amiſs to have a few treaties of marriage depending, though, at the ſame time, I proteſt, I have no attachment to any one breathing, except myſelf.

Upon this the priſoner reſted his cauſe; and the jury, without retiring, brought in their verdict, a *male jilt*. The court adjudged, upon the ſtatute of *Iſaac Bickerſtaff*, that no lady whatever ſhould admit the addreſſes of *John Vain-*

love,

love, Esq. unless he could produce a character from the lady he last served, testifying that *he behaved well in her service*.

Lady *Tittle Tattle* was indicted, for that she went frequently to one or other of the two theatres; and there, placing herself in a side-box, as near the stage as possible, talked louder than the actors, even though a *Garrick*, or a *Barry*, a *Cibber*, or a *Pritchard*, were principal in the scene. The prisoner, instead of denying the fact, insisted upon her right to behave in that manner, alleging it was what she always did at church, and truly she could never be made to hold her tongue in her life. Verdict, GUILTY; upon which the court was going to pass sentence, that she should lose her tongue; but one of the judges recollecting an instance in *Ovid*, where the remaining roots and fibres retain their activity, *radix micat ultima linguæ*, objected to the punishment, insisting upon it, that it would not cure the disease; and though no articulate accents could be produced, *nec vox nec verba sequuntur*, yet such sounds might issue, as would still continue to annoy the company: she was therefore required to give bail for her good behaviour for the future, which she found difficult to do, as her husband, for reasons best known to himself, refused to be one; at length Mr. *Hoyle* became her security; he being in pos-

poſſeſſion of the only charm which can, for a while, ſtop the female tongue.

Bob Riot was indicted, for that he, in a full gallery at *Drury-Lane* play-houſe, cried out fire. The fact being inconteſtibly proved, but no one being able poſitively to ſwear to the man, the ſtrongeſt evidence amounting to no more than I believe it is he, and I think it is the ſame voice, he was acquitted.

William Quibble was indicted for picking a gentleman's pocket of a ſilk handkerchief, value three ſhillings. The proſecutor depoſed, that he went into the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe, and ſtood for ſome time next to the priſoner at the bar, and when he wanted his pocket handkerchief, could not find it.

Croſs examined. Pray, Sir, was you at the play that night?

Anſwer. I was.

Q. And did not you paſs through the mob that is generally gathered in the Piazza?

Anſwer. I did.

Q. Then

Q. Then might you not loſe your handkerchief there? What reaſon have you for charging the priſoner at the bar?

Anſwer. Becauſe he made a pun; and every body knows that a man that will pun, will alſo pick a pocket.

Acquitted of the *handkerchief*, but detained upon an indictment for the *pun*.

Joſeph Indolent was indicted, for that he murdered his time every evening at the *Bedford* Coffee-houſe. It was plainly proved to the court, that the priſoner generally took his ſeat among the reſt of the *loungers* at the middle fire, and there paſt all his hours in dozing, yawning, telling long ſtories, liſtening to long ſtories, enquiring of every one that came in, have you been at *Drury-lane* to-night? "Yes." —Great houſe, I ſuppoſe—"very great houſe" —ay, as uſual—have you been at *Covent-garden?* "I looked in"—very thin, I hear—"about "five people in the boxes, and half a pit"—ay, as uſual! Upon which the jury, without going out of court, brought in their verdict, WILFUL MURDER; but the priſoner ſeeming to have a very ſenſible feeling of his condition, the court, in hopes he might by this be awakened into reflection, allowed him his *benefit of clergy*, which they

they assured him was the only thing that could redeem him from destruction; and therefore they recommended to him to read four hours every day, for the future.

William Clumsy was indicted, for that he walked about the room at the *Bedford* Coffee-house, for near half an hour every evening, and trod frequently upon people's toes, to the great annoyance of Mrs. *Michell*'s customers.—GUILTY. Upon which the court ordered him to Mr. *Hart*'s Dancing Academy for grown persons, until the said Mr. *Hart* shall think proper to trust him with the use of his limbs abroad.

John Sceptic was indicted, for that he, after reading the posthumous works of the late Lord *Bolingbroke*, did embrace the absurd doctrine of *scepticism*, and is now an absolute unbeliever in the most obvious truths.

Miss *Sweetlips*, *sworn*.

I was going through *Tavistock-street*—this was about seven o'clock at night—and I met the prisoner at the bar, who led me to a lamp, and after looking me full in the face, kissed me with great eagerness. He then told me that I was a pretty apparition: upon which I could not help saying, I was as good flesh and blood as him-

himſelf: he then repeated the word apparition, and bruſhed away.

Abraham Buckram.

I made cloaths for the priſoner at the bar, for many years paſt, and he never diſputed payment, till I carried in my bill the other morning, being obliged to make up a ſum; and he told me, they were only imaginary cloaths, and that I muſt prove the reality of matter; of which, he ſaid, he doubted the exiſtence.

Mary Spinſter.

I am a maiden lady; I let lodgings in St. *Martin's-lane*: the priſoner has had an apartment in my houſe for nine months; and when I aſked him for ſome money, he ſays he owes for no lodging, and that all is *Elyſium* round him.

Priſoner's Defence.

I doubt the real exiſtence of every thing I meet: as for inſtance; I have often heard of *honour*, and *honeſty*, and *patriotiſm*, and *friendſhip*; and I am ſure there is no ſuch thing in reality. I therefore demur to the juriſdiction of the court, becauſe I doubt the reality of it, and of all theſe appearances about me. Verdict, *guilty of wilful ſcepticiſm*; whereupon the court adjudged

judged the said posthumous works of Lord *Bolingbroke* to be forfeited as a *deodand*, and allowed him *benefit of clergy*.

Copia Vera,

CHARLES RANGER.

The Court broke up till next Sessions.

NUMBER LXXII.

Saturday, March, 2, 1754.

——————————Ut omnis
Votivâ veluti pateat descripta Tabellâ
Vita ——————————

HOR.

Tecum habita, & noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.
PER.

TO endeavour at some degree of self-knowledge, was the constant advice of the ethic writers among the Greeks and Romans; and this precept we find inculcated by many of them, in terms that come home to every man's breast. Among the moderns, Lord *Shaftsbury* has more particularly enforced the doctrine to the race of writers. He has recommended this intuitive intercourse to every author, and, in the most pressing terms, desires him frequently to enter into a *Soliloquy* with himself; by which means he will probably be informed, whether he can boast that intellectual harmony, which is requisite for the formation of a tasteful mind; whether he is sufficiently acquainted with the progress of the human

human underſtanding, the ſecret movements of the heart, the grace of character, the beauty of virtue, and all thoſe elegant refinements of thinking, without which it is impoſſible to reach any degree of excellence in a compoſition. We likewiſe find that *Boileau*, the famous *French* Satyriſt, was aware of the neceſſity of this ſpiritual retreat (if I may be allowed ſo to call it). He has accordingly entered into a review of himſelf in his ninth Satire, which is certainly as pleaſant a piece of humour, as ever was produced by any writer, ancient or modern. The poet addreſſes himſelf to his own mind, by ſaying, that he wants to hold a little private converſation with that internal agent, whom he had too long encouraged in whims and frolicks, by an indolent indulgence; and, now that his patience is provoked to the utmoſt, he will, once for all, tell him his own.

C'eſt à vous, mon Eſprit, à qui je veux parler;
Vous avez des defauts, que je ne puis celer.
Aſſez & trop long-temps ma lache complaiſance
De vos jeux criminels a nourri l' inſolence.
Mais puiſque vous pouſſez ma patience à bout,
Une fois en ma vie, il fant vous dire tout.

In conformity to the injunction of the noble wri-

ter, and in imitation of the ſenſible and polite ſatyriſt, I have lately divided myſelf into two perſons, in order to examine my inward frame, the motives of my actions, the ſecret ſpring of my writings, and to attain a more intimate knowledge of my ſeveral foibles, my various humours, and the whimſical viciſſitudes of my paſſions. The dialogue was carried on with great warmth on both ſides, as if there was really an inteſtine war within me. As I am willing to diſcloſe myſelf, as well as to diſſect other characters, as they occur in my rambles, for the more effectual improvement or entertainment of my readers, I ſhall lay the whole *Drama* before them this day. The candid, I am convinced, will pardon all ſuch errors, as ariſe from the imbecillity of human nature; and the enemies of the author (if he has any) will abate from their inveteracy, when they perceive that timorous ſelf-love cannot prevail upon him to conceal his own infirmities.

SCENE, *the author's ſtudy; he ſits down to his writing-table, rubs his forehead, bites his nails, pauſes for ſome time in reflection, and then the dialogue begins.*

Ranger.—Come, my ſoul, or whatever you are, that actuate this machine; you and I have long been

been wrangling, and I desire now to have a private conference with you. Pray, what could put it into your head to make me turn writer?

Soul. How can you ask me such a question? You know my original motive was to make as much waste paper, as the rest of the scribblers of the age. The town began early to take notice of my undertaking, and so the amusement of it, and a principle of gratitude, induced me to persevere.

Ranger. Let me tell you, that you are a busy, pragmatical, intermeddling, foolish kind of a being, and when once you take a fancy into your head, there is no such thing as reasoning with you. Did not I represent to you, that writing is a state of warfare upon earth, and that the most candid and unassuming expression will not secure a man from secret poisoned arrows, while malice, and envy, and ill-nature are such predominant vices in mankind?

Soul. True; but did not I always answer you, that the wise and good will not become tools to a party, and that they will never condescend to do the dirty work of calumny and detraction? A public writer, who is attended with a degree of

ſucceſs, muſt expect to be attacked by ſcribblers: and let me tell you, Mr. *Ranger*, you are an arrant blockhead, if you ever ſuffer any of them to ruffle your temper. Take my advice, and laugh at the impotence of malice: whenever any one attempts to wound you with the weapons of falſehood, ſmile at the dart, which, ſhort of its aim, falls harmleſs at your feet, and repeat with me from my favourite *Virgil*,

——————*Telumque imbelle ſine ictu*
Conjecit——————————————

Ranger. This is all fine talking! But am not I pointed at in the mean time? Don't I perceive the contracted brow, the inflamed eye, the look that denounces vengeance?

Soul. Not ſo faſt in your career: pray, Sir, have not you brought all this upon yourſelf? What buſineſs had you to diſcover the author? Prejudices will unavoidably ariſe againſt a known writer. But you muſt go and conſult with a few of your friends, before the work was commenced; and what was the conſequence? Did they aſſiſt you? They only whiſpered it about; and, in a month's time, you were known every where. I often told you, you are of too open a temper.

Obſerve

Obſerve how ſome people lock up their minds in company; ſnug's the word; not a ſyllable from their lips; and they make uſe of all they can extract from your communicative diſpoſition. Look ye, if you would but keep my ſecrets a little cloſer, I don't in the leaſt doubt but we ſhould ſucceed much better. Don't be quite ſo precipitate, and let us take time to plan, to alter, to touch, and retouch, and I'll ſtake my immortality, that we go on with more ſafety and eaſe. Or, if you muſt take the opinion of people, aſk it of thoſe only who have both inclination and capacity to ſerve you: learn to diſtinguiſh between men.

Ranger. I have no ſiniſter intentions myſelf, and I never ſuſpect any body elſe of harbouring ill deſigns. But do you intend to perſevere in this taſk?

Soul. Moſt certainly, while the public continues favourable.

Ranger. 'Gad, 'tis pleaſant enough to ſee you aſſume the air of a dictator, and take upon you to reform men and manners; to correct vitiated taſte; to offer your criticiſms on fine writing, give rules for ſtyle, reprobate a profuſion of me-

taphors and flowery epithets, and ridicule the foibles of mankind. I tell you, we are too young for the taſk: do you feel within you the emotions of a ſublime ſpirit? Have your pervading eyes ſearched every ſubject to the bottom? Had not you better employ yourſelf in reading the beſt authors, ancient and modern, than ſpinning out from yourſelf? Has *Apollo* opened to you the ſecrets of *Parnaſſus?* And then don't I know your method of proceeding? Don't you ſome times defer things to the laſt hour? And don't you let inaccuracies eſcape, which a little time would inform you want correction?

Soul. There I allow you hit me; but the nature of periodical writings muſt admit ſome ſlight inadvertencies. The diſſipations of pleaſure, and a thouſand other avocations, muſt inevitably diſconcert a perſon at times; and then one is not always in the ſame humour. But why don't you take care to correct the preſs? When you ſhould be attending to that neceſſary trouble, you are often running about the town: diſſipation is no excuſe to the reader. For my part, I flatter myſelf that the beſt judges will allow for an youthful enterprize, and a well meant endeavour will be received with candour.

Ranger.

Ranger. I ſee you will have your own way. However, I muſt tell you what I hear of you; it is remarked, that you are too fond of mentioning players. 'Sdeath, if you pretend to any genius, can't you have more pleaſure in reading *Shakeſpeare*, than in hearing any of them repeat from him?

Soul. Why, you are ſenſible that my paper is calculated for a multiplicity of readers; ſome like one thing, ſome another; there is no pleaſing all at once. Beſides, there is a performer on the ſtage, who has, upon many occaſions, ſurprized me with new lights in paſſages that were before obſcure, and who has often had an irreſiſtible power over my paſſions.

Ranger. Still harping on your favourite *Garrick!* But what occaſion is there for it? Every body knows he is an univerſal genius.

Soul. Would you have me change my ſtyle, and ſay that there are others equal to him?

Ranger. No, that would be taken for raillery; they'd think you were laughing at them. But to cut the matter ſhort, this itch of ſcribbling is a dangerous thing. You'll never be cured of it,

till the critics effectually damn you, which between you and I——

Soul. Hush! Blabbing again? Hold your peace, man.

Ranger. Well! well! I will; for faith I am heartily tired of the controversy; and so, since we are tied together like man and wife, without any possibility of a divorce, until death us do part, I think we had better jog on as well as we can, with the civility of people of fashion.

Hereupon the debate was broke up, and other thoughts rushing in, these two *Shaftsburian* persons were both united into one, like two different liquids in a glass, which, by the infusion of a single drop, change their appearance, and both become one clear and transparent fluid.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-house, Feb. 28.

THE board of criticism met here last night, when Mr. *Town* laid before them, the following

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lowing lines, which he ſaid were the late Mr. *Pope*'s, and deſired the ſentiments of the houſe concerning the ſame.

What are the falling rills, and pendent ſhades,
The morning bow'rs, and ev'ning colonades;
But ſoft receſſes of th' uneaſy mind,
To ſigh unheard into the paſſing wind?

So the ſtruck deer, in ſome ſequeſter'd part,
Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart.
There hid in ſhades, and pining day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and melts his ſoul away.

The court of criticiſm brought in their verdict, *ignoramus*; however, it is ſaid they really are Mr. *Pope*'s, and were written on reading a poem, intitled, A FIT OF THE SPLEEN, in imitation of *Shakeſpeare*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The lovers of theatrical entertainments are deſired to take notice, that the benefit of Mr. *Croſs*, prompter, is fixed for this day month at *Drury-Lane*, when they will have an opportunity of rewarding a perſon, who, though unſeen, bears a very

a very conſiderable ſhare in the trouble of rendering the buſineſs of the ſtage ſo regular as it now is: it is therefore hoped, that the lovers of the Drama will *know their cue to go* on the above night, *without a prompter*.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXIII.

Saturday, March 9, 1754.

Non obdura adeò geſtamus Pectora Pæni,
Nec tam averſus Equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab Urbe.
VIRG.

CRITICISM has been always ſaid to have flouriſhed more in France than any other country among the moderns. The French, it muſt be admitted, have had ſeveral eminent writers in this branch of literature. *Dacier* has illuſtrated Ariſtotle's Art of Poetry: *Boſſu*, in his Treatiſe of Epic Poety, has given a fine commentary upon the ſame work; and *Brumoy* (perhaps the moſt judicious of their critics) has preſented to the world, the beauties of the Greek Stage in the faireſt light. The liſt might be ſwelled with the names of other elegant writers. While genius has been thus honourably employed to lead the minds of men to a true reliſh for the graces of fine writing, it were ungenerous not to acknowledge the obligation. But this liberal art is fallen at length into the hands of *Voltaire*. Like a dictator, he iſſues forth his opinions to all Europe, not like his predeceſſors, to improve the general

general taſte, but to corrupt it, for the little purpoſe of eſtabliſhing his own fame upon the ruin of all competitors of whatever nation.

Prefixed to *Voltaire*'s *Merope*, we find a letter to *Maffei* (the author of an *Italian* Tragedy on the ſame ſubject), in which that writer, after mentioning a bad piece which was performed on the *Engliſh* Stage, delivers himſelf in the following words. *Elle fut ſans doute mal recue; mais n'eſt il pas bien etrange qu'on l'ait repreſentée? N'eſt ce pas une preuve que le Teatre* Angloiſe *n'eſt pas encore epuré? Il ſemble que la même cauſe qui prive les* Anglois *du Genie de la Peinture & de la Muſique, leur ôte auſſi celui de la Tragedie. Cette Iſle, qui a produit les plus grande Philoſophes de la Terre, n'eſt pas auſſi fertile pour les beaux Arts; & ſi les* Anglois *ne s'appliquent ſerieuſement a ſuivre les Preceptes de leurs excellens Citoyens* Addiſon & Pope, *ils n'approcheront pas des autres Peuples en fait de Gout & de Literature.* "The *Engliſh* "*Merope*, (ſay this writer) acted in the Year "1731, was not well received; but is it not "ſurpriſing that it was exhibited at all? May "we not infer from thence, that the *Engliſh* "Stage has not as yet attained a due degree of "refinement? It looks as if the ſame cauſe, "which has deprived the *Engliſh* of a genius for "painting

"painting and muſic, has alſo withheld from "them the ſpirit of dramatic poetry. That "Iſland, which has produced the greateſt phi- "loſophers in the world, is not ſo happy with "regard to the polite arts; and unleſs they ſe- "rioufly attach themſelves to the precepts of "their excellent countrymen, *Addiſon* and *Pope*, "they will be thrown at a diſtance by other "nations in point of literature and productions "of taſte."

We have here a ſpecimen of extraordinary logic. Becauſe the Managers of a Theatre ſuffered a bad piece to be repreſented, is it not unfair to derive from thence a charge upon a whole nation, more particularly, when the reception this piece met with from the public is rather an indication of a correct and juſt taſte?

What the cauſe is, which has deprived the *Engliſh* of a genius for painting and muſic, I am at a loſs to determine. Thoſe arts, it is well known, flouriſhed for a long time in *Italy*, before they came over the *Alps* to our northern regions; but it is certain that a taſte for them has prevailed many years ſince in this kingdom. They have been cultivated here with the greateſt delicacy by ſeveral eminent maſters, though we cannot boaſt as many exalted geniuſſes as have adorned the

ſofter

ſofter clime of *Italy*. To begin with painting: The capital works of *Raphael*, *Corregio*, *Michael Angelo*, and others, will perhaps never be matched any where elſe; but it is unfair to deduce a concluſion from thence, that we have no genius for this excellent imitative art in *England*. Portrait-painting has been in as great a degree of perfection in this country as in any other part of the world. Sir *Godfrey Kneller* found ſo much taſte among us, that he made this his own country; and here,

> Lely *on animated canvas ſtole*
> *The ſleepy eye, which ſpoke the melting ſoul.*

But not to ſneak from living worth to dead, as Mr. *Pope* finely expreſſes it, we have living artiſts, whoſe performances may vie with the beſt that *France* can boaſt. *Hutſon*'s rooms teem with mimic life; and *Hogarth*, like a true genius, has formed a new ſchool of painting for himſelf. He may truly be ſtiled the *Cervantes* of his art. He has exhibited the ridiculous follies of human nature with the moſt exquiſite humour, and may be pronounced the firſt, who has wrote a comedy with his pencil. His *Harlot's Progreſs*, and *Marriage A-la-mode* are, in my opinion, as well drawn as any thing in *Moliere*. The unity

unity of character, which is the perfection of dramatic poetry, is so skilfully preserved, that we are surprized to see the same personage thinking agreeably to his complexional habits in the many different situations, in which we afterwards perceive him. The fribble, the bully, the politician, the lawyer, the miser, and in short all the striking characters in life are, by this gentleman, so admirably presented before us upon canvas, that I am convinced *Voltaire* would be at a loss to shew where he has been equalled by any of his countrymen*

We may boast an equal excellence in music: *Handel*, it is true, is not an *Englishman*, but he furnishes a convincing proof of our national taste. We have made it worth his while to fix his residence among us. We have shewn a due sensibility to manly melody, where the sound is expressive of the sense, and where no unnatural divisions, no idle insignificant quirks mislead the ear in a thrilling maze of wild and random notes. It is owing to the encouragement we have afforded this gentleman, that we can

* Had Sir *Joshua Reynolds* displayed his genius at this time, his name would have been the best refutation of all *Voltaire* has written.

now boaſt the nobleſt and moſt rational muſic in the world. Add to this, that ſuch a genius as Doctor *Boyce* will be always ſufficient to vindicate us from *Voltaire*'s national opprobrium. The admirers of *Arne* have conſtantly celebrated him for his peculiar talent. It is the rare felicity of this compoſer to find always the moſt emphatic expreſſion, and diſcover where the paſſions are placed in every piece of poetry. To theſe paſſages he never fails to give their full energy. Like a raviſhing commentator he brings new beauties into light with ſuch a ſweetneſs of harmony, that every breaſt yields irreſiſtibly to the melting impreſſion. I am proud to have an opportunity of ſaying that we are likely to have an *Engliſh* Opera ſet to muſic by this gentleman. The piece, I perſuade myſelf, will do honour to him and his country.

With regard to dramatic poetry, our advantage over every nation in the known world is, I think, very apparent. The beſt critics have laid it down as a rule that a performance is to be judged by the number of ſtriking beauties, not by inaccuracies, and the inſtances of occaſional conformity to the vicious taſte of the times. If *Shakeſpear* is viewed in this light, he will certainly appear to any unprejudiced reader infinitely ſuperior

perior to *Corneille*, *Racine*, and all the poliſhed writers of *France* and *Italy*. I remember a paſſage in *Voltaire*'s writings, where he is at infinite pains to bring together a ſtring of quotations from the beſt *French* Tragedies, to evince their great talents for the ſublime: The whole number amounts to twenty or thirty at moſt. The beauties of *Shakeſpear* have of late been publiſhed in ſeveral volumes. *Otway* has found acceſs to the heart better than any *French writer* whatever; the domeſtic paſſions are touched by him with the greateſt elegance and ſimplicity. It is very common on the *French* ſtage to hear a perſonage of the drama exclaiming perpetually, *Helas*, and *Grand Dieu!* and then formally acquainting the audience that he has ſuch and ſuch ſenſations; but our great maſters of the paſſions make their hearers feel by ſympathy the agitations of their hero's breaſt, without running into ſubtle definitions, or languid declamation.

The dramatic poetry of this country is like our conſtitution, built upon the bold baſis of liberty; and though the latter has brought a king to the block, and the former admits blood to be ſhed on the ſtage; theſe are corruptions which have intruded, and are, as the poet ſays,

Effects unhappy from a noble cause.

Upon the whole, we may apply what *Horace* has said to the *English* Nation,

—Spirat Tragicum satis, & feliciter audet,
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque lituram.

Our poets are sufficiently possessed of the spirit of Tragedy, but they are not attentive to the minute rules of correct taste, and the trouble of blotting. It may be added, that they have more real fire, sublimer sentiments, and characters better marked than any nation whatever.

I cannot dismiss this paper, without observing, with very particular pleasure, that the subject, upon which I have offered my loose reflections, has been touched with great spirit by a writer of acknowledged genius*. In a preface to a Novel called the FRIENDS, he has expressed himself with great warmth, and a noble national jealousy. After mentioning that *Voltaire* calls his countrymen THE ABSOLUTE LEGISLATORS OF ALL THE FINE ARTS IN EUROPE, "how shameless," says he, "is this assertion in the face of a country,

* Mr. *Guthrie*.

"that

" that gave bread to *Holben*, dignities to *Rubens*,
" and encouragement to *Vandike*; and that for
" years before (even by this writer's own ac-
" knowledgment) the national taſte of *France*
" was formed! While that taſte was barbarous,
" *Johnſon* enriched his native tongue with Co-
" medies, wrought up to more than *Terentian*
" regularity and propriety, in point of conduct;
" and while *France* was ignorant of almoſt every
" order of architecture, *Inigo Jones*, in *England*,
" was rearing houſes, and projecting palaces,
" which all the boaſted improvements of *France*,
" in that art, have not yet equalled. I ſhall
" forbear to urge the examples of *Spencer* or
" *Shakeſpear*, becauſe I am firmly and ſeriouſly
" of opinion, that no *Frenchman* ever yet was
" able (ſuppoſing him to underſtand *Engliſh*
" equally as *French*) to taſte the beauties of
" either of theſe poets. For the truth of this, I
" appeal to every *Engliſhman*'s ſenſe, who has had
" the misfortune to read the unwilling, ſcanty,
" ſtarved, and miſtaken encomiums, that *Voltaire*
" has beſtowed on *Shakeſpear*."

Is it not rather too charitable in the author of the foregoing paſſage to ſuppoſe Monſieur *Voltaire*'s reſerved praiſes of *Shakeſpear* could ariſe only from an inability to reliſh his beau-

ties? For my part, the *French* writer appears to me capable of feeling every ſtroke of our great poet; but envy, and a vain ambition of erecting himſelf into an imagined ſuperiority, have rendered him open in his abuſe, and heſitating and frigid in his commendations. But to conclude; what *Virgil* has given away from his countrymen, we claim for ours. None better ſhall inform the breathing braſs, or ſoften marble into mimic features; none ſhall better plead, or with equal ſagacity deſcribe the motions of the planetary ſyſtem, and the laws of nature; and beſides, it ſhall be our further praiſe to ſpare a vanquiſhed foe, and to check the encroachments of an intriguing, faithleſs, perfidious enemy, ever reſtleſs and aiming at an univerſal monarchy, which, it is to be hoped, the Councils and Arms of *Great Britain* will for ever hold from them.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXIV.

Saturday, March 16, 1754.

———*Sævitque animis ignobile vulgus.*
VIRG.

AMONG the writers who have deſcanted on the *Britiſh* conſtitution, I have not met with one, that ſeems to be thoroughly acquainted with the ſubject. An ingenious friend, who furniſhed me with an eſſay ſome time ſince, reduced our preſent party-diviſions into *Garrickeans* and *Barryiſts*; but this is not going to the bottom of things. The famous *Monteſquieu* has performed, in my humble apprehenſion, as little towards a detection of the root of the evil, though he ſeems to perceive, with a kind of prophetic ſpirit, the declenſion of *Britiſh* liberty. The great *Locke*, who has treated of government in a maſterly ſtyle, does not any where give us a clue to guide our reſearch; and after glowing with *Bolingbroke* through a number of pages, we are as much in the dark as ever. *England* can never be undone but by a parliament, ſays the author of *the Uſe and Abuſe of Parliaments*; but even there, we are again

put upon a wrong ſcent. The truth of the matter is, ENGLAND CAN NEVER BE UNDONE BUT BY THE MOB. I am aware, that this may at firſt ſight appear a paradox; but a retroſpect to the behaviour of that body of people will convince every intelligent mind of the truth of the aſſertion.

The generality of political writers have waſted a great deal of paper in ſettling the various forms of government; one, they tell us, is a monocracy; another talks of an ariſtocracy; a third is loud in praiſe of a democracy; and the *Britiſh* conſtitution, they inform us, is of the mixed ſpecies; conſiſting of a coalition of all three. But ſurely a little obſervation will point out to us, that they have all paſſed by unnoticed another mode of civil policy, which cannot be called by a better name than a *Mobocracy*. Under the laſt mentioned form of government, this country has been for many years paſt, and in all human probability will continue ſo for a long period ſtill to come, nay, I will be bold to ſay, until monocracy, ariſtocracy, and democracy are all ſwallowed up by this alone.

There is hardly ever a bill brought before the honourable the Houſe of Commons, but the ſcope

ſcope of it is immediately canvaſſed in an aſſembly of the *Mobocracy*. If it paſſes in the negative, a deputation is forthwith ſent to the Parliament Houſe, where, though their remonſtrances are not heard at the bar, they nevertheleſs enforce their arguments with ſuch a truly *Britiſh* eloquence, that they never fail to have a due degree of influence upon the debates within doors. Upon theſe occaſions, they generally make uſe of a rule of logick, which indeed is not mentioned by *Ariſtotle*, but is found of great efficacy in all diſputes. The mode of reaſoning I mean, is the *Argumentum Baculinum*; a nervous exertion of which, accompanied with all the force of the moſt vigorous lungs, has over-ruled many an intended act, when it happens not to pleaſe in the councils of the common people. The *Mobocracy* have further the legiſlative and executive part of their laws in their own hands, and we find them very frequent in a diligent attention to them. For inſtance, though the common law of *England* has provided a proper puniſhment for pick-pockets, the *Mobocracy* has reconſidered that matter, and, after mature deliberation, deviſed a correction, in their opinion, more adequate to the offence. Accordingly, whenever any one is found to incur the penalty of the law, they immediately proceed to execution, without judge

or

or jury, which, in their apprehenſion, ſerve but to retard the courſe of juſtice. They ſeize the delinquent, and, without delay, duck him in the river, the Canal in St. *James*'s Park, or the next pool of water. The offender is carried to the next pump, and there deluged till he is almoſt ready to expire. Upon all theſe occaſions, it is obſervable, that they take infinite delight in ſeeing the proper puniſhment inflicted, as may be obſerved from the acclamations, and huzzas, wherewith their burſt of joy rends the air. In like manner, the pillory is ſometimes ordained by the ſtatute law of *England*, in order to expoſe ſuch tranſgreſſors, as deſerve to be ſet up the marks of public ſhame. Upon every occurrence of this nature, wiſdom is ſure to cry out in the ſtreets, and the award of the judges is determined by a popular circle to be juſt or unjuſt. When once they have pronounced ſentence, the perſon doomed to make his appearance is ſure either to meet with their protection, or to call forth the utmoſt indignation of an incenſed populace. Nay, it has been known that theſe perpetual dictators have proceeded ſo far as to reſcue felons condemned to ſuffer death, from the hands of the proper officers, and generouſly to have ſuperſeded the death warrant. In many parts of *England* they have an implacable averſion

ſion to turnpikes, inſomuch, that it is now univerſally believed, that they will never be at reſt, till they have entirely demoliſhed thoſe diſagreeable paſſports. I remember to have heard a ſtory of theſe people, which I think may ſerve to give the reader a tolerable idea of their arbitrary power. Not very long ſince, three *Indian* kings paid a viſit to this metropolis; and, after they had ſeen moſt places of curioſity, a play was at length advertiſed by command of their *Indian* majeſties. The *Mobocracy*, who have entirely exploded all notions of the right divine of Kings, and who, in fact, conſider crowned heads as no more than common men, took care to attend at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, in order to ſurvey the ſwarthy monarchs. At length the curtain drew up, but in vain did the players attempt to begin the diverſion of the night. The *Mobocracy*, who had poſſeſſion of the upper gallery, declared that they came to ſee the kings, "and ſince we have paid our "money, the kings we will have." Whereupon Mr. *Wilks*, who was then one of the patentees, came forth and aſſured them that the kings were in the front-box; to this the *Mobocracy* replied, that they could not ſee them there, and deſired that they might be placed in a more conſpicuous point of view, "otherwiſe, there ſhall be no

"play." Mr. *Wilks*, who was not in his heart of mobocratical principles, loved his own intereſt ſo well, that he always knew how to be an occaſional conformiſt. He aſſured them he had nothing ſo much at heart as their happineſs, and accordingly got three chairs, and placed the kings on the ſtage, to the no ſmall ſatisfaction of the *Mobocracy*, with whom it is a maxim to have as much as poſſible for their money. From hence it appears that the power of the multitude is perfectly dictatorial; and, indeed, in all ages the managers of play-houſes have acquieſced under the gallery-juriſdiction. Mr. *Garrick*, I am credibly informed, notwithſtanding the ſubmiſſive bows he occaſionally makes them, is not entirely reconciled to their government. He is apt, if fame ſpeaks truth, to quote certain treaſonable words from *Horace*, implying that the vulgar have no claim to infallibility. *Interdum Vulgus Rectum videt, eſt ubi peccat.* My intelligence further adds, that he has ſuppreſſed many ſchemes for adding novelty to the amuſements of the public, from a fear he has conceived of the many-headed monſter of the gallery; nay, he will at times carry matters ſo far as to pronounce their behaviour illegal; and, when lately they broke all the windows of his dwelling-houſe, ſo diſcontented a ſpirit poſſeſſed him, that he would by

no

no means acknowledge the juſtice of their proceedings.

Be that as it may; it is certain one diſaffected perſon cannot withſtand the *Mobocratical* power, which it is manifeſt has gained great ſtrength of late years, and, I am perſuaded, will continue to flouriſh more and more every day. They have many wiſe maxims, by which they govern themſelves; ſuch as, "no wooden ſhoes," "liberty "and property and no exciſe"—"no *French* "dancers"—"no Mounſeers"—"let every man "toaſt his own cheeſe." Such prudential axioms, founded on the ſobereſt ſenſe, muſt undoubtedly contribute to render their adminiſtration both wiſe and proſperous. It does not appear that they have made any great progreſs in the modern art of war; on the contrary, there is reaſon to ſuppoſe that they all hold it in contempt. It is certain that on many occaſions, when our mixed form of government has endeavoured to oppoſe them, by ſending forth the ſoldiery, they have always laughed at the military force, and made them retreat without daring to fire. Their military diſcipline ſeems to be derived from the *Romans*; they know no uſe of cannon, or fire-arms, but proceed to battle with ſticks, bludgeons, ſetting up loud ſhouts, ſomewhat like the war-

war-whoop of the *Indians*, and hurling ſtones, brickbats, bottles, and glaſſes, with tremendous force on the adverſe party. To all refinements of modern luxury they are total ſtrangers: bread and cheeſe, and porter, are their chief ſuſtenance; gin being only uſed by them when they are low-ſpirited, or are going to be hanged. They do not paint their bodies with woad, like the ancient *Britons*, but generally with kennel-dirt, which lends them a formidable air in battle. Thus enured to danger, it will be no wonder if the *Mobocracy* at length become maſters of this kingdom. This, as I conceive it, muſt ſhortly be the caſe, unleſs the vices of people of faſhion ſhould deſcend to them, and retard their progreſs. Of this, I muſt own I am inclined to cheriſh ſome hopes, having heard, that in ſome parts of the town, they drink, and game, and ſwear, and are to the full as wicked as their betters. Particularly in *Hockly the Hole*, I am told, that they have a place called *White*'s Chocolate-houſe; that *clean lodgings for travellers* are dearer than ever, and that you cannot any where *ſhave for a penny*, the depravity of the times having raiſed the prices of every thing there, as well as at the St. *James*'s end of the town.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXV.

Saturday, March 23, 1754.

Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem ſine viribus umbram
In faciem Æneæ, viſu mirabile monſtrum,
Dardaniis ornat telis; clypeumque jubaſque
Divini aſſimulat capitis; dat inania verba,
Dat ſine mente ſonum.—— VIRG.

WHEN *Turnus*, in the tenth *Æneid*, is cutting his way through fields of ſlaughter, an interpoſing goddeſs ſhadows forth an illuſive appearance of the adverſe warrior. She arms the phantom, which is made to reſemble *Æneas*, with an air-drawn javelin, an imaginary ſhield and creſt, adds a mimic voice, and ſounds innocent of thought. The deluſive mockery flies before the ranks, in order to divert the real combatant, and engage him in a vain purſuit. The impoſition has the intended effect: the General is ſeduced from the field; the illuſion vaniſhes into air, and then too late the hero perceives, that he had quitted the field of glory, to diſtinguiſh his martial proweſs againſt a fictitious enemy, where no honour could be reaped. In the warfare of the pen, ſomething like this very commonly

monly happens. A writer is no ſooner obſerved to be engaged in a right courſe, than a counterfeit genius is inſtantly ſet up in oppoſition to him. Mother *Dullneſs*, who is always as careful of her favourites as any goddeſs in epic poetry, is ſure to make ſomething appear in the ſhape of a rival: She arms him with a gooſe-quill, furniſhes ink and paper, ſupplies him with empty words, and unideal ſounds, without any thinking faculty.— *Dat inania verba, dat ſine mente ſonum.*

The machinery, which *Virgil* has thought worthy of a place in his divine poem, has always appeared to me beneath the dignity of the epic muſe, and only fit for the mock heroic. *Turnus*, engaged in the purſuit of a phantom, ſeems to be in a ludicrous ſituation; and ſurely the author, who can be drawn off from the purſuit of a nobler quarry, to follow ſome puny ſcribbler in the form of a pamphlet, a letter to a friend, a wretched poem, or an inſipid epigram, muſt, in the eyes of the judicious, appear to act unworthily, and very much beneath his character. On this account it is, that I have hitherto kept myſelf clear of all diſputes with my brethren of the quill. I have perſevered in one uniform plan, though there have not been wanting things, "that would be

"poets thought," who have endeavoured to moleſt me in my career.

Deaf to all ſuch avocations, I have attended only to the proſecution of the deſign this paper firſt ſet out with, namely, to conduce my utmoſt to the entertainment and inſtruction of my readers. The former of theſe views, I flatter myſelf, has in ſome degree ſucceeded: with regard to the latter, I do not pretend to have enlightened the underſtandings of all my contemporaries, nor to have brought about a general reformation of men and manners. The truth of it is, I cannot conſider the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, as a general *Panacea* for the defects of mankind. My bookſeller, and many of my friends (*i. e.* enemies) have been pleaſed to compliment me on that ſcore. When I declare thus much, I beg I may not be ſuppoſed to envy the fame of a very elegant and ingenious brother-writer, who pleaſantly congratulates himſelf on the extenſive amendment of mankind ſince the commencement of his paper. He aſſures us, that there is no ſuch thing at preſent as cards at *White's*; no naked ſhoulders at *Ranelagh*; and from the general ceſſation of vice, he flatters himſelf that the *Millennium* is at hand, determined, when that happy period arrives, to lay down his pen,

and receive the congratulations of his conſcience for a life well ſpent in the ſervice of mankind.

For my part, I ſhall not wait for the *Millennium*. I have met with very different ſucceſs in my diſtrict. I am reſolved not to cry out, in imitation of *Falſtaff* to the vanquiſhed *Hotſpur*, "there lies vice; an the king will reward me; "—ſo;—if not,—let him write the next paper "himſelf." So far from having any title to this boaſt, I have at preſent only one letter upon my table, teſtifying the ſurprizing cure wrought by theſe lucubrations. This curious epiſtle is as follows.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq.*

SIR,

FOR twenty years laſt paſt, I have been afflicted with a moſt extraordinary ſpecies of pride, which affected my head to ſo great a degree, that I could never, during that time, bow it to any one, who was not poſſeſſed of a fortune of ten thouſand pounds. This, you may believe, reduced me to ſuch a ſituation, that all my acquaintance ſhunned my company. But upon

peruſal

perusal of your paper of the 26th of *January*, I immediately found such a relaxation in the sinews of my neck, that I can already make a slight bow to my equals. In my organs of speech there is such an amendment, that I can pronounce, *Sir*, or, *Madam*, to any decent person of either sex. The truth of the above I am willing to attest on oath, when called upon, and am,

SIR,

Your most obedient Servant,

GEORGE STIFFNECK.

This is the only certificate I can produce at present of the success of these papers: I suppose, indeed, that many individuals have occasionally profited by them; yet my intelligence says, that most of the fashionable vices and follies of this metropolis are carried on with as much alacrity as if, to use the phrase of *Noll Bluff*, Charles Ranger *had never been in the land of the living*.

By advices from the city I learn, that, while the husband is cheating for a groat behind the counter, the wife is venturing hundreds at a rout; that the course of exchange was on *Thursday* last

very much influenced by the *Jew*-Brokers; that the ſtocks continue to be iniquitouſly raiſed or lowered in *'Change-Alley*; and that criticiſm ſtill prevails at *Sam*'s. Orator *Henly*, I am told, continues to rave among his butchers; families are ruined every night at the gaming-clubs; and from *Vauxhall* and *Ranelagh* I hear, by undoubted intelligence, that half of the taper leg, and the pit of the ſnowy boſom are diſplayed every night by ladies of the firſt diſtinction. Zeal for the conſtitution is talked of in both houſes of parliament, but never gains a ſingle vote; inſomuch, that Mr. *Aſhley* on *Ludgate-Hill*, who ſells punch *pro bono publico*, is the only patriot I can any where hear of.

But though this general contagion of vice and folly ſtill prevails, I hope it will at leaſt be found ſome degree of merit to have oppoſed it. I perſuade myſelf, that throughout theſe little eſſays, my ſatyr has been ſo levelled, as not to have deſerved the diſpleaſure of any worthy character. As to the anonymous invectives of little ſcribblers, I have already declared my opinion of them; and ſhould a whole inundation of calumny be hereafter diſcharged againſt me, I ſhall not ſuffer myſelf to be drawn into petty quarrels with anonymous ſcribblers, or with thoſe, whoſe

whoſe names have never been heard of in any circle of true taſte and real literature. The malevolent critic, and the ſcribbler of defamatory libels are the peſts of ſociety. Unknown to every muſe, they have nothing to inſpire their puny talents, except dullneſs and envy. This, I think, will manifeſtly appear from the following paper, which fell into my hands by an extraordinary accident a few days ſince.

The Society of Grub-ſtreet, *by the influence of Mother-Dullneſs Head-College of* Great-Britain, *Defender of Abſurdity, and ſo forth; to all our dearly beloved Members, to whom theſe Preſents ſhall come, greeting.*

Whereas *Charles Ranger*, Eſq. has taken upon him to publiſh once a week, namely, every *Saturday*, a paper, entitled the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, and hath endeavoured, as far as in him lies, to introduce into all Coffee-houſes, eſſays of wit and humour, according to the practice of the authors of the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian*, whom we have always held in the higheſt deteſtation: and further, whereas the ſaid *Charles Ranger* hath avowed himſelf an enemy to all modern critics, ſtigmatizing them by the name of the *Malevoli*; and has, moreover declared war

againſt all foreign monſters, oſtriches, and pantomimes: we hereby enjoin you, all and ſeveral, to abuſe, revile, traduce, calumniate, and defame him, the ſaid *Charles Ranger*, ſo as to make him uneaſy in his province, and oblige him, if poſſible, to lay down his pen.

And we further command our dearly beloved, the doers of the ſeveral news-papers (which have been hitherto devoted to our cauſe), either not to mention the works of the ſaid *Ranger*, or to damn them with faint praiſe, or groſsly and ſcandalouſly to condemn them, as they have done to every thing praiſe-worthy for ſome years paſt; and for ſo doing, this ſhall be your ſufficient warrant. Given in *Grub-ſtreet*, *January* 1, 1754.

By order of the Society,

JOHN HILL,
QUINBUS FLESTRIN } Secretaries.

TRUE

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-Houſe, March 21ſt.

WE have lately ſet up in this place a new invented machine, in imitation of the weather-glaſs, by which we can, by ſure prognoſtics, tell in the morning the riſe and fall of wit and humour for the whole day. The ſeveral ſtages which are fixed for its progreſs are in a gradual aſcent from DULL, MUZZY, HEAVY, HOWISH, FINE, very FINE, HIGH, GREAT, IMMENSE BY G——. The mercury has not aſcended this whole week paſt farther than GREAT, and, it is thought, will not reach IMMENSE BY G—— till next winter.

NUMBER LXXVI.

Saturday, March 30, 1754.

———*Migravit ab aure voluptas*
Omnis ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana. HOR.

A WELL conducted theatre, in a large and flouriſhing community, is an object of much greater moment, than is generally imagined. Mr. *Whitehead*, in a copy of verſes to *Garrick*, congratulating that admirable actor upon his acceſſion to the management of *Drury-Lane*, ſaid, among other things,

A nation's taſte depends on you,
Perhaps a nation's virtue too.

The compliment, in my opinion, was far from being overſtrained. Men, who reſort to the play-houſe, though with nothing but mere amuſement in view, will ſee the cauſe of virtue ſupported in many of our Tragedies, with all the ſplendor of ſentiment and language; and in the beſt of our Comedies, they will be taught to laugh at what is irregular, vicious, or abſurd in the courſe of ordinary life. By the pathos of the former,

former, the mind, which would otherwiſe lie torpid, feels itſelf awakened to the ſenſations of humanity; and from the inſtructive mirth of the latter, all may carry home an uſeful and moral leſſon. But our ſtage, it muſt be acknowledged, has been upon the decline for a number of years. Of this degeneracy it may be difficult to aſſign the various cauſes; but the fact is univerſally felt and acknowledged. The æra of dramatic ſplendor ſeems to have cloſed with the management of *Booth*, *Wilks*, and *Cibber*. The two laſt good Comedies in their time, if my memory does not deceive me, were the *Provoked Huſband*, and the *Conſcious Lovers*. From that time to the *Suſpicious Huſband*, in 1747, there is a melancholy chaſm of twenty years. In that whole time, nothing has been produced, that deſerves the name of juſt and regular Comedy. The *Beggar's Opera*, it is true, like a ſingle ſtar, appeared in the theatrical hemiſphere during that interval. But the piece, excellent as it is, and ſparkling in every ſcene with real wit and genuine humour, cannot be claſſed with that legitimate ſpecies of Comedy, which tends to the improvement of the manners. In Tragedy our theatres have been ſtill more deficient. The *Siege of Damaſcus* was, I believe, the laſt piece in *Cibber's* time,

that has ſince kept its rank on the ſtage. If ſo, what a dreary *vacuum* to the *Tancred and Sigiſmunda* of *Thompſon!* Of this laſt mentioned writer we have had other performances, written, I think, in the true language of poetry, but without that power of intereſting the heart, which is eſſential to the drama. Were I to make the apology of our poets for their long inactivity, I ſhould aſcribe their want of exertion to the dearth of actors, that followed, when the great triumvirate retired from public life. Happily, at preſent, that excuſe can be no longer urged. The names of *Garrick*, *Barry*, *Moſſop*, Mrs. *Cibber*, Mrs. *Pritchard*, *Woodward*, *Yates*, and *Clive*, are ſufficient to end the interregnum of dullneſs. Accordingly, we have ſeen of late years *The Roman Father*, *Creuſa*, *Boadicia*, and the *Brothers*. The authors of thoſe pieces have led the way, and hopes may now be entertained, that the dramatic genius of this country will be once more revived. But to revive it in its true luſtre, much remains to be done. The taſte of the public, during a long reign of dullneſs, has been much depraved; but it is now time, as *Johnſon* expreſſes it in his admirable prologue,

———To bid the reign commence,
Of reſcued nature, and reviving ſenſe.

The

The true purpoſe of the drama has been for a long time laid aſide and forgotten. The theatre has been frequented merely to kill an hour. The ladies go to be ſeen, the fop to diſplay his cloaths, and the ſmall vulgar to ſtare at both. But the real uſe of the drama is, to ſee our common nature repreſented in its diſtreſſes, or its follies. In the former we ſympathize, and the heart feels the pleaſure of being rouzed from a dull and lethargic ſtate. The ſtage is the mirror of our ſpecies. We love to pity misfortune, and to laugh at folly. In the frame and texture of our nature we find compaſſion and the ſenſe of ridicule curiouſly interwoven, always active, and ready to be put in motion, whenever the proper objects are preſented before us. Every man bears in his own breaſt the *weeping* and the *laughing* philoſopher. It is upon thoſe two principles in the conſtitution of human nature that Tragedy and Comedy are founded. The former addreſſes itſelf to our humanity: It is the ſchool of virtue, in which we exerciſe the tender and the generous affections. Comedy owes its influence to that gay emotion of contempt, called laughter, which was implanted in the mind of man for uſeful purpoſes; to make us ſee, almoſt inſtinctively, whatever is wrong, irregular, or deformed in human actions; to give us a quick

ſenſe

ſenſe of folly, and to make pleaſure attend the perception. And as we find that theſe two ſprings of the mind have for their ultimate end the real benefit of ſocial life, can we do better than exerciſe them upon proper occaſions, when ſuffering virtue demands a tear, or when abſurdity provokes our mirth?

It is not neceſſary, in this place, to enquire, why the tear of compaſſion is delightful, or, in other words, why pain ſhould be the cauſe of pleaſure. It is ſufficient, for the preſent purpoſe, that we are ſo conſtituted.

Naturæ imperio gemimus, cum funus adultæ
Virginis occurrit, vel terrâ clauditur infans.

We know by repeated experience, that the moments, when the mind ſtagnates, are the moſt uncomfortable of our being: We want ſomething, as *Dryden* expreſſes it, that "bruſhing "o'er adds motion to the pool." It is, therefore, a pleaſure, to feel the mind awakened: and I hope we all know, that when the heart expands with generous affections, it is then the triumph of our nature. That moral approbation, with which we then behold ourſelves, is one great ſource, though not the only one, of all the pleaſure

ſure we derive from the repreſentations of the tragic poet.

Of the immediate and efficient cauſes of laughter, it is not neceſſary, at preſent, to give an elaborate and full account. The enquiry would lead beyond the limits of an eſſay. It is enough for the comic writer to know, that his art conſiſts in framing a courſe of action, which ſhall, with due probability, fetch out the latent foibles, the peculiar habits, the abſurdities and humours of the ſeveral perſons, who are engaged or intereſted in the event. Let this be executed with ſkill, and the poet is ſure of ſucceſs. Men love to ſee their common nature faithfully repreſented: as Doctor Young expreſſes it, like the boy at the fountain, they fall in love with their own image. Where the repreſentation is a faithful copy from life, the truth of character affords the moſt rational pleaſure; and, if it be further attended with circumſtances of ridicule, the emotion of laughter is ſure to accompany it; and, perhaps, that *ſudden glory*, which the philoſopher of *Malmſbury* talks of, ariſing from the compariſon of ourſelves with the infirmity of others, may be an ingredient in the pleaſure we receive.

The main ſprings of Tragedy and Comedy are thus

thus evidently ſeen: namely, the ſenſibility of the heart, and the ſenſe of ridicule. Can we do better than exerciſe both? The exertion of the former is virtue; of the latter, uſeful and rational mirth. But we are told by many, that the tear of ſympathy is diſtreſſing: they would rather laugh; and their mirth, I fear, is often weak and irrational. That ſpecies of comedy diverts them moſt, which has ladders of rope, back-ſtairs, maſks, diſguiſes, and dark-lanthorns. We prefer ſtage tricks to the humours of the mind. A Gothic taſte has taken poſſeſſion of the public. Nature is baniſhed. We give credit to the magician's wand, and harlequin's wooden ſword. The ſeaſons are confounded together. A father is robbed of his daughter, and the old man is made ridiculous by his paternal affection: the more harlequin leads him a weary life, the better we are pleaſed. What roars of laughter and applauſe, when a ſimple clown is bit by a dog, or a Frenchman worried by a mob! Impoſſibilities are crowded together; all climates are preſented before us; heaven and hell appear; good angels and evil demons meet; the trap doors open; Pluto riſes in flame-coloured ſtockings; and this monſtrous chaos makes the ſupreme delight of an enlightened nation.

While the town continues loſt in this anti-natural taſte, can it be expected that the ſtage ſhall retrieve its ancient humour? It is a fact, well known, that the Roman drama never roſe to that degree of perfection, which ſhone forth at Athens; and it is remarkable, that the love of pantomimes, and monſtrous exhibitions, not unlike that which marks the preſent age, was in general vogue at Rome, the delight and joy of all ranks and conditions, even from the emperor down to the meaneſt citizen. One of *Terence*'s Plays, and perhaps the moſt elegant in that collection, was driven from the ſtage with noiſe and tumult, that the people might enjoy their favourite amuſement of gladiators, and gaze with ſtupid wonder at a rope-dancer. Of the like diſgrace to all good taſte and ſenſe Horace frequently complains:

Eſſeda feſtinant, Pilenta, Petorrita, Naves.

But that great poet ſtood in the gap, and with the weapons of ſound and manly criticiſm oppoſed the inundation of folly, that overwhelmed the ſtage, and ruined the drama of his day. To correct the public ear, and recall the authors of his time to the true principles of fine writing, he produced his ART OF POETRY, a Poem, which,

in

in leſs then five hundred lines, has comprized the principal rules of compoſition. I have often thought that nothing can ſo effectually reform the modern ſtage, as a review of that admirable piece. An eminent comic writer of *France* ſaw it in its true light, not with SCALIGER conſidering it as an ART WITHOUT ART, but a regular ſyſtem, and a model of juſt compoſition. As the ingenious commentary, which that judicious critic has left us, ſeems to be little known, it is my intention hereafter, to ſubmit it to the learned. A work of this kind will tend to reform the taſte of the town, and, perhaps, place *Horace*'s Art of Poetry in its genuine light.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXVII.

Saturday, April, 6, 1754.

Parva leves capiunt animos.

OVID.

The following Letter affords a ſtriking inſtance of the force of the ruling paſſion. I have enquired after the author, and find that the account, which, with great good humour, he gives of himſelf, is ſtrictly true. An odd and whimſical fancy has taken poſſeſſion of him. Trifling as his purſuit may appear, by the force of habit, it has given ſuch a biaſs to his mind, that his whole life is now devoted to his favourite amuſement. My correſpondent helps to confirm what Mr. *Pope* gave as an unerring maxim:

The ruling paſſion, be it what it will,
The ruling paſſion conquers reaſon ſtill.

I ſhall detain my reader no longer from ſo curious an Epiſtle.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Esq.*

SIR,

THE bill lately said to be before the legislature for encouraging industry (however extraordinary in some particulars) was, I do not doubt, extremely pleasing, as to its general purport, to a man of your character. For my part, I have ever beheld with pleasure the motto, with which a certain eminent physician has long adorned his chariot—*Non sibi sed toti*; and am for promoting industry in a more exalted signification of the word, than that in which it is most commonly used; I mean, as it tends to the good of mankind, without the least tincture of private advantage.

When very young, I remember to have read in some author, that the *Turks* are obliged to exercise some trade or occupation, which may contribute to the public emolument, and that even their emperors have no exemption from this institution. It is true, a certain sultan, a kind of wag, very artfully evaded the force of the law, by the following device. The Mufti, it seems, had reproved him for being so unmindful of what their

their prophet had expreſsly enjoined, as to ſpend all his time in following hawks and hounds. The next morning the wily ſultan ſent his troubleſome monitor an handſome preſent of wild fowl and veniſon, informing him at the ſame time, that being convinced of the juſtneſs of his reproof, he had in conſequence thereof taken up the *trade of a hunter*.

Far from approving ſuch a Mahometan equivocation, I began to conſider wherein I could be of moſt general uſe to my fellow creatures, without the leaſt regard to private emolument. I found myſelf in poſſeſſion of an ample patrimony, and conſequently a ſubſiſtence was out of the queſtion. As to divinity, law, the navy, or army, I was aware that they carry with them ſome glittering toy, which more or leſs attracts the hearts of even the moſt philoſophic of their followers. A *mitre*, for example, the *great ſeal*, a *flag at the main-top*, or a *truncheon*, have their reſpective charms, and no doubt operate accordingly on the conduct of their ſeveral admirers.

To theſe allurements I reſolutely ſhut my eyes, determined to ſet a noble example, above all views of profit, or of ſelf-intereſt. Thus reſolved to dedicate my time and ſtudies to the

ſervice of man (including woman), I made choice of an occupation of univerſal conſequence to the world, but of which none, except a few mercenary pretenders, have ever made public profeſſion. Not to keep you any longer in ſuſpence, Mr. *Ranger*, the profeſſion I have taken up, and exerciſed for ſome years, is that of a *dentifricator*, or what the vulgar call a *cleaner of teeth*. I have heard with rapture of a certain *Worceſterſhire 'ſquire*, who formerly applied himſelf with great ſucceſs, as well as aſſiduity, to cutting and curing the corns of all thoſe he could perſuade to make an experiment of his ſkill. Not long ſince a noble peer was famous for thirſting after a few ounces of the blood of all who came near him, not from any cruelty of temper, but purely on account of the exquiſite and laudable pleaſure he took in the uſe of the lancet. Even *Peter the Great*, the immortal refiner of the *Ruſſian* empire, greatly delighted in drawing the teeth of every one, who, by holding his handkerchief to his mouth, by making wry faces, or any ſuch indications, betrayed a pain in thoſe parts. Of this I have been aſſured by an eye-witneſs of his dexterity. To the common ſoldiers he gave a crown for every tooth he deprived them of. This generoſity encouraged ſo many poor wretches, who were ignorant of the value

of

of their grinders, to undergo the operation of an imperial hand, that the officers remonſtrated to his majeſty, that if he continued to make ſuch depredations in the mouths of the ſoldiery, he might diſband his troops, as they would be fit for ſervice no longer than they could eat.

To a perſon of Mr. *Ranger*'s ſagacity, I need not remark how much my profeſſion of cleaning, beautifying, and preſerving the teeth, ſurpaſſes the inconſiderate zeal of that great man. Every one is ſenſible how much we exceed all other nations in the bravery of our ſoldiers, and the dexterity as well as intrepidity of our mariners; and yet it is well known, that all this depends on eating, and, of courſe, on the goodneſs of their teeth. And as to our beaux and belles, how much the force of their charms is aſſiſted by a delicate ſet of teeth, is a truth ſo evident in itſelf, as not to need the leaſt demonſtration.

In conſequence of theſe reflections, I applied myſelf to ſtudy every author, who has written on this ſubject. I went ſo far as to take an *Arabian* into my houſe, to inſtruct me in his language, that I might be able to conſult the writers of his country in the original, as well as the authors of *Greece* and *Rome*. After this I travelled over all

Europe, to converſe with ſuch as profeſs this noble and delectable operation. I have even put myſelf in their hands, in order to acquire every excellence, as well as avoid every defect incidental to my brother operators.

Some time ſince, Mr. *Ranger*, you favoured us with an account of the progreſs you had made in phyſiognomy. You therefore will eaſily believe what I am going to relate of my own ſagacity. By a curious and exact obſervation of the various marks on the teeth in different perſons, from the continual friction they undergo, as well from each other, as from the tongue and lips, I am able to diſcover what paſſions their ſeveral owners are ſubject to, and how far they indulge them, particularly as to *anger*, *envy*, or *love*. It is an old remark, that proverbs are a kind of teſt of national wiſdom, being literally or allegorically founded on truths of no ſmall importance. Now, I need only inſtance a few of thoſe pithy ſentences, to convince the moſt incredulous what great diſcoveries may be made by a ſkilful contemplator in this way: for inſtance, *ſuch a one has all his eye-teeth*; *he ſhews his teeth, but cannot bite*; *a third has a ſoft tooth in his head*; *this good lady has a colt's tooth left*; *another has a liquoriſh tooth*. I might quote many more brilliant

liant aphoriſms of equal value. I will content myſelf with ſaying, that I have purſued this train of thought, and made many obſervations of this nature. At firſt ſight, I can diſcover whether a certain mark be out of a young lady's mouth or not; in plain *Engliſh*, whether ſhe be in a ſtate of pure virginity, or has really given it up; in what degree of danger ſhe is of ſo doing, by the indications her teeth contract from being frequently applied to the ſheets or pillows. In ſome I have diſcovered, after their having been in company with two ſiſter-graces (a certain dutcheſs and counteſs that ſhall be nameleſs), whether their teeth have been affected by the corroſive qualities ariſing from envy, or brightened by that motion of the lips, which is occaſioned by the ſmiles of a pleaſing admiration.

I have already taken up too much of your time, and therefore decline giving you an account of my travels (for the narrow conſiderations of wife or family cannot long detain me at home), in ſearch of all opportunities of improving myſelf in the art of preſerving and beautifying thoſe uſeful implements the teeth. It is true, I was lately very near abandoning my profeſſion, through the treatment I met with from a certain great prince in *Germany*, who pretending to want

my aſſiſtance, no ſooner got my finger in his mouth, than, cloſing his foreteeth, he held me faſt in the greateſt pain imaginable. At the ſame time he ſpoiled, with one of his grinders, the niceſt pair of ruffles, which I had made up at *Verſailles*, on occaſion of the rejoicings for the birth of the duke of *Burgundy*.

I am, Mr. *Ranger*, with all readineſs to rub your gums, whenever you will pleaſe to favour me with your commands,

Your very obedient ſervant,

And conſtant reader,

COURTLY NICE.

P. S. I have falſe teeth for old maids, and the beſt powder for young ones. I alſo teach the whole art of ogling, the exerciſe of the fan, the neweſt manner of taking ſnuff, and, what is little underſtood in this country, the *French* faſhion of blowing the noſe.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXVIII.

Saturday, April 13, 1754.

Manet altâ mente repoſtum. VIRG.

Hinc illæ lacrymæ. TEREN.

AT the laſt meeting of our club, my friend, Mr. *Candid*, informed us, that he had lately ſeen the character of King *Lear* inimitably performed by Mr. *Garrick*. The impreſſion, he told us, left upon his mind by the united art of the poet and the actor, kept all his paſſions in agitation for ſeveral days. He could not advert to any other ſubject, till he diſcharged the fulneſs of his thoughts in an eſſay upon that excellent Tragedy, which he deſired might be this day communicated to the readers of the *Gray's-Inn Journal*.

In order to criticiſe a great poet with any degree of perſpicuity, it is requiſite to conſider the nature of his fable, and the moral ſcope of the work. Order requires that in the next place we proceed to obſerve how he lays on his colouring, the diſpoſition of each perſon, the expreſſion of the paſſions, and which is the capital

pital figure in the piece. *Lear* being examined in this manner, it will appear that the author intended to exhibit, in the moſt ſtriking colours, the horrid crime of filial ingratitude. To enforce this, he repreſents an old monarch tired with the cares of ſtate, and willing to diſtribute his poſſeſſions among his daughters, in proportion to their affections towards his perſon. Accordingly, the two that flatter him obtain all, the third ſiſter being diſinherited for her ſincerity. The king is at length driven, by the ingratitude of his two eldeſt daughters, to an extreme of madneſs, which produces the fineſt tragic diſtreſs ever ſeen on any ſtage.

This is the ground-work of the play. A different view of it has been of late diſplayed by a writer of known ability. He aſcribes the madneſs of *Lear* to the loſs of royalty. That this notion is not only fundamentally wrong, but alſo deſtructive of the fine pathetic that melts the heart in every ſcene, will, I think, appear from a due attention to the conduct of the poet throughout the piece. The behaviour of *Lear*'s children is always uppermoſt in the thoughts of the aged monarch. We perceive it working upon his paſſions, till at length his mind ſettles into a fixed attention to that ſingle object. This, I think,

I think, is evident in the progreſs of the play.

Lear, in his firſt ſcene, ſhews himſelf ſuſceptible of the moſt violent emotions. The poet has drawn him impetuous to a degree, proud, haughty, revengeful, and tender-hearted. In ſuch a mind, it is not to be wondered that ill-treatment ſhould excite the moſt uneaſy ſenſations. He takes fire at an imaginary appearance of diſaffection in *Cordelia*.

But goes thy heart with this?
So young and ſo untender!

He is ſoon after alarmed with ſuſpicions of diſreſpect from *Gonerill*. "I will look further "into't."—He is ſoon convinced of her diſregard. The effect it has upon him indicates a mind, impotent, and liable to the worſt perturbations.

Does Lear *walk thus? ſpeak thus? where are his eyes?*
Either his notion weakens, his diſcernings
Are lethargy'd.———

His reflections ſhew what is neareſt to his heart.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter.——

He obſerves that *Cordelia*'s fault was ſmall; and when even that made ſuch an impreſſion on him, what are we to expect from his fiery diſpoſition, when rejected by thoſe to whom he had given all? his imprecation, though big with horror, is the natural reſult of his indignation; and the tenderneſs and overflowings of ſoftneſs, which melt him in the midſt of his vehemence, produce a fine conflict of paſſions.

Th'untented woundings of a father's curſe
Pierce ev'ry ſenſe about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cauſe again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt ye, with the waters that you loſe,
To temper clay.——

His haughtineſs breaks out in a menace to his daughter.

Thou ſhalt find
That I'll reſume the ſhape, which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever.

His

His addreſs to *Regan* is extremely tender and pathetic.

Thy tender-hefted nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to harſhneſs.

And a little after.

Thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courteſy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' th' kingdom thou haſt not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd——

There have been many poets acquainted in general with the paſſions of human nature. Accordingly we find them conſtantly deſcribing their effects; but *Shakeſpear*'s art ſhows their impulſe and their workings, without the aid of definition, or flowery deſcription. Beſides the general ſurvey of the heart, *Shakeſpear* was more intimately verſed in the various tempers of mankind than any poet whatever. We always find him making the paſſions of each perſon in his drama operate according to his peculiar habit and frame of mind. In the tragedy in queſtion, there are ſo many ſtrokes of this nature, that, in my opinion, it is his maſter-piece. In

every ſpeech in *Lear*'s mouth, there is ſuch an artful mixture of oppoſite paſſions, that the heart-ſtrings of an audience are torn on every ſide. The frequent tranſition and ſhifting of emotions is natural to every breaſt: in *Lear* they are characteriſtic marks of his temper.

I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad.
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel.
We'll meet no more—no more ſee one another.
But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh, &c.
But I'll not chide thee;
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high judging Jove.

In this ſpeech every maſter paſſion in his temper riſes in conflict, his pride, his revenge, his quick reſentment, and his tenderneſs. The following paſſage has ſome of the fineſt turns in the world.

O let not woman's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks——no, ye unnat'ral hags—
I will have ſuch revenges on ye both—I'll do ſuch things—
What they are I know not——but they ſhall be

The

The terrors of the earth.—You think I'll weep—
No—I'll not weep—I have full cauſe for weeping—
This heart ſhall break into a thouſand flaws——
Or e'er I'll weep——O fool, I ſhall go mad.

Here the diſtreſſed monarch leaves his daughters' roof. The next time we ſee him, he is on a wild heath in a violent ſtorm. In this diſtreſſful ſituation, all his reflections take a tincture from the gloomy colour of his mind. We ſoon ſee what is the principal object of his attention.

——————Thou all-ſhaking thunder,
Crack nature's mould; all germins ſpill at once,
That make UNGRATEFUL MAN.

And again;

The tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe
Save what beats there—Filial ingratitude!

His ſudden apoſtrophe to his daughters muſt draw tears from every eye.

O Regan! Gonerill!
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all.

The

The break has a fine effect.

O! that way madneſs lies—let me ſhun that—
No more of that——

As yet the perturbation of his mind does not ſeem fixed to a point. He begins to moralize, but ſtill with a view to his own afflictions. *Edgar* enters diſguiſed like a madman; and this ſeems to give the finiſhing ſtroke. *Lear*'s firſt queſtion is, "have his daughters brought him to this "paſs? couldſt thou ſave nothing? didſt thou "give them all?—Here we have the firſt touch of fixed madneſs in the play. Will the reſignation of his ſceptre, or the mere loſs of regal power, be any longer urged as the cauſe of *Lear*'s diſtraction?

Madneſs opens a new field to the vaſt imagination of *Shakeſpear*. He had before diſplayed every movement of the heart: the human underſtanding now becomes his province: in this, we ſhall find, he acquits himſelf with the moſt maſterly ſkill. Mr. *Locke* obſerves, that *madmen do not ſeem to have loſt the faculty of reaſoning; but having joined together ſome ideas very wrongly, they miſtake them for truths; and they err as men do that argue right from wrong principles. For by the violence*

violence of their imaginations having miſtaken their fancies for realities, they make right deductions from them.

Agreeably to this account, *Lear*, upon the appearance of a madman, takes it for granted that it is owing to his daughters ill-treatment: when contradicted, he replies, " Death! traitor! " nothing could have ſubdued nature to ſuch a " lowneſs, but his unkind daughters." He next takes him for a philoſopher, and agreeably to that notion enquires " what is the cauſe of " thunder?"

To a mind exaſperated, the deſire of revenge is natural: accordingly we find him breaking out with the utmoſt rage.

To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon 'em!

He proceeds to accuſe his daughters in a court of juſtice. " Arraign her firſt, 'tis *Gonerill*. I " here make oath before this honourable aſſembly, " ſhe kicked the poor king her father. Here is " another too, whoſe warpt looks proclaim what " ſtore her heart is made of."——He continues to dwell in imagination upon the crime of ingrati-

tude, which appears ſo ſhocking, that he exclaims, " Let them anatomize *Regan*; ſee what breeds " about her heart. Is there any cauſe in nature " for theſe hard hearts?" This laſt ſtroke cannot fail to draw tears from every eye. The reader will pleaſe to obſerve, that all this time there is not a word ſaid of his royalty; on the contrary, he ſays to *Edgar*, " You, Sir, I enter- " tain for one of my hundred; only, I do not " like the faſhion of your garment."

How was *Shakeſpear* to repreſent *Lear* again, ſo as to keep up the paſſions, and heighten the diſtreſs? By taking advantage of every circumſtance in *Lear*'s temper. He had ſaid that he would reaſſume the ſhape he had caſt off: This then remained untouched. Accordingly, in the next ſcene we perceive him actually putting it in execution. His fancy ſuggeſts to him, that he is a king; from this idea he reaſons as from every other principle, always with an eye to his children. " No, they cannot touch me for " coining; I am the king himſelf." " There's " my gauntlet—I'll prove it on a giant." From this, his imagination wanders. " Bring up the " brown bills—" O well flown barb! i'th' clout! " i'th' clout——Hewgh, give the word."——

From

From this rambling he ſoon returns, and the habitual ideas again take poſſeſſion of him. "Ha, "*Regan! Gonerill!* they flattered me like a "dog!" *Glo'ſter* enquiring if it is not the king, he catches at the word, and anſwers, "Ay, every "inch a king." He proceeds to draw ſome inferences from that notion, till he reflects that *Glo'ſter*'s baſtard ſon was kinder to his father, than his own daughters, got in lawful ſheets. From this he digreſſes into an invective againſt women, and continues raving, till at length his ſpirit of revenge returns upon him. "And when I've "ſtolen upon theſe SONS-IN-LAW, then kill, kill, "kill, kill."

It was *Shakeſpear*'s art to reſerve his being crowned with ſtraw for the laſt ſcene of his madneſs. Here we have a repreſentation of human nature reduced to the loweſt ebb. Had he loſt his reaſon on account of his abdicated throne, the emotions of pity would not be ſo intenſe, as they now are, when we ſee him driven to that extreme by the cruelty of his own children. A monarch, voluntarily abdicating, and afterwards in a fit of lunacy reſuming his crown, would, I fear, border upon the ridiculous. Every topic of parental diſtreſs being now exhauſted, and the maſter-paſſions of the king appearing in his mad-

neſs, the poet, like a great maſter of human nature, ſhews him gradually coming to himſelf. We ſee the ideas dawning ſlowly on his ſoul.

Where have I been?—where am I?—fair day-light!

In this recollection of his reaſon, he never once mentions the loſs of royalty, but again touches upon the cauſe of his diſtreſs in his ſpeech to *Cordelia*.

I know you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have ſome cauſe; they have none.——

Upon the whole, before his madneſs, in it, and after it, *Lear* never loſes ſight of the ideas, which had worn ſuch traces on his brain. He muſt be unfeeling to the great art of our poet, who can look for any other cauſe of diſtreſs, in ſcenes which are drawn ſo forcibly and ſtrong, and kept up with the moſt exquiſite ſkill to the very dying words of the unhappy monarch.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXIX.

Saturday, April 20, 1754.

——*Regni demens in parte vocavi.*

VIRG.

THE following letter is written with such a vein of candour and taste, that I cannot with-hold it from the public this day: I am highly obliged to the author for so ingenious a piece; and though he seems to differ from the commentary upon King *Lear*, which I gave in last Saturday's paper, I hold it material, that *Shakespear* should be seen in every point of view, especially when I am favoured with the sentiments of so elegant a critic, as my correspondent of this day. The reader will judge of the matter for himself.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Esq.*

SIR,

TO address a letter to you under the character of Mr. *Ranger*, I am persuaded needs little apology; especially when it goes from one, who

has a real regard to your reputation as an author; and having often received pleaſure from your weekly eſſays, takes the liberty of throwing out his thoughts on a piece of criticiſm, in which he differs with you in opinion.

Your paper of laſt *Saturday* contains an examen of King *Lear*. You ſeem to think that an ingenious critic, who in the *Adventurer* has given a diſcourſe upon that beautiful tragedy, has intirely miſtaken the principal idea in the old king's mind during his ſtate of madneſs. After citing *Lear*'s exclamation on the ingratitude of his daughters, you add, "this might lead any "man to the cauſe of *Lear*'s madneſs, without "thinking of the reſignation of his ſceptre." But certainly, whoever conſiders *Lear*'s character with attention, will from the very paſſage you quote, beſide an hundred others, think there is much to be ſaid on the other ſide of the queſtion.

I have read with pleaſure ſeveral of the remarks you make on the ſpeeches in *Lear*, which are ſuch as can ariſe only in the mind of a reader of taſte; but I cannot agree, that "*he muſt be unfeeling to the great art of our poet, who can look for any other cauſe of diſtreſs*," in the madneſs of the king, than the ingratitude of his daughters.

I know

I know not in what manner you may treat the remarks I am about to make; but I can ſincerely aſſure you, they are only intended as hints to yourſelf, on a ſubject, which I think of ſome conſequence to the admirers of *Shakeſpear*.

The critic in the *Adventurer* was ſomewhat wanting in juſtice to the poet, by mentioning the loſs of royalty as the ſole cauſe of *Lear*'s madneſs, without taking notice at the ſame time of the forcible idea he muſt have of the ingratitude of his two daughters. I think Mr. *Ranger* alſo wrong, in excluding intirely his opinion. What I purpoſe here, is, to point out *both the ideas* working ſtrongly in his mind, and what the author intended as conducive to the moral of his play.

No critic on *Shakeſpear* can better explain the characters he draws, than the poet himſelf does in every ſpeech. We not only ſee what his perſons are during the ſcene repreſented, but we are alſo made acquainted, by ſome nice touches in each play, with their former mode of thinking and acting. No poet ever underſtood nature better in the operation of the paſſions. The perſons in *Shakeſpear* always ſpeak and act in the higheſt conformity to their characters: the poet's

genius and judgment are in this reſpect every where equal to *Horace*'s precept.

Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores.

Lear's deportment and ſentiments in regard to his daughters in the firſt act, and what *Goneril* ſays of him to *Regan*, mark very plainly his character; which is, that of *a haughty, paſſionate, inconſtant, weak old man.* He does not reſign his authority to his daughters ſo much out of love to them, as to rid himſelf of the cares of government. He retains the name of king, with a ſuitable train of attendants: he ſtill commands with his former impetuoſity of temper, and is jealous even of trifles. This the ill-nature of the daughters will not ſuffer. We ſoon find them in conſultation, in the moſt undutiful and unbecoming manner, to deprive him of his remaining ſhew of power: their behaviour and ingratitude ſoon appear in the moſt glaring inſtances, and make the old king ſorely ſenſible, that he had *given them* ALL.

Nature was *Shakeſpear*'s guide. He deſcribes the imagination affected by concurring cauſes to pave the way for a ſcene of the higheſt diſtreſs. *Lear*, as a king and father, feels with great ſenſibility

bility the ſhock of his daughters' ingratitude and unnatural treatment. He exhibits a moving picture of the feelings of the heart, and the various conflicts of paſſion, expreſſive of his character and circumſtances. If the poet had nothing more in view, he might have been well content with the maſterly picture he has drawn of his diſtreſs, grief, and rage, in every ſcene before the loſs of his ſenſes; but he has crowned the diſtreſs by making him at laſt fix his imagination on his own raſhneſs and folly in giving away his ALL. He laments his want of power to avenge himſelf. It is this reflection chiefly that drives him to madneſs.

The jeſting of the fool wholly turns upon his *unkinging himſelf* and retaining *nothing*, which *Lear* minutely attends to, and ſays, "a bitter fool!"—After *Gonerill*'s propoſal to reduce his train, he breaks out, "*woe! that too late repents.*" The ingratitude of his daughters, and his own folly, ſtrike him deeply.

——O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out.

After-

Afterwards he ſays to *Gonerill*,

Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou didſt think,
I have caſt off for ever. Gon. *do you mark that?*

In the next ſcene, wrapt up in thought, he ſays,

TO TAKE 'T AGAIN PERFORCE!—*Monſter Ingratitude!*

In this line the two ideas are ſtrongly blended, and the *loſs of power* foremoſt; for ſurely that was the obvious reaſon of the inſults he had received. If he had ſtill been in poſſeſſion, they would have continued to ſprinkle him with *court holy-water:* the fool, whoſe phraſe the laſt is, ſays,

Fathers that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags,
Shall ſee their children kind.

I muſt here take notice of the different colouring uſed by our poet, and all good writers, in diſtinguiſhing the characters of men, ſeemingly agitated by the ſame paſſions. *Lear*'s idea of his folly,

folly, in diveſting himſelf of his authority, is nicely and artfully diſtinguiſhed by *Shakeſpear*, from that kind of regret, which an imperious man of a different character would feel from the deprivation of power. He is full of the loſs of his dignity, only as it was the occaſion of the ill treatment he met with, not from a thirſt of rule. This idea, and that of the ingratitude of his daughters, which he feels as the conſequence of it, I cannot help thinking, are as cloſely united in his madneſs, as two twigs twiſted together, and growing out of the ſame ſtem.

When he reproaches his daughters in that heart-piercing ſcene of diſtreſs on the heath, he ſays,

O Regan! O Gonerill!
Your old kind father! whoſe frank heart gave all!
O that way madneſs lies—Let me ſhun THAT; *no more of* THAT.

On his recollection that he *gave all*, he breaks ſhort, and immediately ſubjoins, "O that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun *that*; no more of *that*: let me not think that I have been guilty of ſo much folly, as to have given *all* to ſuch ungrateful

grateful wretches: the reflection will make me mad.

I know it may be inſiſted on by you, and perhaps by many others, that *Lear* makes uſe of the ſentiment of *giving all*, only to tax the ingratitude of his daughters in a higher degree; but, it is poſſible you may be of a contrary opinion, if you can allow, that the moral of this play does not expoſe the ingratitude of children, more than the folly of parents. *This ſame folly of parents* is alſo touched with great judgment in the under-plot of *Glo'ſter*. The characters of *Lear*'s two daughters are finely contraſted with thoſe of *Cordelia* and *Edgar*; and the poet's deſign in marking out ſo ſtrongly the folly and ill-judged partiality of parents, is confirmed by the behaviour of *Edmund*.

When *Lear* ſees the wretchedneſs of *Edgar*, he purſues the ſame train of reaſoning which before poſſeſt him, and aſks, "*didſt thou* GIVE ALL *to thy daughters?—And art thou to come to this?*" And immediately after,

What! Have his daughters brought him to this paſs?

Could'ſt

Could'ſt thou ſave nothing?—*Did'ſt thou* give them all?

This is agreeable to his character. And from all that we hear in common life (for there are many ſtories) of old weak parents, who have acted much in the manner of *Lear*, and, to the reproach of human nature, have met with ingratitude and diſobedience; theſe, I ſay, in their feeling-hours of diſtreſs, are reported to have reproached themſelves with their folly in GIVING ALL, as well as to have exclaimed againſt the ingratitude of their children.

There are many characters, I doubt not, now in the world, who retain a heap of treaſure, uſeleſs to themſelves, from their children, on no better motives, than to enſure their duty and attention; and ſome who carry the moral of this play to a ridiculous height, by denying their children an independence, merely on the ſame parity of reaſoning, without conſidering the difference between the prudence of parents and their folly.

I forbear making any quotations from *Lear*'s ſpeeches in his madneſs. I think the whole obvious enough, and that our immortal poet,

who had a perfect knowledge of the workings of the human mind, has drawn *both the ideas* in *Lear*'s madneſs, agreeable to the repreſentation he has made of him in the firſt act.

What I have hitherto ſaid is entirely confined to the different opinions of Mr. *Ranger* and the *Adventurer*. I do not expect that you will alter your's in conformity to my judgment Let a diligent examination of the play determine you in the future criticiſms you intend to give the public on this ſubject.

What has often occurred to me, in reading over the ſeveral editions of our poet, and what has been ſaid by you, and many great geniuſſes, only ſerves to convince me of the difficulty of any one man's ſucceeding in a perfect criticiſm on *Shakeſpear*: at leaſt, I have reaſon to think ſo, from what I have ſeen of the ſeveral attempts that have been made by different commentators, from the time of Mr. *Rowe*, to the mutilated condition our poet was thrown into by ſubſequent editors.

Several perſons have ſucceeded in pointing out occaſionally ſome of the latent beauties; but, I believe, "*there is ſcarce one man alive* (to ſpeak in

" the ſtyle of a very extraordinary addreſs to a great
" man, in laſt *Saturday's Inſpector*), *who is even ca-*
" *pable of calling all his beauties by their proper names,*
" much leſs of *exhibiting them all with advantage*
" *to the public*; whoſe property *they now are, if*
" *they will acquire a taſte to enjoy them.*"

I cannot forbear mentioning the obligation which the public has to the genius of Mr. *Garrick*, who has exhibited with great luſtre many of the moſt ſhining ſtrokes of *Shakeſpear*'s amazing art; and may be juſtly ſtyled (as he was once called by you) his beſt commentator: for it is certain, he has done our poet more juſtice by his manner of playing his principal characters, than any editor has yet done by a publication.

I ſhall conclude with the ſame freedom as I began, by deſiring you will conſider my manner of treating this ſubject as the mere hints of a friendly letter, and not as an eſſay on the ſubject in diſpute.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

G.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXX.

Saturday April 27, 1754.

Sua cuique cum ſit animi cogitatio,
Colorque proprius. PHÆDRUS.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq.*

SIR,

AS there is a court of Cenſorial Enquiry ſubſiſting under your authority, inſtituted, as I ſuppoſe from the apparent tendency of it, as a ſecondary aid to our courts of juſtice, by taking cognizance of thoſe offences which are not puniſhable by any of the ſtatute laws of this realm, I muſt take the liberty to tranſmit to you an information, which I am convinced, you will think either ought to be laid before the abovementioned court, or that it deſerves, at leaſt, to be treated with the touches of your pen.

To enter at once into the buſineſs, I muſt inform you, that I lately had occaſion to take a jaunt to *Bath*. I imagined that travelling in a ſtage-coach

coach would not be diſagreeable, and accordingly took a place in one of thoſe vehicles. We ſet out from the *Bell Inn* behind the New Church in the *Strand*. Preciſely at two in the morning, crack went the coachman's whip, and off we went with ſix paſſengers. Being quite dark at the hour of ſtarting, we began our journey without ſo much as knowing one another's faces, and were pretty well jolted on the ſtones, before we were all properly adjuſted in our places. For ſome time we were entertained with a concert of groans, ſighs, coughs, and other ſuch agreeable interjections, to fill up the pauſe of converſation, till having paſſed the turnpike, and being arrived on the plain road, the gentleneſs of the motion, and the ſtillneſs of the night compoſed our company to ſleep, as I inferred from the information of their noſes, which did not ceaſe to ply the ear, until the morning began to tinge the hemiſphere towards the eaſt with white ſtreaks of light, by the help of which I could then diſcover who and who were together. I peruſed the countenances of my fellow-travellers, and pretty plainly read in each viſage, that very character, which a ſhort time convinced me was appropriated to the ſeveral perſons in this curious groupe.

The firſt and moſt remarkable perſonage was the wife of a wealthy inhabitant of *Thames-ſtreet*, going down to ſee life, "for it is really," ſays ſhe, "enough to fill one up with the vapours, to be "eternally moped in that odious part of the town; "and as ſoon as I return, I ſhall prevail upon Mr. "*Narrowmind*, ſince he has now picked up his "crumbs, to learn a little taſte, and to remove "to ſome genteel quarter." This ſcheme met with the inſtant approbation of her next neighbour, a motherly ſort of a woman, who lets lodgings at *Bath*, and with whom the polite citizen was to fix her reſidence. The good old landlady declared her opinion, that folks of Mrs. *Narrowmind*'s fortune ſhould be accommodated with elegance: and then turning about, "Ma'am, "will you chooſe to taſte the liquor I have "brought in this little bottle? I know by ex-"perience, that it is the beſt thing in the world "to keep wind out of the ſtomach." This propoſal was agreed to, and a few minutes convinced the reſt of the company, that a dram is not only of ſingular uſe to keep wind out of the ſtomach, but alſo a moſt excellent expeller of what may be accidently lodged there.

While this agreeable couple were ſolacing themſelves, the converſation was taken up by one, whom

whom we ſoon diſcovered to be a *Jew*, bound for the rendezvous of people of taſte and faſhion, with the double view of partaking of the diverſions of the place, and getting rid of a little *French* paſte, which lay upon his hands. He harangued with great volubility, and frequently embelliſhed his diſcourſe with the lively flaſhes of a diamond ring, which played upon his finger. Amidſt all his vivacity, he took care to be ſufficiently attentive to the grand buſineſs of ſelling the above-mentioned paſte, which was with him ſo material a point, that he never once mentioned the chief object, which at preſent engroſſes the thoughts of his whole nation. Inſtead of favouring us with his political ſpeculations, he amuſed us with a ſight of numberleſs pretty trinkets, the beauties of which he explained with ſuch an artful diſplay of his finger, and ſo many flouriſhes of ſpeech, that he ſoon cloſed a bargain with the fine lady, whom I have already mentioned.

The next perſon was a young gentleman, who, from a ſlender figure, and the recommendation of five and twenty, promiſed himſelf ſucceſs among the ladies, notwithſtanding the late marriage act. Not having ſeen a great deal of the world, his mind was raw and uninformed: He was ſtruck with ſurprize at every thing that of-

fered, breaking out into idle queſtions upon the moſt minute occurrence. I have often obſerved, the memory is a prevailing faculty in weak intellects. It never fails to prove troubleſome in company; and as moſt things, when judgment is wanting, are laid up in that ſtorehouſe without taſte or diſcernment, they are alſo produced in the ſame manner; according to the old proverb, *ill got, ill gone*. Having dabbled a little in ſome of our modern poets, there hardly aroſe an incident, but what our fellow traveller would repeat twenty or thirty verſes in a breath, from Sir *Richard Blackmore*, the CHOICE, or ſome ſuch ingenious work. The misfortune was, that what he laſt recited opened new traces, and he was ſure to continue, as long as his memory ſupplied him; like the man at a fair, who will ſpew you up ribband by the yard, while there remains any in his mouth; and this ſimilitude I take to be very pictureſque on the preſent occaſion, with this difference only, that what the latter evacuates does not indicate a bad digeſtion; whereas the former conſtantly diſcovers a foul ſtomach, which cannot contain its crudities. On this account, I take your ribband ſpewer to be much the more agreeable fellow of the two.

The

The fifth and laſt of the company (as I intend to ſay nothing of myſelf) was the moſt extraordinary of the whole collection. He ſlept ſo profoundly, that it was a long time before his character made itſelf known. If his repoſe did not proceed from the peace of his conſcience, no body that ſaw him could be at a loſs for the cauſe of his deep tranquillity. His ſize was enormous. a treble chin ſupported the broadeſt cheeks I ever ſaw. He engroſſed ſo much room, that thoſe who ſat on the ſame ſide were ſorely ſqueezed, and a paunch, capacious enough for the largeſt turtle that ever graced a city feaſt, projected ſo far, that we, who ſat oppoſite to him, were overloaded.

Figure to yourſelf an over-grown porpus, and you will have a true idea of him. At the end of three hours, he began to ſtir himſelf; his firſt obſervation was, that he was bloody hungry. The thought waked him to new life: he told us that he was the beſt natured man in the world, going to *Bath* to ſee his wife. "My wife, you muſt know," ſaid he, "frets herſelf to death, becauſe "we have no children. She is gone to drink the "Bath waters, to invigorate her conſtitution. "But I tell her, the man that uſed to get the chil-

" dren is dead." After this pleaſantry, he went on at a great rate. We found that he was an attorney, going to *Bath* to get ſome deeds ſigned by one client; to read an anſwer in chancery to another; and to get a third to ſettle a bill of coſts. He gave us to underſtand that he ſhould charge the full expence of his journey to each. " I under-" ſtand trap," ſays he, " and did not ſerve my " time for nothing. If I am not paid my coſts," continued he, " I have brought *the tackle*, and in-" tend to arreſt him; for the fellow has uſed me " damn'd ill. He has threatened to tax my bill, " and that I hold to be an affront. What do you " think he objects to? The ſcoundrel is a tay-' lor: He made cloaths for two ſchool boys, " who are worth nothing. I arreſted both for " him, went on with the two actions, and " brought the cauſe to trial. To be ſure I " was nonſuited: ſo I expected; but what of " that? the coſts on both ſides, to be ſure, fell " upon him. That's his affair. *Currat lex*; I " muſt be paid. And then again he objects to " ſeveral of the charges in my bill. I'll tell you " one of them: for meeting you at church on " Sunday July 14th, to talk matters over, *thir-" teen ſhillings and four pence.* What objection " is that? if a man will carry an attorney ſo far " out of his way, ought not he to pay for it?

" Now

" Now another thing: for extraordinary trouble " in the buſineſs, *twenty guineas*. What if there " was a nonſuit, who is to take trouble for " nothing?" In this manner our worthy attorney went on, with great intonation of lungs, till we ſat down to breakfaſt, and there the *Cerberus* got his ſop. During the reſt of our journey, he often repeated, " I have the tackle with me, and " I ſhall ſee whether my wife is under the barren " curſe." Eating was his favourite ſubject; and in that ſcience he ſeemed to be a wonderful proficient, devouring more at a meal than all the others could in a week, and when oppreſſed with his load, binding his head with his handkerchief, and ſleeping as if never to wake again. For my part, I thought he ſnored better things than he ſaid.

I ſhall not trouble you, Mr. *Ranger*, with a further detail: having acquainted you with the characters of the company, I leave it to your own imagination to ſuggeſt, in what manner the time muſt have glided away among people who were all entirely attached to their prevailing foibles, and thought of nothing but the gratification of their own particular humours. During the whole journey the citizen's wife talked of her taſte and dignity, which the good woman

from *Bath* confirmed; the verſe-ſpewer thought of nothing but reciting; and the *Jew* not only minded the main-chance in the coach, but alſo at every inn where we put up. I remember, at *Marlborough*, where we breakfaſted the ſecond morning, we were delayed for a conſiderable time, till ſearch was made after this mercantile itinerant, who was at length found ſelling a pair of buckles to a gentleman juſt arrived in a poſt-chaiſe. The attorney eat and ſlept, and ſlept and eat, and talked of the *tackle* all the reſt of the way.

I think, Mr. *Ranger*, you have already mentioned an attention to ſelf alone, as one of the greateſt errors in ſociety. As it muſt be more particularly ſo, when people are tied to each other for any ſpace of time, I could wiſh for a reformation in this particular. In the *Spectator* I remember to have ſeen a propoſal to place a ſyſtem of rules for behaviour on the ſide of every ſtage-coach in the kingdom: now, Sir, as I think ſomething of this nature abſolutely requiſite at preſent, if you would be kind enough to employ a leiſure moment in this way, it would, I perſuade myſelf, tend to promote good manners among the people of this kingdom, and oblige him, who is with great reſpect,

Sir, Your moſt conſtant Reader,

* * * *.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXXI.

Saturday, May 4, 1754.

Quid loquor? aut ubi ſum? quæ mentem inſania mutat?

VIRG.

SIR,

IN your paper of Saturday, April 20, you have given place to a letter, written, indeed, with taſte and great acuteneſs of argument, which ſeems intended as a refutation of the principles advanced by me in a late criticiſm on the tragedy of *King Lear*. Your correſpondent ſeems to think, that neither the papers in the *Adventurer*, nor the eſſay in the *Gray's-Inn Journal*, have ſettled with preciſion the true cauſe, that brings on the madneſs of the diſtreſſed and aged monarch. The arguments on both ſides taken together, and conſolidated into one, might, in your friend's opinion, give a ſolution of the difficulty.

Notwithſtanding what that gentleman has ſo ingeniouſly urged, I cannot, after a review of the tragedy,

tragedy, find any reaſon to retract my aſſertion, that the madneſs, ſo finely drawn by *Shakeſpear*, is occaſioned by the ingratitude of his daughters. The folly of a parent's putting himſelf in the power of his children muſt incidentally appear in a play, founded on ſuch a ſtory; but, had thoſe children not proved ungrateful, I apprehend there is no reaſon to imagine, the king's mind would have taken that fatal turn. Let us, if you pleaſe, once more advert to the frame and temper of the old king. In the texture of the man, the poet has, with great art, taken care to ſhew us the latent ſeeds, which are likely to kindle into a blaze upon the revolt of his daughters. The impreſſion, which *Cordelia*'s artleſs anſwer had upon him, is deſcribed by himſelf.

———————*O moſt ſmall fault,*
How ugly didſt thou in Cordelia *ſhew,*
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall!

Here we ſee where the old man's paſſions were moſt acceſſible, and how ſtrong the inward-workings were likely to be, when he ſhould find a total diſaffection. It is then no wonder, that his frame of nature ſhould be wrench'd from the fix'd

fix'd place; and, indeed, his tendency that way ſoon diſcovers itſelf, when he breaks out into theſe words.

I will forget my nature;—ſo KIND *a father!*—

Were the loſs of royalty uppermoſt in his thoughts, his remarks would take their tincture from that idea: he would rather blame himſelf as a WEAK *father*, who had given all to his children. But the circumſtance of his having given all is never mentioned, unleſs it is to aggravate the ill-uſage he has met with. When he ſays to himſelf, *to take't again perforce*, it is plain, that it is not merely for the ſake of regaining loſt grandeur, but to avenge his wrongs; he immediately ſubjoins, *monſter ingratitude!*——And a little after, *let me not be mad; not mad, ſweet Heaven!* The fool, indeed, taunts him with the folly of his having diveſted himſelf of power, and put the rod, as he calls it, in his children's hand. Theſe ideas are ſo obvious, that *Shakeſpear* knew they would ſtrike even the moſt ſuperficial mind; but we find it is no conſideration with the father. He never dwells upon it, though ſuggeſted to him ſo frequently. On the other hand, how acute are his feelings, whenever he recurs to his daughter's want of filial piety! He that can read the

the following lines, without being ſoftened into tears, muſt, as Mr. *Addiſon* has ſaid upon another occaſion, have either a very good, or a very bad head.

——————*Oh!* Regan! *ſhe has tied*
Sharp-tooth'd UNKINDNESS *like a* VULTURE *here*!
—I ſcarce can ſpeak to thee—thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality—Oh! Regan!

What a picture of a mind is here preſented to us!——The ſtruggle with his ſorrows, the breaks of paſſion, the attempt to ſpeak, and the inſtant ſuppreſſion of his powers, are the moſt natural and pathetic touches. Can the human imagination, in all her treaſury of language, find words to expreſs at once the deteſtable crime of filial ingratitude, and the exquiſite feelings of an injured father, like the following paſſage?

——*She has ſtruck me with her tongue*
Moſt ſerpent-like upon the very heart!

Who is there, that does not inſtantaneouſly find himſelf in a guſh of tears on reading thoſe lines? when, a little afterwards, he comes to the ſpeech which cloſes with,

——*You*

———————*You think I'll weep;*
No, I'll not weep—tho' I have full cauſe of weeping
—This heart ſhall break into a thouſand flaws
Or e'er I'll weep—O fool! I ſhall go mad!

The laſt touch in this ſpeech is the fineſt cloſe of a climax of paſſion that can be conceived. To prepare us for what is to follow, we are here told, that his *wits begin to turn*. For this melancholy ſituation, *Shakeſpear* all along finely prepares us.

I have dwelled thus long on the cauſe of *Lear*'s diſtraction, becauſe the arguments offered by your ingenious correſpondent are not without plauſibility; but from what has been premiſed, together with what I have urged in my former paper, there cannot, I think, remain a moment's doubt. To thoſe, who are not ſatisfied with this reaſoning, it may be proper to recommend the nobleſt commentary this, or any poet ever had; I mean Mr. *Garrick*'s performance of *Lear*, in which there is diſplayed ſo juſt a knowledge of the human mind under a ſtate of madneſs, together with ſuch exquiſite feelings of the various ſhiftings of the paſſions, ſo finely at the ſame time enfeebled with the debility of age, that I believe, whenever this admirable actor ceaſes

ceaſes to play this part, the unhappy monarch will loſe more than *fifty of his followers at a clap.*

Though our great poet pays us amply for all his tranſgreſſions againſt the laws of *Ariſtotle*; yet, I have frequently wiſhed, that the noble wildneſs of his genius had not rendered him ſo unbounded and irregular in his fables. Had this tragedy been planned with more art, and without that multiplicity of incidents, which draw off our affections from the principal object, it had been a piece for the united efforts of *Greece* to envy. The epiſode, however, in which the *baſtard* acts the ſame unnatural part as *Lear*'s legitimate daughters, is not entirely detached from the main ſubject: the misfortunes of the good old *Glo'ſter*, who endeavours to aſſiſt the forlorn king, muſt touch every breaſt, and the character of *Edgar* is ſure to be amiable in every eye.

The cloſe of this tragedy is full of terror and commiſeration. Our great poet has here given us a death, not often to be found in the play-houſe bill of mortality; I mean, the death of *Lear* without the dagger, or the bowl. But, perhaps, after the heart-piercing ſenſations, which we have endured through the whole piece, it would be too much to ſee this actually performed on

the ſtage: from the actor whom I have already named, I am ſure it would. I ſhould be glad, notwithſtanding, to ſee the experiment made, convinced, at the ſame time, that the play, as altered by *Tate*, will always be more agreeable to an audience. The circumſtances of *Lear*'s reſtoration, and the virtuous *Edgar*'s alliance with the amiable *Cordelia*, can never fail to produce thoſe guſhing tears, which are ſwelled and ennobled by a virtuous joy. The alteration is juſtified by another reaſon, which is, that *Lear* was really reſtored to his crown, if we may believe *Spencer*, who gives the following remarkable narrative, with which I ſhall cloſe this letter. To ſee *Shakeſpear*'s ſtory related by ſo great a poet as *Spencer*, in his tenth canto of the *Fairy-Queen*, may prove amuſing to the reader.

I am, Sir, &c.

CANDID.

27.

NEXT him King *Lear* in happy peace long reign'd,
But had no iſſue male him to ſucceed,
But three fair daughters, which were well up-train'd,
In all that ſeemed fit for kingly ſeed:
'Mong whom his realm he equally decreed
To have divided. Tho' when feeble age
Nigh to his utmoſt date he ſaw proceed,
He call'd his daughters, and with ſpeeches ſage
Inquir'd, which of them moſt did love her parentage.

28.

The eldeſt, *Gonoril*, 'gan to proteſt,
That ſhe much more than her own life him lov'd;
And *Regan* greater love to him profeſs'd,
Than all the world, whenever it were prov'd.
But *Cordeil* ſaid, ſhe lov'd him, as behov'd;
Whoſe ſimple anſwer, wanting colours fair
To paint it forth, him to diſpleaſance mov'd,
That in his crown he counted her no heir,
But 'twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did ſhare.

So

29.

So wedded one to *Maglan* king of *Scots*,
And th' other to the king of *Cambria*;
And 'twixt them ſhar'd his realm by equal lots:
But, without dower, the wiſe *Cordelia*
Was ſent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
Their aged ſire, thus eaſed of his crown,
A private life led in *Albania*,
With *Gonoril*, long had in great renown,
That nought him griev'd to been from rule depoſed down.

30.

But true it is, that, when the oil is ſpent,
The light goes out, and wick is thrown away:
So, when he had reſign'd his regiment,
His daughters 'gan deſpiſe his drooping day,
And weary wax of his continual ſtay.
Tho' to his daughter *Regan* he repair'd,
Who him at firſt well-uſed every way;
But, when of his departure ſhe deſpair'd,
Her bounty ſhe abated, and his chear empair'd.

31.

The wretched man 'gan then aviſe too late,
That love is not where moſt it is profeſs'd,
Too truly try'd in his extremeſt ſtate.
At laſt, reſolv'd likewiſe to prove the reſt,

He to *Cordelia* himſelf addreſs'd,
Who with entire affection him receiv'd,
As for her ſire and king her ſeemed beſt;
And after all an army ſtrong ſhe leav'd,
To war on thoſe which him had of his realm
bereav'd

32.

So to his crown ſhe him reſtor'd again,
In which he died, made ripe for death by eld;
And after will'd it ſhould to her remain,
Who peaceably the ſame long time did weld,
And all men's hearts in due obedience held;
Till that her ſiſter's children, woxen ſtrong,
Thro' proud ambition againſt her rebell'd,
And overcomen kept in priſon long,
Till weary of that wretched life, herſelf ſhe hong.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXXII.

Saturday, May 11, 1754.

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit oſſibus— VIRG.

THE gloomy month of *November* is diſtinguiſhed by foreigners, as the ſeaſon in which *Engliſhmen* are apt to hang and drown themſelves. From a diligent obſervation, I can venture to affirm, that the month of *May* is always attended with a larger bill of mortality than any other part of the year. It is the ſpring-time of love, when the blood has received a renovation of warmth, and young maids are melted down in the amorous fire. A bookſeller, with whom I now and then chat at his *Circulating-library*, informs me, that he can tell when the poiſon of love begins to rankle in the breaſt, that he can trace it in its progreſs, and knows exactly when it is become quite general in its influence. Romances, he ſays, in the beginning are more and more called for; as it increaſes, Lord *Grey*'s Love Letters, the Loves of *Octavia* and *Philander*, *Abelard* and *Eloiſe*, Letters from a *Nun to a Cavalier*, and pieces of that kind come into play. When the infection is grown epidemic, the Tra-

gedies of *Romeo and Juliet*, *All for Love, or the World well Loſt*, *Theodoſius, or the Force of Love*, with many others of equal lubricity, cannot be ſupplied quick enough to anſwer the demand. My ingenious friend will ſometimes take me into his back-room, and "Friend *Ranger*," ſays he, "can't you touch us up ſome ſecret memoirs, or "a love-tale, or ſomething by way of novel? If "green peas come in faſt,—the ſeaſon for peas "is always favourable to love-ſick minds: I can "manage to put you off—let me ſee—ay, about "a couple of thouſand by Midſummer: yes, "thereabouts. I could get, if you will put your "name to it,—a matter of fifteen hundred ſub-"ſcribed among the trade. How will you make "it end?—happy or unhappy? for there will "be a difference in that: but that muſt be de-"termined by the Chapter of Accidents. A "north-eaſt wind chills the amorous heat: in that "caſe, you had better make them die. But, if "the ſouthern gale continues, they may, in the "concluſion, be *conducted by the laughing loves to "the nuptial bower*. The book will ſoon be in "every body's hands, at *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, *Scar-"borough*; and we ſhall have a ſwimming trade."

In this manner my friend, who I think under-ſtands his buſineſs better than moſt, is for tak-

ing

ing advantages of that ſucceſſion of foibles, conſtantly riſing and falling in this metropolis. The truth of it is, the Play houſes, the Circulating-libraries, the public gardens about town, owe very much of their ſucceſs to the love-ſick minds of boys and girls. It is this univerſal paſſion which rolls ſo many of the youth of both ſexes down the ſoft declivity in *Greenwich-Park*; it is this which is ſo fond of catching cold at the tin caſcade in *Vauxhall* gardens, and this which pours forth ſo many groupes of enamoratos along the fields and meadows about *London* every *Sunday* evening.

Notwithſtanding the extenſive influence of this ſoft infection, it is ſomewhat ſurprizing that, among all the writers, who have endeavoured to deſcribe it, very few have ſucceeded in any tolerable degree. What numbers of *Engliſh* Tragedies have been ſunk into an inſipid languor by the ineffectual whine of epiſodic love? The Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, excepting now and then ſome glittering conceits, which we may ſuppoſe to be transfuſions from the *Italian Noveliſt*, who furniſhed *Shakeſpear* with the ſtory, affords a beautiful repreſentation of two young minds touched with this tender ſympathy. Many of the Tragedies of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*,

though now too much neglected, diſplay the delicate ſenſations of love, in all their native genuine ſimplicity. I am not clear whether the fine interchange of ſentiments between *Jaffier* and *Belvidera* ſhould come within the precincts of love; becauſe the deſire of poſſeſſion, which fires the tender imagination into a gentle enthuſiaſm, has ſubſided into a ſympathetic friendſhip between man and wife. We find, accordingly, that the moſt pathetic touches are derived, not from the lover's fond hope of mutual bliſs to come, but from a retroſpect to thoſe vaniſhed hours, when *Jaffier* lay for three whole happy years in *Belvidera*'s arms. The tranſition from former endearments to preſent miſery excites the tendereſt emotions of pity for their fate. Perhaps, after the writers juſt mentioned, the Tragedy of *Tancred and Sigiſmunda* has the faireſt claim to any degree of reputation. In this piece the love of the young prince is manly, never dwindling into childiſh conceit: the feelings of *Sigiſmunda* are delicate and ſenſible. Through all the ſcenes the ſoftneſs of their paſſion is ennobled by ſentiments of honour and moral dignity. But, in the number of books, which the enamoured of both ſexes are apt to call for at this ſeaſon of the year, there is none which can exhibit

hibit ſo lively a picture of love, as the fourth book of *Dryden*'s *Virgil*. I recommend it to my young readers, not by way of adding fuel to the fire, but to warn them of the dangers of the growing flame. In that charming piece of poetry they will perceive all the viciſſitudes of the paſſion, till at length it terminates in a melancholy cataſtrophe.

I ſhall conclude this paper with an extract from an unpubliſhed pamphlet, written by an ingenious gentleman, who has given me leave to make my own uſe of it. It is called the *Hiſtory of Roſamond's Pond for the Month of May*. Though ſome of the incidents are not the effects of love, it will, however, ſhew many of the diſaſters that attend that ſweet, but dangerous ſenſation.

The Hiſtory of Roſamond's Pond for the Month of May.

A young lady of faſhion, whoſe name it is thought proper to ſuppreſs, flung herſelf into the pond, becauſe ſhe had an amour with *Thomas* the footman: ſhe was taken up by the ſentinel, and only damaged a gauze capuchin.

Miſs *Betty Threadneedle*, Milliner, in the *New-Exchange*, threw herſelf in, on account of ill-uſage from Monſieur *Capriole*, a *French* figure-dancer at *Drury-Lane* play-houſe: the coroner's inqueſt brought in their *verdict*, *lunacy*.

William Ponderwell was in love with a celebrated coquette, and, after paying an attendance of ſeveral months, was at length quite tired out. He walked very demurely to the brink of the pond, where he ſtood ſome time fixed in thought, then changed his mind, and walked home to think better of it.

Bob Dare Devil, having very paſſively received a kicking from an officer, threw himſelf in the oblivious lake, that he might not ſurvive the loſs of honour: he was taken up, and now thinks of aſſuming a new character in ſome part of the world, where he is not known.

John Henpeck drowned himſelf, after walking very ſoberly with a friend in the *Bird-Cage Walk*. There were found in his pocket, a cork-ſkrew, a tobacco-ſtopper, *Paſſeran* upon ſelf-murder, and a piece of paper, on which were written the following lines,

A frowning

A frowning world, and a ſcolding wife,
Is the cauſe of my putting an end to my life.

Dick Nimblewriſt, alias *Crook-fingered Jack*, fell in love with a gentleman's handkerchief; but, being diſcovered in the attempt to ſteal it, he was ducked by the mob, in order to cool his unruly paſſion.

Dick Wildfire threw himſelf in about ſix in the evening, which drew together a large concourſe of people; but, it being only a frolick for a wager, he ſwam acroſs, and got out again.

N. B. He took cold, and died in a few days of a raging fever.

Sappho, the famous poeteſs, fell in, while ſhe was reſounding aloft an Ode of her own compoſing, upon the new building at the *Horſe-Guards*.

Freſh-coloured Moll was tired of the world, and went to fling herſelf into the pond; but meeting a young *Templer* at the fatal brink, ſhe adjourned with him to the little iſland, and inſtead of ſending a perſon out of the world, it is confidently ſaid, that, in nine months, ſhe uſhered a foundling into it.

N. B. She now ſells apples and picks pockets in the Piazza of *Covent-Garden*.

Monſieur

Monſieur *Languedoc*, a *French* gentleman, who came over here for his religion, was challenged to box by a pick-pocket in the *Mall*, whereupon he drew his ſword, which ſo enraged the populace, that they took him to the pond, and ducked him three times.

Mrs. *Fretful*, wife of *John Fretful*, threw herſelf in, becauſe her ſiſter was better married, and kept more card tables than herſelf.—Upon being taken out, ſhe ſaid, "There was no ſuch thing as "bearing it, and that ſhe was the moſt unhappy "woman in the world."

NUM-

NUMBER LXXXIII.

Saturday, May 18, 1784.

———*Veteres ita miratur laudatque Poetas.*
Indignor quidquam reprehendi non quia craſſe
Scriptum, illepidève putetur, ſed quia nuper. HOR.

To CHARLES RANGER, *Eſq.*

SIR,

I Know the importance of an author to himſelf is always great. He looks upon it as abſolutely neceſſary, that the public ſhould be informed of every particular circumſtance relating to his body or mind. He keeps a journal of the minuteſt trifles, and gravely tells us, at what hour he went to bed, on which ſide he compoſed himſelf to ſleep; whether his ſlumbers were interrupted, and, above all, the purport of his dreams, *for dreams deſcend from Jove.* This practice, I believe, is perfectly juſt; but, I hope, Mr. *Ranger* will not monopolize dreaming. I am to entreat, ſir, that you will give an occaſional writer the liberty of communicating to the public, how he paſſed the night. My hopes of ſucceeding

ceeding in this requeſt are the more ſanguine, as the intellectual ſcene, of which I mean here to give ſome account, was occaſioned by a peruſal of a viſion of your own, in which you deſcribe a *Sacrifice to the Graces.*

The images, which that piece excited in my fancy, incorporated, if I may ſo ſay, with the ideas, that had been uppermoſt in my waking thoughts for ſome time. I imagined in my ſleep that there was a general election in *Parnaſſus* for proper members to repreſent the republic of letters. It ſeems *Apollo* was induced by frequent murmurs and complaints to diſſolve his parliament. Certain malcontents among the moderns were, it ſeems, of opinion that the ancients had arbitrarily voted themſelves perpetual dictators in wit; whereas, upon a free uninfluenced election, they believed themſelves capable of returning a larger number than the ſaid ancients. The party for the moderns was led on by Monſieur *De la Motte*, *Perrault*, and *Wotton*; the two former were vigorouſly oppoſed by *Boileau*, Madam *Dacier*, and the latter by Mr. *Pope* and Doctor *Swift*. *Swift* ordered a new edition of his battle of the books to be publiſhed forthwith, and *Pope* took occaſion to reprint his Eſſays and Criticiſms

ticiſms upon *Homer*. The *old* and *new intereſt* were the words by which each party ſignified their attachments. Reams of *lampoons*, *acroſtics*, and *rebuſſes* were iſſued out by the moderns, which were all anſwered by epigrams, fables, and burleſque pieces, written by the friends of the ancients.

At length the writs were iſſued out to the proper officers to chuſe repreſentatives for the ſeveral counties and borough-towns in *Parnaſſus*, ſome places, by poetic licence, having leave to return as many members as could fairly prove a qualification. *Homer* and *Virgil* were declared for epic poetry; *Milton* was ſet up by the encouragement of ſeveral friends, and all three were duly elected. *Homer* had four and twenty upon the poll; *Virgil* twelve; *Milton*, by an aſſeſſment a little before the election, created two new votes, by which he alſo reached the number twelve. *Virgil* was ſo modeſt, that he made no objection. *Taſſo* and Sir *Richard Blackmore* were declared candidates; but the former was proved to have bribed with falſe ware and *tinſel:* the latter could not make out a qualification.

In the regions of tragedy, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* joined intereſts, and *Ariſtotle* undertook to canvaſs

canvaſs for them; but *Shakeſpear* carried it by a great majority. *Corneille* and *Racine* ſtood next upon the liſt. A ſcrutiny was demanded in favour of the *old intereſt*, upon a ſuſpicion that ſeveral *copy-holders* had polled for the moderns. The *new-intereſt* employed ſome *French* critics to go through their anſwer; it was thought it would at laſt end in a double return. It was further ſaid, that *Otway* and *Rowe* would be declared duly elected. *Dryden* and *Lee* joined intereſts, and, though many gay and flighty perſons were very warm in their cauſe, their ſchemes were looked upon, by the cool and judicious, as rather too wild and romantic. The *French* critics threatened that, at ſome future election, they ſhould be able to make more members, being reſolved to put up *Crebillon* and *Voltaire* even againſt *Shakeſpear*; to which end, ſeveral libels againſt the laſt-mentioned genius were already drawn up by *Voltaire*.

In the comic region the ancients loſt their election by a great majority. *Moliere*, *Ben Johnſon*, *Congreve*, and *Vanburgh* were declared duly elected. *Shakeſpear* was made an honorary member for this quarter, being univerſally allowed a repreſentative of both places. *Dryden* found means, by

by the assistance of a *Spanish* friar, to insinuate himself into this place. It was given out, that, when *Colley Cibber* arrives, he will be put up as a person duly qualified; though it is apprehended that his quarrel with *Pope* has deprived him of several votes.

The *new interest* exulted greatly upon their conquest in the last election. In order to complete their triumph, they claimed an exclusive right in the regions of *humour* and *ridicule*. *Homer* was here again put up by *Aristotle*, who urged the *Margites* as a sufficient claim; but, the writings of that estate being lost, he was obliged to decline the poll. An advertisement was published, desiring the votes and interest of all the true sons of merriment for *Aristophanes*, *Menander*, *Plautus*, and *Terence*, who had just lost their election in another place. *Lucian* set up upon his own interest. The moderns declared *Cervantes*, *Rablais*, *Swift*, and *Butler* joint candidates, being all gentlemen heartily attached to true wit and humour. Votes were also solicited for several other personages; Monsieur *la Sage*, *Scarron*, *Marivaux*, and *Addison* were strongly recommended; but the latter being returned, in conjunction with *Terence* and *la Sage*, for the borough of POLITE-MIRTH, Sir *Richard Steele* appeared on the hustings, and

withdrew his friend's name. *Swift* mixed with the lower ſort of people; joked with the women about their dreſſing-rooms, and republiſhed his account of the ſtrange man juſt arrived in town. *Rablais* contributed a good deal to the general mirth: the grave humour of *Cervantes*, and that wonderful vein of ſenſe which he diſplayed with infinite variety, charmed all that heard him: *Lucian* was not able to make himſelf univerſally underſtood. Many of his turns did not allude to modern-practiſed life. *Scarron* got together a company of ſtrollers, and exhibited entertainments in booths with great ſucceſs. *Ward*, *Concanon*, and *Tom Brown* offered themſelves on this occaſion, but were rejected with contempt. At length the books were cloſed, and *Lucian*, *Cervantes*, *Butler*, and *Swift* were declared duly elected. By this event, the managers for the *new intereſt* were highly inflamed: they lodged a petition in favour of *Rablais*; but ſuch a vein of extravagance runs through the whole of that writer's work, and ſome paſſages are worked up into ſuch a ſtrain of unintelligible frolic, that it was generally ſuppoſed it would be given againſt him. His friends, however, were determined to bring him in for an inferior borough: in thoſe regions, *Scarron* and *Marivaux* were alſo aſſured of their election. Whenever *Fielding* ſhall

arrive

arrive in thoſe regions, the borough of *true humour* is ready to elect him.

To have ſo many moderns choſen for the laſt diviſion was highly agreeable to the *new intereſt*. They were however a good deal dejected at the election for *hiſtory*: their conteſt here was ineffectual, *Thucidides*, *Salluſt*, *Livy*, and *Tacitus* being choſen by a great majority. *Faminianus Strada* endeavoured to hurt the election of the laſt-mentioned writer, in order, as it was thought, to ſubſtitute himſelf; but peers being allowed to appear at elections in *Parnaſſus*, Lord *Bolingbroke* gave all his intereſt to *Tacitus*, and aſſured him that his works were of infinite uſe in all his political tracts. *Salluſt* recommended St. *Real*, an approved *French* hiſtorian, to a borough. *Julius Cæſar* was put up without his conſent, literary fame not being the object of his ambition. Lord *Clarendon* was for a long time decried by a party, but was at laſt declared duly elected.

Demoſthenes and *Cicero* harangued from the huſtings, and were unanimouſly choſen for *Oratory*. It was thought that ſome, who have made a conſpicuous figure in the *Britiſh* parliaments, would be admitted to the honour of a ſeat with thoſe immortal geniuſes. A party of *Frenchmen* en-

deavoured to make a ſtand, upon the ſtrength of ſome certain funeral orations; but in a few hours they found themſelves greatly out-polled.

Horace, *Boileau*, *Dryden*, and Mr. *Pope* were made the repreſentatives of *Satyr*; *Juvenal* and *Perſius* having ſet up upon their own ſeparate intereſts. As ſoon as the election was over, *Pope* thanked the electors for the honour conferred upon him, and ſignified his inclination to take his ſeat for *Ethics*, to which he was recommended by the Lord Viſcount *Bolingbroke*. The voters came to a reſolution to fill up the vacancy by putting up the famous Doctor *Young*, though in his abſence.

Lord *Bacon* and Mr. *Locke* were returned for real and uſeful philoſophy, at which *Ariſtotle* was violently enraged. He was, however, ſomewhat comforted to find himſelf the firſt on the poll for *Criticiſm*; *Longinus*, *Quintilian*, and *Bohours* were alſo declared duly elected. There was a great number of boroughs in this county, moſt of which were repreſented by *Frenchmen*, the chief of whom was the *Abbé du Bos*, author of the Reflections upon Poeſy and Painting. Mr. *Addiſon* was alſo returned in this diſtrict, but being previouſly choſen for another place, he thanked the voters

in

in general, and told them they would not be at a loſs for a proper repreſentative, whenever the author of the *Polymetis* ſhould be willing to ſtand the poll. *Vida* and *Boileau* were unanimouſly choſen.

In the regions of miſcellaneous poetry, *Dryden* had an offer from almoſt every place. *Spencer* was elected for a borough, ſaid to be over-run with witches and fairies. In *Paſtoral*, *Ambroſe Philips* exerted his utmoſt intereſt; but it was ſaid that Mr. *Pope*, though he did not chuſe to be the repreſentative himſelf, had reſolved to hinder *Philips* from coming in. *Virgil* thanked the country people for the offers made to himſelf; expatiated on rural happineſs, and ſaid he ſhould always be a lover of *Woods* and *Rivers*; but begged leave to recommend *Vaniere*, writer of the *Prædium Ruſticum*, and the late Mr. *James Thompſon*, author of the Seaſons. He praiſed many paſſages in *Rapin*'s Gardens.

Æſop, *Phædrus*, *la Fontaine*, and *Gay*, were choſen for the fabulous country, where a new party was ſpringing up for the author of the Fables for the *female ſex*. With theſe proceedings the *new intereſt* had no reaſon to be diſſatisfied, though they were highly diſappointed in ſeveral places. However, they were determined to keep up their ſpirits with a ſhew of a general victory.

Their acclamations were ſo loud on the occaſion, that I was awaked from my dream.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

J. NIGHTMARE.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Rainbow Coffee-houſe.

Yeſterday at a board of PRIGGISM held here, it was pretty warmly debated between *Jemmy Spindle* and *Jack Dupe, whether a gentleman acquires more honour by whoring than by gaming?* When Mr. *Spindle* begged leave to ſay, that the little reputation he held in the world was entirely owing to his appearing, every night during the winter ſeaſon, between two girls in the balcony ——here Mr. *Dupe* interrupted him, and obſerved that undoubtedly whoring was eſſentially neceſſary towards eſtabliſhing the character of a man of ſpirit; but that in his opinion, gaming ſhewed more the man of conſequence, the firſt men in the kingdom being jockeys and gameſters. Cards and dice being carried in, the company were like to ſit late.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXXIV.

Saturday, May 25, 1754.

Miſce ſtultitiam conſiliis brevem:
Dulce eſt deſipere in loco. HOR.

AFTER having peruſed the new Tragedy of *Creuſa*, with all that pleaſure which reſults from a well-conducted ſtory, and an elegant ſimplicity in the diction, I was at length ſtruck in a very particular manner with the ſecond epilogue, which the author has annexed to it. A parliament of women ſuggeſts many ideas of a pleaſant nature: There is a variety in the turn of expreſſion, for which this little piece has been juſtly admired. Having laid aſide the book, I found that the female Houſe of Commons had taken entire poſſeſſion of my imagination. Methought I ſaw my fair countrywomen engaged in a deep debate. The lovely *Whigs* and *Tories* carried on their party-diviſions with great warmth and vehement elocution. The words *Court* and *Country* Intereſt, *Britiſh Conſtitution*, *Patriotiſm*, *Virtue*, *Bribery* and *Corruption*, *Liberty* and *Property*, *free uninfluenced Election*, *arbitrary Power*,

with a long ſtring of ſuch like phraſes, were banded about by theſe beautiful repreſentatives, with as much zeal and impetuoſity, as ever they have been from the days of *Hampden* down to the preſent happy period. Their fans I imagined prettily diverſified with various emblematical figures. Inſtead of love-ſick virgins, jeſſamine bowers, rural ſwains playing on the flute, they diſplayed to view nothing but ſcaffoldings, executions, ſcenes of broils and battles, ſea-pieces, embattled ſquadrons, the ſpirit-ſtirring drum, as *Shakeſpear* has it, the *ear-piercing fife*, the *royal-banner*, and *every circumſtance of glorious war*. The patch no longer ſerved as a mere embelliſhment of beauty: it had now the moſt expreſſive energy, denoting the attachments of the ladies to the court or country party. *Blue* and *yellow* ribbons adorned the head-dreſs, and hung out a kind of flag of defiance to the oppoſite party. Elections were ſtrongly conteſted all over the kingdom: The *old* and *new intereſt* claſhed in *Oxfordſhire*, and ended at laſt in a double return. In *Kent* a lady of ancient and honourable family was thrown out. The people of *Briſtol* paid a voluntary compliment to a lady of diſtinguiſhed genius, who had been inſtrumental in bringing *Briſtol* ſtone-buckles into faſhion. After a very warm conteſt for the City of *London*, upon finally

cloſing the poll, the numbers ſtood thus:

Lady *Betty Allworthy*, She-Knight, and *Milliner*	3650
Mrs. *Mary Meanwell*, *Haberdaſher*	3570
Lady *Fanny Comely*, She-Knight, and *Perfumer*	3125
Mrs. *Elizabeth Sugarcane*, of *Billingſgate-Ward*	2950
Lady *Harriet Luteſtring*, She-Knight, and *Mercer*	2603
Lady *Deborah Gideonite*, She-Knight, and *Malt-Diſtiller*.	2521

Whereupon the four firſt were declared duly elected. The laſt mentioned lady, it was ſaid, would be brought in for ſome other place at the recommendation of an old dutcheſs at court. The writs being all returned, I ſuppoſed the parliament aſſembled, the ladies in the upper houſe, and the commoners in the lower. The female commons immediately proceeded to chuſe a ſpeaker, which was a point of great difficulty, every one being eager for that office, upon a ſuppoſition, that the ſpeaker was to have the largeſt ſhare of the debate: being undeceived in this point, the matter was at length adjuſted. The houſe proceeded on buſineſs. As ſeveral occurrences

offered themſelves to my thoughts on this occaſion, I ſhall throw this part of my waking-dream into the form made uſe of on theſe occaſions.

VOTES of the FEMALE HOUSE of COMMONS.

Veneris, 16 *Die* Maij, 1754.

AN ingroſſed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act for repealing an Act made in the laſt ſeſſions to prohibit ſhort aprons, and bring the ſame into faſhion again*, was read a ſecond time, and committed.

An ingroſſed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act for repealing another Act made laſt ſeſſions for preventing clandeſtine marriages, and other purpoſes therein mentioned*, it being the ſenſe of all ladies of condition, that they ſhould have a diſcretionary power to marry Mr. *Thomas* the butler, or *John* the coachman, or 'Squire *Hazard* the gameſter, or *Bob* the footman, or any other perſon according to their own whim and fancy. The bill was read a ſecond time and committed.

Ordered,

Ordered,

That leave be given to bring in a bill to amend ſeveral laws relating to the paying and returning viſits in the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, and that Mrs. *Letitia Loveit* do prepare and bring in the ſame.

A meſſage from the ladies, by Mrs. *Tattle* and Mrs. *Gobetween*, that the ladies have paſſed a bill, entitled, *An Act for the ſale of a capital meſſuage in* Groſvenor-Square, *in the County of* Middleſex, *and the gardens and outhouſes thereunto belonging (part of the eſtate of the preſent Lord* Townly), *and veſting the ſame in* William Pounce, *of* Lombard-Street, *Banker, and for laying out the purchaſe-money in diſcharge of Lady* Townly's *gaming Debts, and for other purpoſes therein mentioned*; to which the ladies deſire the concurrence of this houſe; and alſo,

That the ladies have paſſed a bill, entitled, *An Act for veſting part of the eſtate of* George Fiddlefaddle, *Eſq. in the County of* Suffolk, *and part of his eſtate in the* Iſle of Wight, *in truſtees, to receive the rents of the ſame, and apply the iſſues in payment of Mrs.* Fiddlefaddle's *pin-money, to defray the neceſſary expences attending routs and drums, the keeping of a faro-bank, and other purpoſes therein mentioned*;

mentioned; to which the ladies desire the concurrence of this house.

And then the messengers withdrew.

An ingrossed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act to dissolve the marriage of Lady* Betty Witless, *with Lord Viscount* Manly, *on account of his insolent presumption in controlling his said wife, and to enable her to marry again, and for other purposes therein mentioned.* The bill was read a second time.

Resolved,

That this house will, upon this day sevennight, resolve itself into a committee of the whole house upon the said bill.

Mrs. *Gadabout* moved for leave to bring in a bill to enable Mrs. *Tarbarrel* to keep a dozen card-tables, in spight of her unruly husband, Captain *Tarbarrel*, just returned from the *East-Indies*, who is brute enough to say, he will have no such doings in his house.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Gadabout* do prepare and bring in the same.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bizarre* (according to order) reported from a committee of the whole houſe, to whom the bill to repeal ſeveral laws to prohibit the importation of *French laces* and *cambricks*, and a bill to ſuppreſs the *Spittle-field* weavers; and relating to paint, waſhes, fans, gloves, and other important articles, and for the better encouragement of *French* hair-cutters, and to authoriſe the payment of the bounty to *John Exotic*, and others, upon a ſhip fitted out for *China*, in order to import teas, and China figures of all ſorts, and loſt near *Madagaſcar*, was committed; and Mrs. *Bizarre* read the report, and afterwards delivered the bill, with the amendments, in at the *Tea-table*, where the amendments were read, and agreed to by the houſe.

Ordered,

That the bill, with the amendments, be ingroſſed.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Trifle* have leave to make a motion.

And ſhe moved the houſe accordingly.

An ingroſſed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act to enable* Pompey the little, *lap-dog to Lady* Mary

Mary Carmine, *to relinquiſh the ſaid name of* Pompey the little, *and aſſume for the future to him and his heirs-male, the ſtile and name of* MARQUIS, was read the firſt time.

Ordered,

That the ſaid bill do lie upon the *Tea-table.*

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Bragwell* have leave to make a motion.

And ſhe moved the houſe accordingly.

An ingroſſed bill from the ladies, entitled, *An Act for changing the preſent current ſtile in this kingdom, and to convert night into day,* was read the firſt time, and ordered to be read a ſecond time.

An ingroſſed bill, entitled, *An Act for impowering Lady* Stakeall *to cut down and ſell timber ſtanding and growing upon the eſtate of Lord* Stakeall, *her huſband, in order to enable the ſaid Lady* Stakeall *to purchaſe monkeys, parrots, and other neceſſaries, and alſo to make a very large bet at the next maſquerade, and for other purpoſes therein mentioned,* was read the third time.

Reſolved,

Reſolved,

That the bill do paſs.

An ingroſſed bill, called by the vulgar, *the ſtarknaked bill*, but more properly entitled, *An Act for aboliſhing the preſent form of dreſs among ladies of faſhion, and reducing it, as near as modern manners will permit, to the primitive cuſtom of our firſt mother* Eve, *by ſhortening the petticoat and lowering the ſtays, upon a plan of œconomy to make both ends meet*, was read a third time.

Reſolved,

That the bill do paſs.

Ordered,

That Mrs. *Fetch* do carry the bill to the ladies, and deſire their concurrence.

And then the houſe adjourned till to-morrow morning nine of the clock.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXXV.

Saturday, June 1, 1754.

O rus! quando ego te aſpiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno & inertibus horis,
Ducere ſolicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

HOR.

I LATELY met with a fable, which I thought was carried on in a pleaſing vein of fancy. Poetry (ſays my author) is the ſon of the God of *Eaſe* and the Goddeſs of *Meditation*. He bears in his appearance ſuch a ſtrong reſemblance to his parents, that it is impoſſible to miſtake the marks of his legitimacy.

From his father, he derives his apparent indolence, his ſerenity, his graceful elocution, and his unlaboured turn of thought. A remarkable neglect of the ordinary uſes of life, a diſregard for riches, and a total abſence of all worldly ambition, ſave what is inſpired by virtue and honeſt fame, are his diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics. From his mother he poſſeſſes his modeſty, which makes him not very fond of obtruding himſelf into company; his penſive air, which inclines him

him to precepts of morality, or ſome topic which may be ſubſervient to the uſe or enjoyment of life; his love of ſolitude, which leads him into rural ſcenes, where he may give free ſcope to his imagination, undiſturbed by the cares and anxieties of life. The ſame diſpoſition in his temper renders him not very fond of being known by the bulk of mankind. If he thinks proper to publiſh the reſult of his contemplative moments, he does not like to be pointed at by the multitude, but chuſes to receive the tribute of applauſe, obtained by his writings, without being liable to the ſarcaſms, the taunts, and malevolent jeſts, which are always the ſure concomitants of praiſe, like the ſlave in the triumphal car of the Roman general.

From theſe motives he is enamoured of retirement, convinced, that the more he keeps himſelf at a diſtance, the more beauties will be ſeen in his productions; as the hills, and remote parts of a proſpect preſent a more vivid green, than when the ſcene lies nearer, and the heath, the craggy rock, and ploughed land, are familiariſed to the naked eye.

Such is the ſubſtance of the fable. The beſt writers in all ages have concurred in the ſame ſentiments.

ſentiments. Accordingly the beſt of the ancient poets are conſtantly offering warm pictures of rural imagery to our imaginations. They ſeem to be ſtifled with duſt and ſmoke, when they mention a city-life. We frequently find them expatiating with rapture upon the pleaſures of a country-life, which they look upon to be the nurſe of thought, and the only ſphere in which their ſtudies can be proſecuted with any degree of ſucceſs.

The ſame obſervation will hold good with regard to all kinds of writings, unleſs it be thoſe excellent productions of the preſs, which make their appearance under the various ſhapes of *Newgate*-memoirs, news-papers, and political pamphlets. In works that call for a long train of reaſoning, ſubtile diſquiſitions, and unwearied application, undoubtedly the proper place is in thoſe regions, where riot and debauchery are ſtrangers; where gaming and drinking are unknown, and where, above all, health and cheerfulneſs add new luſtre to the face of things.

It may perhaps ſeem a paradox, that, among all the gentlemen of the quill, there is not one, to whom ſolitude and eaſe are more neceſſary than the periodical writer. His lucubrations;

it

it is true, are generally comprized in a narrow compaſs. He does not, for the moſt part, pretend to ſearch every ſubject to the bottom. The reader does not expect deep ſpeculations, abſtract reaſonings, or new ſyſtems of morality and religion. It is, notwithſtanding, the intereſt of the adventurer in this way to appear as ſeldom as poſſible in little circles at coffee-houſes, convivial clubs at taverns, and the long train of public places, which ſerve no other purpoſe than merely to kill time, and hurry him into a courſe of vanity and diſſipation.

There is a paſſage in Mr. *Pope*, which I have ever peruſed with admiration, becauſe it ſhews him a man of the moſt prudent underſtanding, as well as the moſt finiſhed poet.

I ne'er with wits, and witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of vulgar praiſe.
Nor, like a puppy, daggl'd thro' the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down.
Nor at rehearſals mouth'd, and ſweat, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide.
I aſk'd no homage from the race that write,
But kept, like Eaſtern monarchs, from their ſight;
And ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo *left the whole* Caſtalian *ſtate.*

Perhaps too great a tincture of pride runs through theſe lines, for any one elſe to make application of them to himſelf. *Pope* had talents ſuperior to almoſt all mankind; but if a more humble writer cannot withdraw himſelf, like an Eaſtern monarch, he may at leaſt accompliſh it, like *Juvenal*'s friend in his third ſatire, who retired from *Rome*, to avoid its plagues and inconveniencies.

——*Atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.*

It is poſſible my readers may think theſe tenets inconſiſtent with the character of *Ranger*; but airy and gay as he may appear, he is now perfectly averſe from the wild ſallies of his nameſake in the play. He would not chuſe to ſtagger home from a box and dice in the morning, nor get through a window into an honeſt gentleman's houſe at night; he cannot run after every white apron he ſees, nor keep company with a ſet of fellows whom he deſpiſes. And yet there are inconveniencies, to which a reſident in town is for ever liable. Prejudices are apt to riſe againſt an author, who does not take care to conceal himſelf. The tranſition is ſo quick from the performance to the perſon, that from the moment a man begins to publiſh, he is engaged

in

in a ſtate of warfare with almoſt all the malevolent critics of the age.

Some readers have no criterion, by which to judge of a production, except the rules of phyſiognomy. If an author appears younger than themſelves, they hold it abſolutely impoſſible to receive any inſtruction from him. It is, by the way, ſomewhat ſtrange that this experienced claſs will not allow a man to be fit to entertain them, until his imagination begins to flag, his invention to cloſe, like flowers at the ſetting of the ſun, his memory to decay, and his wit, if he have any ſhare of it, to become ſlow and torpid.

There is another ſet of people, who make it their buſineſs to pry into a writer's connections, and thoroughly inform themſelves of his attachments, his friendſhips, and his reſentments. As theſe happen to coincide with their own way of thinking, they blame or approve.

In this manner is the perſon judged, who attempts to run the dangerous career of wit, as *Boileau* expreſſes it, *du bel Elprit la Carriere epineuſe*. Upon the whole, I think it may be laid down as a maxim, that the writer who would evade the cenſures of prejudice, the blaſts of

detraction, and the envy of rival wits, ſhould as long as poſſible remain unknown. *Patroclus* conquered in the armour of *Achilles:* had he let the ſecret eſcape, with double his ſtrength and valour, he would not have been able to atchieve any thing remarkable againſt the *Trojans*. In his own perſon and character he would have made no impreſſion on the enemy: under his feigned appearance he performed wonders.

TRUE INTELLIGENCE.

Bedford Coffee-Houſe, June 1ſt.

LAST night the Parliament of Criticiſm met here, when Mr. *Town* came with his uſual *apparatus*, and gave his aſſent to the following bills.

An act to prevent a conſtant repetition of the ſame worn-out tragedies throughout every ſeaſon.

An act to oblige every capital actor to bring at leaſt two new parts into the ſtock every winter, by way of ſhewing how he paſſed his time in his receſs from buſineſs during the ſummer,

and

and to ſeveral public and private bills. After which Mr. *Town* made the following moſt gracious ſpeech.

My Friends and Critics,

As we are now come to the concluſion of the critical ſeſſions, I cannot diſmiſs you, without returning you thanks for that peeviſhneſs and petulance, which you have manifeſted during this laſt ſeaſon. It is with the utmoſt pleaſure I now let you know, that ſeveral pretenders to poetry have wrote new tragedies and comedies, in a ſtyle that will afford the higheſt joy, as they will all moſt infallibly be damned, whenever they appear.

Gentlemen of the City,

Your clapping and hiſſing, with implicit deference to my judgment, at both play-houſes, during this laſt winter, ſhews your affection for me and my cauſe.

My Friends and Critics,

It is with an unſpeakable regret I am now to tell you, that I muſt retire from the weighty cares of criticiſm, until providence ſhall pleaſe to reſtore my hiſſing powers, which are now ſomewhat

impaired. I muſt now diſſolve the parliament of criticiſm; and, whenever you are ſummoned together again, I hope you will adhere to the noble principles of *malevoliſm*, which it has ever been my ſtudy to inculcate.

And the parliament of criticiſm was diſſolved accordingly.

NUMBER LXXXVI.

Saturday, June 8, 1754.

——Res antiquæ laudis & artis
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes. VIRG.

OUR club met a few nights ſince at the *Devil* Tavern, when the converſation principally turned upon topics of literature, and particularly dramatic poetry. Many of our beſt modern tragedies were examined. I obſerved, that it was frequently ſaid of pieces, confeſſedly inartificial in the fable, unforcible in ſentiment, and deſtitute of character, that they contained a fine vein of poetry. Our profeſſor of criticiſm immediately objected to the propriety of the expreſſion. He did not underſtand how a bad play could have fine poetry: florid deſcriptions, and imagery finely painted, if out of time and place, are vicious in the kind. The poetry, he ſaid, which is neither ſuited to the occaſion, nor governed by the laws of the work in hand, muſt be always condemned by men of taſte and judgment. My friend Mr. *Candid* has drawn up a ſet of papers, which may throw ſome light upon

the ſubject. He gave me an eſſay for this day, which may ſerve as an opening of his deſign.

In order to decide upon the excellence or imperfection of any art, it is neceſſary to know the original intent and aim of that art, with the various means by which it accompliſhes its deſigns. If the art be a branch of literature, it will be expedient to trace all manner of compoſition to its ſource, and thence to purſue the ſeveral rivulets which have ſtreamed from it. This has been done with great perſpicuity and elegance by the author of the eſſays on the characteriſtics, who has juſtly determined the three primary branches of compoſition to be, *poetry*, *eloquence*, and *argument*. A juſt coalition of all three forms the conſummate beauty of fine writing. "It "would be," continues the author, "perhaps both "a new and pleaſing ſpeculation to point out the "writers in their ſeveral kinds, who have been "moſt remarkably excellent, or defective, "with regard to the juſt union of theſe three "ſpecies of compoſition. At preſent it muſt "ſuffice to have hinted ſuch a criticiſm, which "the reader may eaſily proſecute." Such a criticiſm might diſtinguiſh the reſpective graces of all kinds of writing. It would enable us to aſcertain and fix the proper criterions,

by

by which to judge of the beauties proper to each different ſpecies. Upon this ſubject it is my intention to offer a few reflections, and, as conciſely as I am able, to point out the riſe of the three modes of writing already mentioned.

Man being a ſociable creature, it was neceſſary, that certain ſigns, univerſally agreed upon, ſhould be uſed for the reciprocal conveyance of his ideas. Sounds, which we call words, were the quickeſt vehicles, and therefore grew into general uſe. As the ſtock of ideas enlarged, the demand for words became more extenſive: mutual intercourſe begot further acquiſitions, and language daily increaſed. That every diſtinct idea ſhould be expreſſed by a term appropriated to it was altogether impoſſible. The mind, therefore, ſoon found an expedient to ſupply its wants. Reaſon began to compare, to diſtinguiſh, and ſeparate the various ideas, which had paſſed through the ſenſes, and were formed into different combinations by the power of imagination. A ſimilitude was diſcovered between various images. It followed, that things were expreſſed by borrowed names on account of a reſemblance exiſting between them. The term thus transferred was called a *metaphor*, and what was thus introduced

duced out of neceſſity, became in proceſs of time an abſolute luxury. The poets, who, it is probable, were the firſt compoſers, were ſoon aware of the beauty that reſults from metaphorical expreſſion. They were to lead mankind from huts and dens to a ſtate of civilization. By their ſongs and ballads the imagination of their hearers was to be ſeized, and for this purpoſe every thing was to be painted forth in the warmeſt colouring. The epithet which denotes the qualities inherent in all objects lent its aid, and ſong and melody became the delight of mankind.

But the matter did not reſt here: cities were multiplied, and ſtates enlarged themſelves: artificial paſſions began to operate; ambition graſped at power; and *envy*, *jealouſy*, *revenge*, and *malice* ſowed the ſeeds of diſcord, of party, and faction. Diſtracted with inteſtine commotions, the crowd was governed by the demagogue, who was moſt fluent in words. There was not time for the meaſured writer to produce his compoſition; an immediate addreſs was requiſite to influence the paſſions of the multitude: men of genius came forth, and, deſtitute of number, addreſſed the people in humble proſe. But ſtill the attention was to be fixed; the orator could

not diveſt himſelf of all the properties of poetry, but continued to addreſs the imagination, and thus to influence their paſſions. As the leaſt appearance of a deſign upon their underſtandings on theſe occaſions would totally defeat itſelf, it followed, that all the ambitious ornaments, and thoſe gaudy colourings, which poetry ſpreads ſo laviſhly on every ſubject, were here introduced with a more ſparing hand. The imagination was addreſſed as it affords acceſs to the paſſions. In this manner eloquence deduced its origin, a leſs luxuriant kind of poetry, diſengaged from regular numbers, but ſtill filling the ear with harmony, and moulding the paſſions to its own end and uſe.

In proportion as mankind became enlightened, as arts and manufactures increaſed, and ſcience extended itſelf, it was not enough that *poetry* charmed with its graceful combinations, and that *eloquence* awakened and agitated the paſſions; *reaſon* began to exert its influence, to look for utility and truth in every compoſition, and ſtripping away the luxuriances of laviſh deſcription, coolly and diſpaſſionately to conſider every thing that was offered. Hence ſprung the *didactic*, or the argumentative form. *Demoſthenes* was obliged to borrow much from this more inſtructive manner.

From

From a refined and polished people he was obliged to conceal his art: while he storms the heart, he frequently appears to do no more than reason with energy. *Tully* had to deal with minds more gross and less informed. To such hearers the art of the orator would not be palpable; and we, therefore, see him upon every great occasion exhausting all the stores of eloquence.

In this manner, the three primary branches of composition arose in the world. Each is plainly deducible from the very principles of our constitution. As the imagination is the warmest faculty of the soul, *poetry*, whose principal intent is to please, particularly addresses this power of perception. *Eloquence*, more chaste and reserved in its embellishments, strikes chiefly at the passions; and the passions are then most powerfully excited, when fancy pictures strong appearances of good or evil. *Eloquence* to render its colourings strong and glowing is often obliged to borrow from the regions of imagination. The argumentative form proceeds in a different manner: it is the province of *reason* to compare its ideas, and to form various affirmations or negations relative to them; the *didactic*, therefore, holds less of embellishment, content to be plain, correct, and unadorned.

There

There are not in human nature any other inlets of perception, or any other faculties of ſenſation, to which the art of a writer could apply. The imagination, the paſſions, and reaſon are the three ſprings of compoſition. Men of refinement and reflection, perceiving what a powerful influence any one of theſe branches of writing has upon the mind, have thence inferred, that the joint force of all three united, muſt carry the power of genius to ſtill a greater degree of perfection. Hence, in whatever way they were engaged, we find them taking every opportunity to make excurſions into their neighbours territories, and borrowing improvements to decorate their productions. *Eloquence* has learned from *poetry* to warm and enliven the imagination: *poetry* has marked the influence of *eloquence* on the paſſions, and has endeavoured to glide to the heart through the ſame inlets; both have found it neceſſary to recommend themſelves to *reaſon*, and we ſee them, accordingly, borrowing aſſiſtance from the *didactic*. The reaſoning faculty, in its turn, aware that a mere train of deductions would be too dry, takes occaſion to adorn itſelf with the flowers of imagination, and, in ſome ſpeculations, endeavours to awaken the paſſions.

Hence

Hence then it appears, that a concurrence of the primary branches of writing is requiſite in all works of genius: but there is ſome danger of running riot, and making too frequent and unjuſtifiable progreſſes into each other's territories. To fix the boundaries of each kind has been the taſk of criticiſm. By the great maſters in this art we are taught to determine how far one mode of compoſition may encroach upon another; and while it borrows aſſiſtance, we know that the juſt colouring, which belongs to the kind, muſt be always carefully preſerved.

Diſtinctas ſervare vices operumque colores.

There are in nature but few original colours. It is from the meltings and ſoftenings of theſe into each other, that the various appearance of things derives its origin. It is the ſame in writing: the ſeveral ſpecies of it, which are now practiſed, are modes of *poetry*, *eloquence*, and *argument*, differently blended. How far the union is juſt, ſhall be occaſionally examined in a few detached eſſays. The reſult of the enquiry will, perhaps, enables us to ſee the peculiar merit of an *Epic Poem*, a *Tragedy*, or a *Comedy*. The reader may at his leaſure carry the reſearch into other ſubordinate branches of writing.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXXVII.

Saturday, June 15, 1754.

Et prodeſſe volunt & delectare poetæ,
Et ſimul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.

Nec ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poemata, dulcia ſunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
HOR.

THE author of my motto has compriſed, in a few lines, the three principal qualities of poetry. Its aim, ſays he, is to afford at once utility and delight: to offer what may be agreeable to the fancy, and conduce to the advantages of human life. He adds, it is not enough that a poem abounds in beauties; it muſt find its way to the heart, and rouze the ſoul with what paſſions it pleaſes. This deſcription includes the leading requiſites of poetry; and, likewiſe, the three primary modes of compoſition mentioned in our paper of laſt Saturday. To pleaſe, to perſuade, and to inſtruct are the great ends of compoſition, ſometimes, indeed, diſtinctly purſued, and, occaſionally, all in one united effort.

It

It is to theſe principles that we owe *poetry*, *eloquence*, and *argument*.

Epic poetry has always had the pre-eminence: it affords the freeſt and moſt ample room for a diſplay of the three original ſpecies of writing. It is by obſerving how theſe friendly colours mix and blend with each other, that we are to form a judgment upon the different authors, who have proved any way eminent in the literary world. *Boſſu* and other critics have informed us, that the epic fable muſt involve one entire action; that this action muſt have a beginning, a middle, and an end: they have told us, that the poet muſt not take up the thread of his narrative too near the beginning of his ſtory; that he muſt haſten into the midſt of things, and occaſionally give a retroſpect to ſuch matters as are neceſſary to be known. They have treated largely of the machinery; of the time the fable ſhould include, with many other particulars, which, though proper to be explained, do not any way conduce to the refinement of taſte, or the improvement of true genius. Theſe rules, with many others of equal moment, are no more than obſervations upon the practice of great writers; and what great writers have done, critics have been willing to convert into a law. Such

laws

laws may, in general, be convenient, but they are arbitrary at beſt. Thoſe rules only, which are founded upon the inward frame and conſtitution of man, can be regarded as permanent, and unalterable.

It is manifeſt, that the epic writer has the moſt unbounded latitude. He may inſert the graces of every kind of compoſition. All nature lies at his command; wherever he caſts his eyes, he is lord of the manor; he can turn a road, by poetical act of parliament, through lawns and groves, and ſcenes of paſturage; the four ſeaſons obey his directions; he needs never be at a loſs for agreeable exhibitions of nature, to pleaſe the imagination. The whole ſyſtem of ethics is alſo his; he may take occaſion to improve his readers by ſhort ſentences, and tranſient reflections on human life. The whole art of eloquence is likewiſe perfectly open to the epic author: the paſſions wait his nod, and riſe or fall, as he directs. In this laſt-mentioned requiſite the *Abbé du Bos* places the conſummate perfection of fine poetry. Certain it is, the mind never feels ſuch intenſe pleaſure from any of the imitative arts, as when its paſſions are awakened; when the ſoul finds itſelf rouſed from an impaſſive ſtate, and unexpectedly agitated by the ſkilful

touches of a maſter-poet. The author juſt quoted aſcribes the pleaſure we feel from that inward ferment, which the poet raiſes, to the ſatisfaction which the ſoul enjoys at the perception of its own activity: may we not add to this, what is ſuggeſted, if I remember right, by the author of *the Pleaſure of the Imagination?* Our moral ſenſe receives on the occaſion an additional delight. We are pleaſed to find the ſocial affections ſenſibly alive: we delight in the proper ſenſations of humanity. *Ariſtotle* adds the gratification we feel in comparing our ideas. Where the real object agrees with the image excited by the imitative arts, we obſerve with rapture that the repreſentation is juſt and true.

Were I to ſay, in which of the three powers of the mind, already mentioned, *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton*, are moſt eminent; I ſhould aſcribe to *Homer* the ſtrongeſt and moſt vigorous efforts of imagination, with an amazing faculty of alarming us with noble deſcriptions of all the magnificent objects in nature. As to our own *Milton*, I ſhould be inclined to declare him a rival of the *Greek* poet, for a comprehenſive ſublimity of conception; and *Virgil*'s excellence I ſhould place in beautiful touches of poetic eloquence. His whole fourth book I take to be a maſter-piece in this way. The various agita-

tions

tions of mind which *Dido* endures; her love, her jealouſy, her rage, her tenderneſs, her many mixed emotions, are perhaps the fineſt ſtrokes in poetry. In his ſixth book there are ſeveral ſcenes of the moſt tender nature; and, in the ninth, the grief of the mother after the death of *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, and the lamentations of *Evander*, are all to be ranked in the ſame claſs, in my opinion unequalled by any other poet, though *Homer* has ſucceeded ſo well in *Hector*'s laſt ſcene with *Andromache*, and though *Milton* has a great deal of finely impaſſioned dialogue in his juſtly celebrated poem. *Virgil* more frequently applies himſelf to the paſſions of his readers, than either of his competitors. He has, indeed, ſome improbabilities, which are to paſs under the apologizing name of THE MARVELLOUS; but *Virgil* does not ſo often ſhock our reaſon, as the *Grecian* poet, who, it muſt be owned, is often extravagant. *Milton* has the advantage of having founded his ſtory upon traditions, which our religion has ſanctified; otherwiſe I ſhould conſider his fallen angels, and the war waged by them, together with the invention of cannon, and many other circumſtances, as highly chimerical, even though they expand our fancy with grand and ſurpriſing appearances.

I ſhall take another opportunity to conſider how far tragedy may diſpute with epic poetry for the pre-eminence. At preſent I ſhall only obſerve, that the writers of heroic poeſy have, in general, been too fond of the marvellous. I would not be underſtood to cenſure the uſe of machinery: when introduced with diſcretion, it ſerves to preſent agreeable ſcenery to the mind. It were, I think, to be wiſhed, that the correctneſs of Mr. *Glover*'s judgment had not entirely excluded it from his poem of *Leonidas*, which certainly has many paſſages of warm poetic eloquence, many pieces of beautiful imagery, and ſeveral ſtrictures of uſeful and improving morality, artfully interwoven with the ground-work of his fable.

I ſhall beg leave to conclude with an obſervation, which is not entirely foreign to the purpoſe. It is remarked by Mr. *Addiſon*, that *Virgil* has but one conceit throughout his poem, and that, ſays he, is put into the mouth of the young *Julius*, when, with a kind of punning ambiguity, he obſerves, that they are eating their tables. But ſurely the great critic had forgot the paſſage, where the poet tells us, that a warrior, who runs round a tree after a flying enemy, PURSUES, and is

PURSUED,

PURSUED, becauſe both move in a circular manner.——*Sequiturque ſequentem.*

This, tried by the rule of *Bohours*, appears to have truth for its foundation; but it is ſo childiſh a truth, that I am ſorry to find it intermixed with the majeſty of the *Æneid*. Perhaps, it is like the fly on the picture, which a minute obſerver was going to bruſh away, and then found it was placed there on purpoſe by the hand of the artiſt.

NUMBER LXXXVIII.

Saturday, June 22, 1754.

——Quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
Tela, nec adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii,
Nunc omnes terrent auræ, sonus excitat omnis
Suspensum—— VIRG.

THERE is not a more exquisite pleasure in the power of man, than that which arises from a view of his own inward frame. To observe the association of our ideas, combined with a wonderful rapidity; and to watch the subtile movements of the passions, in their nature complicated and surprising, is a task requiring the closest attention, and at the same time productive of the most useful knowledge we can boast.

The solution of a mathematical problem may be agreeable to that curiosity, which is implanted in us; the *Newtonian Philosophy* may expand the imagination with stupendous ideas of the distances of heavenly bodies; but in these occupations we are in the case of *Swift*'s taylor. If we mistake

one figure, our ingenious labour evaporates into air; whereas in the purſuit of ſelf-knowledge our reaſonings are from feeling, and our diſcoveries, beſides the advantage of being as ſurpriſing as in any other ſcience, carry with them a further pleaſure; we are ourſelves more immediately concerned. In travelling through a champaign country, the proſpect on every ſide may adminiſter to the pleaſures of imagination; but a man will certainly feel more lively ſenſations when riding upon land belonging to himſelf; the landſcape of his own eſtate will look more beautiful to the eye; the lawn ſhall ſpread a more pleaſing verdure, and the diſcovery of a mine, or the ſecret ſpring of a little rill running through his meadows, will afford him a delight not to be equalled by the gayeſt ſcenes that can be preſented.

The ſtudy of the human mind is, therefore, a rational and pleaſing employment. I am always happy when any accidental circumſtance throws me into this tract of thinking: whether reading *Rabelais*'s frolic ravings, or the ſublime enthuſiaſm of *Homer*, I take occaſion to lay aſide the volume, in order to trace the pleaſure, which I have received, to its hidden ſource. An opportunity

of gratifying this turn occurred to me the other day. I was caſually turning over ſome of the moſt beautiful paſſages in epic poetry, and could not help taking notice, that I peruſed the deſcription of thouſands ſtretched upon the field of battle, weltering in blood, agonizing with their wounds, and trampled under horſes hoofs, without feeling any of thoſe propenſities to compaſſion, which were frequently awakened by the death of a ſingle perſon. I could read, with the greateſt compoſure, lines, which mention dying groans of numbers falling in one promiſcuous carnage, broken limbs of warriors, men and horſes, all mixed in onegeneral ſcene of deſtruction.

Tum vero gemitus morientum, & ſanguine in alto
Armaque, corporaque, & permiſti cæde virorum
Semianimes volvuntur equi———

A muſter-roll of heroes, who in one line embraced their fate, did not excite the leaſt tender ſenſation.

Chloreaque, Sybarimque, Daretaque, Therſilocumque.
Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytanimque.

In theſe general accounts of calamities the mind is wholly impaſſive; but when the poet thinks proper to diſtinguiſh a ſingle perſon from the throng,

throng, we melt in pity of his fate, heedleſs of the general devaſtation, which is ſpread around him. That this is the caſe every body that has read the *Æneid* will be ready to acknowledge. In this there is ſomething ſtrange: it might be imagined that our hearts ſhould be more intenſely agitated, when deſolation ſweeps whole ranks of our fellow-creatures from the face of the earth, than when we read the fate of an individual; but ſuch is our diſpoſition, that we can go through all theſe narratives without emotion; and when the epic writer throws out but a ſhort reflection upon the fall of one man, we are inſtantly fixed in attention, and our hearts throb with compaſſion for his untimely end.

The reaſon I take to be, that in the former caſe, we are only told, that ſo many embraced their fate in battle. Death is one of the conditions of human life. We therefore conſider the deſcriptions of *Homer* and *Virgil* as no more than a mere bill of mortality. When they inform us that ſuch a number periſhed upon the ſpot, we peruſe the tale with as much calmneſs as the paragraph which tells us, "increaſed in the "burials this week five hundred." When they tell us, that one receives an arrow in the jugular vein; another has a ſpear run through his ſhoulder,

der, and is rivetted to the ground; a third is wounded in the mouth, and has his head ſplit in two; it may ſerve, as the critics obſerve, to give variety to the battle, but in fact amounts to no more than what we read in a common news-paper,—"Yeſterday a labourer fell from the top of "an houſe, by which accident he broke his col-"lar bone, and inſtantly expired." An account of bodily pain makes a ſlight impreſſion: it is mental diſtreſs that principally operates upon our hearts, and our pity riſes in proportion to the agitations of mind, which we perceive in the perſon afflicted. Beſides this, the poet frequently finds collateral avenues to our ſouls. He mentions family-connections, and to heighten our ſorrow, addreſſes himſelf to the moral ſenſe of his reader. He repreſents the amiable qualities, which would have rendered his hero a deſerving member of ſociety. Our tendereſt feelings are awakened: the effect is not unlike what a man may experience in a church-yard, where he ſees a multitude of different graves, in which the good, the bad, the old, and young, lie in promiſcuous ſilence: he therefore beholds the ſcene without emotion; but as ſoon as the tomb-ſtone preſents a character of one diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, he laments the generous friend, the tender huſband, the indulgent father, and mourns for him

him who acted agreeably to the relations in which he stood to his fellow creatures. Thus when we read of a dying person, that he was a friend of the muses, and that harmony was the delight of his soul, we consider him in a different light from those, who as Mr. *Addison* expresses it, are celebrated for nothing but being knocked in the head.

——*Amicum Cretea Musis,*
Cretea Musarum comitem, cui carmina semper
Et citharæ cordi, numerosque intendere nervis.

When we are told of another, that his death was lamented by his friends in sundry parts of his country, we cannot help joining in the general grief.

Te nemus Angitiæ, vitreâ te Fucinus undâ,
Te liquidi flevêre lacus.——

The number of sufferers is increased, and our passions increase in proportion to the knowledge conveyed to us of their affections, their tender friendships, and their schemes for future happiness. One falls in the midst of his half-finished projects; him his blooming mistress mourns with frantic sorrow, and all his relations bewail his loss. Another receives his mortal wound through the

the very garment which his mother worked for him with her own hands.

Tranſiit & parmam mucro, levia arma minacis,
Et tunicam, molli mater quam neverat auro,
Implevitque ſinum ſanguis.

Beſides theſe little touches, the epic writer occaſionally diverſifies his battles with epiſodes, or ſhort accounts of particular adventures, in order to ſecure our attention, and relieve us from a ſcene of general ſlaughter. The ſtory of *Niſus* and *Euryalus* will always ſoften the reader into compaſſion; other paſſages, in one line of which there is infinitely more miſchief done, will be paſſed over with indifference. I ſhould not think the worſe of him that ſhould calmly go through moſt of the battles in epic poetry; but I hope there is not one of my readers who would not yield to the tendereſt impreſſions at the fall of *Pallas*, and the lamentation of *Æneas* over his dead body.

The uſe I would make of what has been premiſed is, that, as our paſſions are incited in proportion to the amiable qualities of the character in diſtreſs, our modern writers of tragedy ſhould attach themſelves to this circumſtance, and conſider that it is not the theatrical apparatus, the bowl,

bowl, the dagger, the dungeon, or the clank of chains, that can affect an audience, but a faithful portrait of the mind. If the players would alſo conſider the ſame, noiſe and rant would be baniſhed. Inſtead of aiming at applauſe by the mere effect of ſonorous voices, they would endeavour, by every look, every tone, and every attitude, to mark the in-felt anguiſh of the heart.

NUM-

NUMBER LXXXIX.

Saturday, Aug. 3, 1754.

Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut magus, & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
HOR.

THERE is no species of writing which has not had its particular admirer. Dr. *South* was of opinion, that a complete epigram is the masterpiece of man. Mr. *Addison* calls a *perfect tragedy the noblest production of human nature.* The truth is, each has delivered his sentiments agreeably to his own peculiar turn of thinkng. Doctor *South* excelled in lively strokes of wit: every new combination, which he formed, was an epigram; and on this account he was willing to speak in praise of his own talent. *Addison* employed many of his hours in planning his Tragedy of *Cato*: when that piece had received the highest polish he could bestow upon it, it was the greatest production of human wit. But the assertions of great men, unsustained by argument, are not to be considered as decrees, from which there can be no appeal:

Tragedy

Tragedy can only claim the ſecond place. The powers of genius, ſuch as *imagination*, *eloquence*, and *reaſon*, may be exerted in their full force in the epic compoſition; in tragedy they ſuffer great limitation. The ſame thing, which on many occaſions makes tragedy the moſt powerful performance, ſerves alſo to diveſt it of many advantages. It comes immediately before the eye. It is juſtly remarked by *Horace*, that what is conveyed to our notice through our ears, acts with more feeble impulſe, than when it paſſes through the organs of ſight.

Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator.

For this reaſon many paſſages, in which the epic writer warms and expands the imagination of his reader, are entirely excluded from the dramatic ſcene: The eye will not ſuffer itſelf to be deluded. A god, ſays the critic, ſhould not be introduced, unleſs the occaſion require a ſupernatural agent: he had ſaid better if he had abſolutely interdicted the appearance. We may in reading ſuffer ſuch an incident to be impoſed upon us; but the eye will be ſhocked with the repreſentation. The marvellous ſeems to be excluded from the ſtage. Tragedy admits no

diſplay

diſplay of *pure poetry*. The heroic poet for the moſt part ſpeaks in his own perſon: it is expected of him to pay great court to our imagination; but the dialogue of perſons, engaged in a ſphere of action, intended to intereſt the auditors, will not allow them to take up the ſcene with florid imagery. The following lines in the mouth of *Caliſta* in the *Fair Penitent* may be extremely picturesque, but if conſidered with regard to the ſituation of character, they are both inartificial and undramatic.

——————— my ſad ſoul
Has form'd a diſmal melancholy ſcene;
An unfrequented vale, o'er-grown with trees,
Moſſy and old, within whoſe loneſome ſhade
Ravens and birds ill-omen'd only dwell;
No ſound to break the ſilence, but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds.

In the regions of fancy, the *drama* muſt yield to the *epic*. In the art of eloquence, and in all applications to our reaſon, tragedy can boaſt full room for the moſt vigorous exertion. The *drama* may be as ſentimental as any other kind of writing; nay, its excellence frequently conſiſts in being ſo. With regard to the paſſions, the mode of imitation renders its influence more forcible. *Virgil* was as ſkilful a maſter of the paſſions

paſſions as any writer, ancient or modern; and though the paſſions of *Dido* are drawn with as ſtrong and glowing colourings as language can beſtow; though their various ſtrugglings are finely marked; I believe, notwithſtanding, that *Shakeſpear*'s *Lear* and *Othello* have made deeper impreſſions upon the minds of an audience.

Theſe advantages, however, are derived to the tragic queen from the labours of another art. Acting, which is in itſelf a mode of imitation, ſerves to render the touches of the writer more ſtriking, and more feelingly expreſſive. This ſuperiority the *drama* certainly has over the *epic*. The ſkilful performer imitates the voice of nature: he ſpeaks the ſame ſimple and affecting language; and that profuſion of figures, which mere poetry admits, is diſcarded from the ſtage.

Shakeſpear is almoſt the only poet who has excelled in a maſterly power of ſtriking the *imagination*, the *heart*, and our *reaſon*, all at once: Poetry, ſentiment, and paſſion, are combined in the moſt agreeable aſſemblage. In his Tragedy of *Macbeth*, there are ſeveral ſtrokes of this *nature*. The following lines are introduced with

a ſolemnity ſuitable to the occaſion, and have a pleaſing kind of gloomy imagery.

———*Ere the bat hath flown*
His cloiſter'd flight; *ere to black* Hecate's *ſummons*
The ſhard born beetle, with his drouzy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

To conclude: *Ariſtotle* tells us, that fable is the ſoul of tragedy; and there can be no doubt but the great critic is right. Tragedy repreſents the misfortunes of the great; and misfortune is the conſequence of human actions. *Shakeſpear*, with all his rudeneſs, was fully aware of the doctrine, and accordingly we find, that no man better knew the art of bringing forward great and ſtriking ſituations. He was not verſed in *Ariſtotle*'s art of poetry; but he had what was better than art; a genius ſuperior to all mankind.

NUMBER XC.

Saturday, July 6, 1754.

Creditur, ex medio quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum, ſed habet comœdia tanto
Plus oneris, quanto eſt veniæ minus. HOR.

ARISTOTLE informs us that *Homer* wrote a comic-epic poem, entitled *Margites*, which, to the no ſmall detriment of ſucceeding ages, is unfortunately loſt. To this ſpecies of poeſy, we may ſuppoſe comedy has the ſame reference, that the tragic bears to the heroic. For my part, I cannot conceive why a good comedy has never been ſtyled by thoſe, who are fond of deciding literary precedence, the greateſt production of human nature. It conſiſts of known and familiar ideas: but ſhould that circumſtance derogate from its real merit? On account of that very circumſtance, it meets with leſs indulgence: the buſineſs comes nearer to every man's breaſt, and, of courſe, the vulgar are in ſome meaſure judges of the imitation. In tragedy, declamation lulls, florid epithets amuſe, lofty metaphors amaze, and pompous expreſſions elevate and ſurpriſe.

Tragedy aims more particularly at the paſſions: the chief merit of *comedy* conſiſts in its effect on the merry affections of the human mind; the former principally awakens ſenſations of terror and pity; the latter gives emotions of a gay contempt, or, in plainer *Engliſh*, makes us deſpiſe and laugh at an object at the ſame time. To ſucceed in this laſt-mentioned mode of writing, requires as fine and as lively an imagination as any of the other imitative arts. The tragic poet excites the moſt intenſe ſenſations, when his expreſſions convey the livelieſt images to the fancy; and, in like manner, the comic poet, when he ſeizes the imagination with an aſſemblage of ludicrous ideas, is ſure of agitating thoſe paſſions, to which his art directs him, with an irreſiſtible power. If this be ſo, what are we to think of that idle diſpute, whether comedy may be called poetry or not?

———*quidam comœdia necne poema*
Eſſet quæſivere———

It is manifeſtly an imitative art. It makes uſe of means different from the more elevated ſpecies of writing; but it is full as hard to paint ordinary things, as objects of more importance. *Virgil*'s line, which deſcribes an old woman running

running acroſs *Dido*'s apartment with officious zeal,

Illa gradum ſtudio celerabat anili,

is as pictureſque, and has as much merit as the deſcription of the ambroſial locks of *Venus*.

Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere.———————

The comic writer, as well as the tragedian, muſt derive his force from the primary ſources of compoſition: he muſt ſeize our *imaginations* with ſtriking pictures of human life; he muſt inſtruct our reaſon by inſerting ſenſible obſervations on the manners of the world; and he muſt frequently apply himſelf to thoſe paſſions, which it is the merit of his art to awaken. In this laſt-mentioned particular conſiſts the beauty of a well wrought comedy. Both the tragic and comic poet, to obtain the true end of their art, muſt ſelect ſuch circumſtances in every object, in every paſſion, and in every action, as will be moſt conducive to their peculiar end. When this is rightly performed, whether in the ſolemn or humorous ſcene, it is true poetry: in either

caſe it is by the means of a mode of eloquence, that the art produces its deſired effect. Ridicule, by which comedy works, is as much a mode of eloquence, as the ſeveral arts of perſuaſion, and the ſeveral figures, which rhetoric has reduced into a ſyſtem for the excitement of the more ſerious paſſions.

The diſpute that ſubſiſted among the learned for a conſiderable time, perhaps not yet determined, whether ridicule is a teſt of truth, ſeems to be both idle and frivolous. I have often wondered, that neither *Ariſtotle*, *Tully*, nor *Quintilian*, have given a juſt and adequate definition of ridicule. To ſay that it conſiſts in raiſing our laughter at ſome turpitude, is a very inſufficient account of the matter. *Fielding*, in his preface to *Joſeph Andrews*, has thrown ſome light upon the matter; but as he places the ſource of it in affectation, it may be queſtioned whether he has taken a comprehenſive ſurvey of his ſubject. I apprehend the ridiculous may be found where there is no affectation at the bottom. Parſon *Adams* I take to be an inſtance of this aſſertion.

Doctor *Akenſide*, in his excellent poem *on the Pleaſures of Imagination*, ſeems to have given a

clear definition of ridicule: the paſſage is as follows:

Where e'er the pow'r of ridicule diſplays
Her quaint-ey'd viſage, ſome incongruous form,
Some motley diſſonance of things combin'd
Strikes on the quick obſerver; whether pomp,
Or praiſe, or beauty, mix their partial claim,
Where ſordid faſhion, where ignoble deeds,
And foul deformity are wont to dwell.

The ingenious author purſues his ſubject through a variety of illuſtrations. We ſee in each of them, that the ridiculous always ariſes from repugnant qualities, ill-paired and blended together. He tells us, in the note, that "the ſenſation of ridicule is not a bare perception of "the agreement or diſagreement of ideas, but "a paſſion or emotion of the mind conſequential "to that perception."

The emotions here intended are laughter and contempt, and theſe it is the buſineſs of comedy to excite. To perform this in all objects which come before the comic muſe, in men and manners, in all actions and paſſions, requires a very

delicate hand. *Prior* has expreſſed this with his uſual elegance.

And tho' the error may be ſuch
As Knaggs *and* Burgeſs *cannot hit,*
It yet may feel the nicer touch
Of Wycherly *or* Congreve's *wit.*

In producing portraits of mankind, it is not enough to diſplay foibles and oddities; a fine vein of ridicule muſt run through the whole, to urge the mind to frequent emotions of laughter; otherwiſe there will be danger of exhibiting diſagreeable characters, without affording the proper entertainment. *Ben Johnſon* is apt to err in this point: *Moroſe* is a ſurly, ill-natured, abſurd humoriſt, whom we can hardly laugh at: he ſoon becomes bad company. Many of *Johnſon*'s characters are of the ſame caſt; while in *Shakeſpear's Falſtaff*, the ridiculous ideas are placed in ſuch an artful point of view, that our merriment can never be reſtrained, whenever Sir *John* appears. *Congreve*, in my opinion, had a great deal of the ſame talent: what I have ſomewhere ſeen objected to him, that many of his characters are obvious in human life, is with me a ſtrong proof of his ſuperior genius. An old *bachelor* is a common character; but he muſt paſs through ſuch an imagination as *Congreve*'s to ſupport ſeveral

ſeveral ſcenes in the drama with exquiſite pleaſantry. The character was not new; yet his management of it has all the graces of novelty, and the ſituations in which we ſee him are exquiſitely ridiculous. Perſonages of this claſs, unleſs artfully conducted, may very ſoon tire an audience; but in this excellent poet's hands nothing ſuffers. The ſame, I think, appears in his Sir *Paul Pliant:* in that character there is perhaps as much comic force as in any one piece on the ſtage. Sir *John Vanbrugh* was a maſter of his art in this reſpect, and Sir *John Brute* is a remarkable proof. The knight diverts us with an odd whimſical way of thinking, which at once ſerves to diſplay his own foibles, and entertains his audience with a pleaſantry, of which he ſeems unconſcious.

It is by placing the humours and foibles of human nature in a ridiculous light, that the true comic force is created. The author of *the Pleaſures of Imagination*, whom I have already quoted, has judiciouſly explained each part of the definition cited above, and has finely traced the ſeveral ſources, from which true ridicule ſprings. Whoever chuſes to conſider the matter, will find affectation to be but one ſpring, however diffuſive the ſtreams may be. To the poem itſelf I beg leave

leave to refer my readers. I ſhall diſmiſs this paper, after obſerving, that the whole beauty of the comic diction conſiſts in the words and phraſes being ſo choſen, as to give to the mind the moſt lively impreſſion of known and familiar images, and at the ſame time the ſtrongeſt marks of character, and each perſon's peculiar temper.

NUM-

NUMBER XCI.

Saturday, July 13, 1754.

——————Ridiculum acri
Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque ſecat res.
Illi ſcripta quibus comœdia priſca viris eſt,
Hoc ſtabant, hoc ſunt imitandi; quos neque pulcher
Hermogenes unquam legit, neque Simius iſte.

HOR.

IN my laſt paper I conſidered ridicule as being of the eſſence of comedy. There are, it muſt be owned, critics of diſtinguiſhed ability, who ſeem to be of a contrary opinion. They require truth of imitation, and laughter, the τὸ γελοῖον which *Ariſtotle* makes part of his definition, they think may be fairly diſcarded. A faithful draught of the manners, and the general characters of men, in the courſe of civil life, is ſufficient to anſwer their idea of comedy. Should the ſeveral perſons, repreſented in the drama, be in their conduct correct and regular, of amiable manners, and upon all occaſions governed by principles of honour and virtue, ſuch pieces, in their judgment, may be conſidered as legitimate. To this notion it is that we owe that new fangled ſpecies of the drama, called ſentimental or pathetic comedy, of late years highly applauded

in

in *France*, and cultivated by writers, who, as the event as ſhown, had not talents to tread in the ſteps of *Moliere*. Compoſitions of this kind, while they give a tranſcript from real life, may claim their ſhare of praiſe; but whether the maſs of mankind affords, with probability, thoſe ſelect groups of virtuous characters, may be queſtioned. Perſons, whoſe minds are warped by folly diſeaſed by humour, or tainted with vice, are, I believe, more frequently ſeen. This is the condition of life, and it is from the obvious manners of the world that the writer of comedy profeſſes to copy. The drama is called by *Dryden*, the theft of the poets from mankind. He, who ſhould take for the groundwork of his piece, a ſet of characters, in themſelvs abſurd, and under the dominion of ſome predominant humour, without one perſon among them of ſober manners, and a juſt way of thinking, would not, in my opinion, furniſh an agreeable entertainment. The attempt has been made by ſome of our old poets; but, I believe, their ſucceſs has not encouraged many of their ſucceſſors to tread in their ſteps. For this there ſeem to be two well-grounded reaſons: in the firſt place, a collection of mere *humoriſts*, without an intermixture of others, governed by the ordinary rules of common ſenſe and common honeſty, ſeldom occurs

occurs in the uſual courſe of life. Secondly, the charm of contraſt would be altogether loſt. The piece would want thoſe lights and ſhades, which are perceived in every company, and every club. *Ben Johnſon's Every Man out of his Humour* may ſerve as a proof of what is here advanced. Old *Ben* was a ſharp and ſevere obſerver of the manners. The peculiar bent of his genius, as *Dennis* obſerves in a letter to *Congreve*, inclined him to draw deformity, rather than beauty. The ſame writer adds, "*Johnſon* is ſo eager to purſue folly, that he forgets to take wit along "with him. His dialogue ſeems often to want "that ſpirit and grace, which are found in more "modern plays, and which are ingredients that "ought to be inſeparable from comedy." *Shadwell*, who wrote in *Dryden's* time, ſeems to have had the ſaturnine humour of *Ben Johnſon:* he has, I think, no where endeavoured to give the features of an amiable character: all with him muſt be abſurdity; and that, not reſtrained within the bounds of probability, but puſhed on to the very brink of extravagance. Humour, or ſome uncommon and inordinate abſurdity, was his favourite purſuit. His plays exhibit Bartholomew-fair characters. He might ſay in the title-page of every one of them, "Walk in and "ſee the Monſter." Many others, in the great number

number of comic writers, which this country has produced, have ſplit upon the ſame rock. Humour, though an excellent ingredient in every imitation of the manners, has been, when carried beyond the bounds of credibility, the ruin of many a comedy, in other reſpects well imagined. It may be proper, therefore, in the remainder of this paper, to enquire, what that quality in human actions is, which has obtained from our beſt critics the name of *humour*.

The word, as applied to the mind, is a metaphorical expreſſion. *Ben Johnſon*, in his play of *Every Man out of his Humour*, has given a full explanation of it. His verſes have much of the ruſt of antiquity, and, indeed, of that uncouth phraſeology, which often disfigures the ſtyle of that, otherwiſe, valuable author. The ſum of what he ſays ſeems to be this: the properties of humour, in the natural ſenſe of the word, are fluxion, and moiſture, as water poured on a ſtone will wet and run. Of the human body the humours are, choler, phlegm, melancholy, and blood. Theſe, as they happen to predominate, are ſaid to influence and determine the natural temper. When any one of theſe has the aſcendant, and the other juices convert themſelves into it, we ſay that the perſon, ſo affected, has a humour. In a metaphorical uſe of the

the word, we talk of the humour of the mind: that is, when ſome one quality, opinion, prejudice, or abſurdity, doth ſo poſſeſs the general caſt and frame of thought, as to draw to it the ſpirits, the affections, and ideas, out of their proper courſe, ſo as to make them run one way: that may be ſaid to be a *mental humour*.

In this manner we have a clear account of the matter. A humour in the body draws and converts the other juices into itſelf: a humour in the mind influences the general diſpoſition, and gives a tinge to the whole temper and way of thinking. The former is an habitual diſtemperature in the body, that calls for alteratives: the latter is a diſeaſe of the mind, that does not riſe to vice or criminality, demanding only the correction of ridicule. A humour in the body, when attended with danger to the conſtitution, generally takes another name: it is an abſceſs, an impoſthume, or whatever the nature of the caſe implies. In like manner, when the diſeaſe of the mind riſes to an inordinate degree, threatening danger to the perſon himſelf or others, it is no longer a humour, but the rage and violence of ſome furious paſſion. *Ariſtotle*, the great maſter-critic, has made this diſtinction: The ridiculous, he

he ſays, in human actions is a blemiſh, or deformity, that gives no pain to the perſon, in whom it is perceived, and is neither pernicious, nor dangerous. This, he tells us, is what comedy loves to imitate. The reaſon is evident: if attended with pain, it would excite pity; if pernicious, or dangerous, it would give ideas of terror.

The cruelty of *Nero*, the duplicity of *Tiberius*, and the ſpirit of *Alexander*, are not humours. Don *Quixote*, *Falſtaff*, and Sir *Roger de Coverley*, are under the dominion of their own peculiar oddities. Perſons of this caſt have been denominated *humoriſts*. Each of them has a particular caſt of thought, that warps this imagination, and breaks out (as the humour of the body ſhews itſelf in pimples and other eruptions) in diſtorted, odd, and irregular ſentiments, or actions, not immediately attended with danger, but calling for the alteratives of ridicule.

The poet, who exhibits the character of the *humoriſt*, is called a man *of humour*. Writers for the ſtage are never ſo happy, as when they are able to ſingle out perſons of this extraordinary caſt; but the misfortune is, our dramatic authors often miſtake external appearances, and extravagancies

vagancies of every kind, for *true humour.* This was ſeen long ago by *Ben Johnſon.*

But that a rook, by wearing a pyed feather,
The cable hat-band, and the three pil'd ruff
A yard of ſhoe-tie, or the Switzer's knot
On his French garter, ſhould affect a humour!
Oh! it is more than moſt ridiculous.

We have ſeen bodily diſeaſe, deafneſs, provincial accents, and foreign idioms paſs upon the ſtage for humour. Even when the extravagance, which the poet produces is ſeated in the mind, it may be proper to obſerve, that the oddity may, notwithſtanding, be unfit for repreſentation. It is not enough that the author has ſomewhere ſeen it in real life: it ſhould be of ſuch extenſive influence, as to conſtitute a ſpecies. We then acknowledge it to be a character drawn from life: Our pleaſure ariſes from comparing the copy with the original, and the truth of imitation is ſure to give delight. I ſhall only add, that though the *humoriſt*, when faithfully delineated, is the richeſt entertainment the poet can offer, yet comedy may well ſubſiſt without any ſuch character. There are in life a ſufficient number of follies, which, though they do not riſe high enough to deſerve the name of *humour*, are the

proper quarry of the comic writer, and demand the laſh of ridicule: he, it is true, who exhibits genuine humour will always bid faireſt for ſucceſs: he ſhews the deepeſt inſight into the inward frame, and by diſplaying the ridiculous in the ſtrongeſt colouring, gratifies that love of laughter, which is the firſt principle of comedy.

NUM-

NUMBER XCII.

Saturday, July 20, 1784.

Ego vero hæc lumina orationis velut oculos quosdam esse eloquentiæ credo. Sed neque oculos esse toto corpore velim, ne cætera membra officium suum perdant: et, si necesse sit, veterem illum horrorem dicendi malim, quàm istam novam licentiam, ne dum volumus esse meliores veteribus, simus tantum dissimiles. QUINTIL.

HAVING endeavoured to settle, as well as the limits of an essay would permit, the true notion of humour, I could not help observing, that a rage for producing those strong features of character has defeated the purpose of many dramatic writers. Persons under the influence of some extravagant habit, or some prevailing oddity, that gives a bias to the whole temper and understanding, have been delineated with a masterly hand by a few of our best authors. Men of inferior genius, observing the success of such excellent portraits, have endeavoured to follow them in the same paths of fame; but *Congreve* observes, in his letter to *Dennis* (the once famous critic) that *what he*

takes to be true humour has not been ſo often written, as is generally imagined. He adds, *that ſome who have valued themſelves, and have been eſteemed by others for that kind of writing, have ſeldom touched the ſtrings of genuine humour.* Every kind of whim, extravagance, or diſtortion of mind, and indeed of outward form and deportment, has been miſtaken for true expreſſion of character. *Shadwell* was in this claſs, and poſſibly the perſon whom *Congreve* had in view. That writer, in one of his plays, preſents an old gentleman, whoſe paſſion it is, to arrive at conſummate perfection in the art of ſwimming. In compliance with this ſtrange ambition, we ſee the whimſical humoriſt ſtretched upon his breaſt on a table, with a ſwimming maſter at hand, and, under the direction of his inſtructor, ſtriking with his legs and arms at a prodigious rate. Proud of his abilities, and fluſhed with the idea of his great proficiency, he aſks his maſter, in the joy of his heart, whether he ſhall not ſoon become amphibious? This inſtance may ſerve, as well as a thouſand others, to illuſtrate what is intended, when I take upon me to ſay, that a miſtaken notion of humour has put many of our comic writers upon a wrong ſcent. If *Shadwell* actually knew a perſon, in ſome obſcure corner, weak enough to addict himſelf to ſuch a folly,

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he ſhould have remembered, that the manners of life, as they fall under general obſervation, are the proper objects of dramatic repreſentation. The abſurdity ridiculed by *Shadwell* may poſſibly have exiſted, but it could not, nor has it ever been general enough to conſtitute a ſpecies of men under the dominion of ſuch a wild extravagance. The caſe is not the ſame with *Congreve*'s *Old Bachelor*, *Foreſight*, and Lady *Wiſhfort*. We all can vouch for the exiſtence of ſuch characters; and, when we ſee them properly acted, we acknowledge the truth of imitation. As true humour, therefore, has greatly enriched our comedy, ſo the falſe and ſpurious kind has very much diſfigured the *Engliſh* ſtage, and filled it with characters fit only for a ſuburb-fair.

There is another ingredient of comedy, which, in judicious hands, enlivens the dialogue, and gives ſpirit to the ſcene, but, unſkilfully exerted, has often done fatal miſchief. True wit, like true humour, is of the higheſt value; but the falſe and counterfeit in either kind is nothing more than wildneſs and extravagance. It may, therefore, be proper, in the remainder of this paper, to throw together ſome reflections upon *wit*. I ſhall, in as narrow a compaſs as I am able, firſt,

enquire what *wit* is, and ſecondly, what ends it is, or ought to be, deſigned to anſwer. From ſuch a diſcuſſion, the true uſe of it in comedy may, perhaps, be clearly inferred.

Upon this ſubject, many writers have employed their pens. After all their efforts, the account of the matter given by Mr. *Locke* appears to be the moſt accurate and ſatisfactory. *Wit*, ſays that admirable author, *lies in the aſſemblage of ideas, and putting thoſe together with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleaſant pictures, and agreeable viſions in the fancy.* All ſubſequent writers, with *Addiſon* at their head, have adopted this explanation. They have added ſome uſeful hints; as, that every reſemblance between ideas is not wit, as when extreme whiteneſs is compared to ſnow. The point of relation, in which two or more ideas agree, ſhould not be obvious: the two things ſhould lie remote, their congruity not perceived, till pointed out with quickneſs, with novelty, and that unexpected luſtre, which charms at once by the juſtneſs of the compariſon, and the ſurpriſe that attends it. *Addiſon* ſeems to think, that this effect is not included in *Locke*'s definition: But it may be aſked, is it not implied in the

quickneſs and variety which he requires? In the ſimiles of *Homer*, or *Milton*, quickneſs is not the quality, to which we are indebted for our pleaſure. Greatneſs of conception, and a ſucceſſive expanſion of the fancy, fill the mind with a degree of admiration, that goes on increaſing, as the poet riſes in his imagery. In ſtrokes of wit, the more diſtant the ideas lie from each other, our pleaſure is enhanced; and of courſe, when objects, which ſeem wholly repugnant, are on a ſudden found to have ſome agreement or analogy, the mind delights in ſeeing them brought together, and enjoys at once the beauty of contraſt and ſimilitude. This laſt is what the critics call wit in the oppoſition.

Uſque adeo quod tangit, idem eſt, tamen ultima diſtant.

There is no reaſon to imagine that, in the paſſage above quoted, Mr. *Locke* intended a full and exact definition; he ſtated enough for his purpoſe, namely, to ſhew the difference between *wit* and *judgment*. Perhaps the exception to be taken, is, that the only end of wit is ſaid to be that of raiſing *pleaſant pictures*, and *agreeable viſions in the fancy*. Were this all, wit would be no better than a wild meteor, that dazzles for a moment, and is ſeen no more. To pleaſe

the imagination is, without doubt, one of the objects in view; but for the honour of wit, let it be remembered, that it aims at ſomething ſtill more important. To illuſtrate, or to place a thought in the cleareſt light, is often the principal intention: as when the poet ſays, that virtue is often produced by the turbulent emotions of the mind; and to enforce his doctrine, adds,

As fruits ungrateful to the planters care,
On ſavage rocks inſerted learn to bear;
The ſureſt virtues thus from paſſions ſhoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.

Wit is alſo uſed to adorn the ſubject in hand; as when we are told of the ruling paſſion,

Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r,
As Heav'ns bleſt beam makes vinegar more ſow'r.

It is uſed to degrade the principal idea; as when *Dryden* ſays,

Half-wits are fleas, ſo little and ſo light,
We ſcarce ſhould know they live, but that they bite.

Or when *Pope* ſays of ſcribblers,

Falſe ſteps but help them to renew the race,
As after ſtumbling jades will mend their pace.

A reſem-

A reſemblance is ſometimes ſtruck out between two objects, with intent to place that, which is introduced by way of compariſon, in a ludicrous light.

Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies, when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce, that unrepenting die;
Not CYNTHIA, *when her mant is pinn'd awry;*
E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad virgin! for thy raviſh'd hair.

To excite the ſenſation of laughter is often the reaſon, for which things, that in appearance have no kind of analogy, are brought together.

Senſe paſs'd thro' him no longer is the ſame,
As food digeſted takes another name.

Theſe inſtances may ſerve to ſhew the various ends, for which wit may be employed. Other purpoſes may, upon reflection, be pointed out. It is enough for this ſhort eſſay to ſuggeſt the hint, and the comic poet may, at his leiſure, purſue it farther. If he cannot, in the paſſages where he chuſes to ſhine and dazzle, fairly anſwer to himſelf what end he aims at, his wit will probably be no more than an idle amuſement. Nor will it be enough, that his alluſions

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are at once juſt and brilliant; they muſt be ſuited to the occaſion, to the place, and the character. The ſanguine temper will break out in ſallies of vivacity: The moroſe and ſaturnine will deal in compariſons of a more gloomy colour. To be natural, is the firſt requiſite in every mode and ſtyle, but more eſpecially in dramatic imitation. *Cowley* has well obſerved,

Jewels at noſe and lips but ill appear,
Rather than all things wit, let none be there.

Comedy, in the hands of ſome writers of the laſt century, has been vitiated by this exceſs. *Shadwell* has introduced a ſilly fellow, who delights in wit, and wants upon every occaſion to make a ſimile: When he is well kicked, he wiſhes he could find out what it is like. The poet, who with a briſk diſregard of character, wants to ſurpriſe and glitter, when he ſhould be natural, will not be leſs abſurd than *Shadwell*'s coxcomb. To conclude; *Quintilian* has given the rule to every writer, who wiſhes to ſucceed by propriety of thought and expreſſion: He conſiders the bright and luminous paſſages as the eyes of eloquence; but eyes are not to be placed in every part, leſt the limbs ſhould be deprived of their natural function.

NUM-

NUMBER XCIII.

Saturday, July 27, 1754.

Ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba. HOR.

HAVING in a former paper offered ſome curſory remarks upon RIDICULE, I ſhall this day take notice of a ſpecies of writing, which, on account of ſome affinity, is often ſuppoſed to be the ſame mode of compoſition, introduced by men of genius, in order to fall in with that propenſity to laughter, which prevails with all mankind in general. What I here intend is *burleſque*, often adopted to anſwer the purpoſes of ridicule, but, frequently, to make that appear ridiculous, which, in truth, is not ſo.

It muſt be remembered, that the *ridiculous* conſiſts in a coalition of circumſtances repugnant to each other in their own natures, but yet whimſically blended together in any object, any human action or paſſion. To call forth this inconſiſtency to public view, and to ſhew the motly aſſemblage, in ſuch a manner as to provoke the mind to laugh at

at it with contempt, is to exert the rare and excellent talent of *ridicule*. This when well executed is attended with fine effects. The lovers of *burleſque*, eager to have their ſhare in the promotion of mirth, will not wait to diſcover a real incongruity: by the force of their own imaginations they create it for themſelves, and by obtruding circumſtances, which do not belong to the object, are frequently ſucceſsful in rendering things apparently ridiculous, which to an attentive eye may not wear the motly livery, however it may ſerve the purpoſes of mirth to inveſt it with it. In order to explain more fully what is here inſiſted on, it may not be improper to lay before the reader a few inſtances of the *ridiculous*, and alſo of *burleſque*. This will ſerve to place the diſtinction in the cleareſt light.

When *Fielding*'s Parſon *Adams*, in diſtreſs at an inn, retires very gravely with a *London* bookſeller to raiſe money upon his manuſcript ſermons, I believe the diſſonant circumſtances in this caſe ſtrike very forcibly upon the mind of every reader. Having travelled a great many miles from his own place of abode towards *London*, with no other buſineſs upon earth, than to diſpoſe of theſe ſermons, we hear the parſon, not able to find them,

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very gravely ſay, " I proteſt I believe I left " them behind me." When the ſame perſon aſſures us, that he is very rich, and then adds, that he does not ſay it by way of oſtentation, but to ſhew that he can live well on the road; and, to confirm this, produces half a guinea: the difference between his opinion and the ſmall value of the piece, and this too from a clergyman, a ſcholar, and in many things a man of excellent underſtanding, produces an emotion of laughter, attended, in this inſtance, with a contempt for *Adams*'s want of knowledge of the world. In like manner when *Don Quixote* very gravely ſays, that he has ſeen the ſea, and that it is much larger than the river at *La Mancha*, we cannot help laughing at a man, who has formed his ideas of things by what he has ſeen at his own native place. The comparing of an inſignificant river to the ſea preſents ſuch a repugnant conjunction of images, as muſt neceſſarily operate upon our riſible faculties.

Theſe inſtances, which have firſt, among a thouſand, offered themſelves to my memory, are true inſtances of the *ridiculous*. Nothing foreign, or unconnected with the original idea, is here obtruded upon our imagination. In *burleſque* the caſe is different. Adventitious circumſtances

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are called in to form a ſtrange and heterogeneous mixture of jarring images. The picture thus prepared has the ſame effect as that, which is in itſelf truly ridiculous. For inſtance, if the object, which comes before the *burleſque* writer, be low in its own nature, he immediately bethinks himſelf of conferring on it a mock dignity. It now begins to look big, like the champion at a coronation, who boldly challenges mankind, when he knows nobody will fight him. I have been often pleaſed with a touch of this kind in a note to *Fielding*'s *Tom Thumb*, where having mentioned ſomething of the ſoul of man, he gravely tells us, "*Plato* is of this opinion, and ſo is Mr. *Banks*." The ſtroke in the *Beggar*'s *Opera* is of the ſame nature: "There is nothing ſo moving as a great "man in diſtreſs." In this caſe the great diſproportion between the two objects ſtrikes our imagination, and that which without reaſon is ſet in competition irreſiſtibly provokes our laughter. When a clergyman, of a grave and reverend character, ſeeing, as he walked along, a builder fall from the roof, and his ſcaffolding tumbling upon him, cries out, "Bleſſed are "they that die in the Lord, for their works ſhall "follow them," it is impoſſible to abſtain from a ſmile, on account of the new ideas aſſociated with

with an object, in itself by no means ridiculous.

The ludicrous assemblage is formed by an association of ideas, which we are diverted to see, beyond our expectation, joined together. The other method of *burlesque* is, if an object has any thing respectable, to join it with images, not only inferior, but in themselves contemptible. Mr. *Pope* is very frequent in this kind of satire throughout his *Dunciad*; and *Boileau* has many strokes of the same kind in his *Lutrin*. *Garth* also has many similar passages in his *Dispensary*, where a ridicule is thrown upon his heroes by associating with them images of things, to which some kind of turpitude adheres; thus the *Physicians*, quarrelling among themselves, are finely placed in a ludicrous light by the following humorous simile.

Thus often at the Temple *stairs we've seen*
Two tritons *of a rough athletic mien,*
Sourly dispute some quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face besmear'd with blood;
But at the first appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.

Butler's description of the morning may be referred to the same cause.

And,

And, like a lobſter boil'd, the morn
From black to red began to turn.

Another common method of *burleſque* is by making frequent application of grand and ſublime paſſages in our beſt poets to things unworthy and mean. *Boileau* is, in my opinion, the happieſt of all modern poets in this particular. As paſſages of this nature are frequently miſtaken for an intent to *burleſque* the author, from whom the image is borrowed, it may not be improper in this place to obſerve, that parody does not always carry with it a ſneer at the author parodied. The beſt lines in *Virgil* may be aptly applied to other objects, while the poet remains ſuperior to ridicule. We find that *Vida*, in his elegant and beautiful poem on the *game of cheſs*, in almoſt every line ſurpriſes us with expreſſions from the *Æneid:* by this artifice he gives ſpirit and life to his poem, animates his imaginary warriors with human paſſions, and fills the fancy with entertaining ideas of mock heroic majeſty. The deſcription of the havock at a game of cheſs is perfectly elegant.

Sternitur omne ſolum buxo atque miſerrima cædes
Exoritur; confuſa inter ſeſe agmina cædunt,
Implicitæque runt, albæ, nigræque phalanges;
Sternuntur pedites & corpora quadrupedantum.

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The deſcription of the queen is alſo highly beautiful.

At medias inter acies crudeſcit Amazon,
Candida, plena animis, mediiſque in millibus ardet.

When the elephants and the cavalry enter into the battle,

Quadrupedumque gemit bicolor ſub verbere campus.

Pope in his account of a game at cards in the *Rape of the Lock*, has imitated this excellent poet in his manner of exalting inanimate things. But this, let it be obſerved, is not *burleſque*. Inanimate objects cannot be made ridiculous: laughter implies cenſure, and moral agents only can be the object of it. Should the orders of architecture be improperly joined, the appearance will ſurpriſe, but it is the deſign of the artiſt that will be laughed at.

In *burleſque*, as in every other kind of writing, truth ſhould be the foundation. *Ariſtophanes'* ridicule of *Socrates* is now held in contempt. The object attacked muſt be exceptionable, otherwiſe it can never be eſſentially hurt by a falſe combination of adventitious ideas. As there is a ſtrong propenſity in the generality of

people to this kind of humour, tragic poets, in particular, ſhould be cautious how, by any paſſage or expreſſion, they excite ludicrous images. If once in the moſt ſerious ſcene a wrong aſſociation of ideas be formed, the mind is apt to attach itſelf to the object of its mirth, and thus a well-imagined piece may be obſtructed. A very elegant critic obſerves, that the following line of *Dryden*,

A ſtar-light morning, and an ev'ning fair,

has in it nothing improper: and yet, if any one recollects that a *ſtar-light morning* is the language of a watchman, it may occaſion ſome ſprightly raillery. On this account, in all the different ſpecies of compoſition, the writer muſt carefully remember to keep within his proper boundaries. The leaſt excurſion too far may give room to ſmall wits either to point out incongruous circumſtances, or to obtrude them upon the reader's imagination.

NUMBER XCIV.

Saturday, Aug. 3, 1753.

Haud facilè emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi———— JUV.

IT was the anſwer of an eminent *Jew*, when aſked by what means he accumulated ſo large a fortune, that he had more difficulty in acquiring the firſt three thouſand pounds, than all the reſt of his immoderate wealth. This apophthegm may be ſaid to comprize the whole ſecret of riſing in the world. Not one, however, of theſe worldly proficients has thought proper to tell by what means the firſt three thouſand were made, whether by good ſenſe, or meanneſs, by fraud, or honeſt induſtry. How the man, who has nothing, is to make a ſum, which is to be his firſt ſtep to preferment, is yet a myſtery; and while it remains ſo, indigence, it is to be feared, will ſtill continue to labour under its difficulties. The author of my motto has obſerved, many ages ſince, that virtue and rare accompliſhments do not find it eaſy to riſe above diſtreſs; and the maxim remains true to this day.

There is hardly a man, but can point out, in the circle of his acquaintance, perſons of very extenſive capacity, ſtrong parts, and a delicate ſenſe of honour, whoſe talents have not been called forth by opportunity, or animated by ſucceſs. Genius, wherever it ſubſiſts, muſt be warmed and cheriſhed: it is a ſenſitive plant, that ſhrinks from too rough a touch. The refined ſenſations of an enlightened underſtanding occaſion a certain delicacy, and a dejection of ſpirits upon many occaſions. Elegance of ſentiment is not the quality, that can meet the ſtorms and the rough ſeaſons of life. Fine parts muſt be tenderly preſerved, or in the blaſts of adverſity, they will languiſh and decay; like thoſe fruits, which would wither unripened in our cold northern clime, were they not carefully aſſiſted in their vegetation by the uſe of hot beds.

The circumſtance, which reflects the greateſt luſtre upon the character of Lord *Sommers*, is the encouragement he afforded to ſuch a genius as Mr. *Addiſon*. Without the aſſiſtance of ſuch a patron, that vein of humour, which is now the genteeleſt in the world, might have taken a tincture from low life: the raillery, which delights every reader, might have ſunk into coarſe and vulgar railing: that exquiſite taſte, which was

finiſhed by travel and learned leiſure, might have grown callous and indelicate: for the moral ſtrain of his writings we might, perhaps, have ſeen calumny, detraction, and perſonal abuſe: his wit might have raiſed the bluſh of confuſion in that female face, which he took ſo much pains to ſet off in the ſmiles of native innocence and unaffected beauty: and that pen, which entertained the town with ſome of the moſt elegant productions, might have been employed in politics, invective, and party-rage. The protection of Lord *Sommers* hindered him from ſinking into obſcurity, and from being compelled by neceſſity to ſully that fair fame, which is now the reward of his excellent performances. The aſſiſtance of Lord *Sommers* was a demand upon him, for all that elegance, which now diſtinguiſhes itſelf in his writings. He, who is now the fineſt writer in our language, might have been only the beſt *ſcribbler* in *Grub-ſtreet*.

He from the taſte obſcene refines our youth,
And ſets the paſſions on the ſide of truth.

It has been the fate of many, endowed, perhaps, with parts not inferior to *Addiſon*, to droop in indigence. I make no doubt, but in the preſent age, there are thoſe who might become ſhining ornaments of the republic of letters, were

there any incitement to ſpur the muſes' ſteed. But a treatiſe on *cribbage*, or a calculation of the chances at whiſt, is ſure of being better received, than the odes of *Collins*. While a *Smart* ſubſiſts among us, I cannot help thinking it a reproach to the age, that he has not any where found a *Mecænas*. A bookſeller is his only friend, but for that bookſeller, however liberal, he muſt toil and drudge. With extenſive learning, and real genius, he is ſuffered to draw his pen in the praiſes of his maker, without any other reward, than a ſmall premium at *Cambridge*, and that portion of fame, which, in ſpite of malice and envy, he will be always ſure to enjoy.

Wit is generally conſidered as an object of contempt, rather than an accompliſhment deſerving encouragement and eſteem. Call a man a poet, and by the term you imply poverty, and every thing that provokes vulgar mirth.

Nil habet infælix paupertas durius in ſe,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

The lively *Doctor Young* has placed the enemies of learning and talents in their true light.

Theſe, when their utmoſt venom they would ſpit,
Moſt barbarouſly tell you—"he's a wit."

Poor

Poor negroes thus to ſhew their burning ſpite,
To Cacodæmons ſay, they're dev'liſh white.

There is hardly any thing more affecting to a man of real merit, than the inſolence of purſe-pride. People of affluence ſhould conſider, when they attempt to depreciate men of ſuperior parts, that they betray an unmanly triumph over thoſe, who have ſtill their fortune to make. But, as Mr. *Pope* finely obſerves, the world in general is apt to form an idea of a man, at the time he is leaſt able to make a proper judgment for himſelf. Genius is often ruined by ſlight errors, trivial indiſcretions, and petty inadvertencies; while the ſons of avarice owe their elevation to their vices, to inordinate paſſions, and a regular ſyſtematic plan of cloſe deſign, and ſelfiſh views.

They who ſit ſmiling at the goal of fortune, while others are running the courſe, ſhould reflect, that it is poſſible for perſeverance and unremitted application to reach the very point, in which they take ſo much pride. A well turned ſpirit, with the advantages of education, and a competent knowledge of the world, muſt certainly receive additional luſtre from an acceſſion of wealth: The accompliſhments of ſuch a man will, in their turn, adorn and embelliſh affluence. This obſer-

vation I would recommend to all parents, uncles, guardians, and all ranks of people, who have any concern in the education of the rising generation. By the rigour of thoſe, who are advanced in life, and the avarice incident to age, young men are often driven to extremities, which a well timed indulgence might have prevented, and they, who might have been the ornaments of ſociety, are left *to live, men know not how, and to die in obſcurity, men mark not when.*

NUMBER XCV.

Saturday, Aug. 10, 1754.

Illum non populi faſces, non purpura regum
Flexit, & infidos agitans diſcordia fratres,
Aut conjurato deſcendens Dacus ab Iſtro;
Non res Romanæ perituraque regna, nec ille
Aut doluit miſerans inopem, aut invidit habenti.

VIRG.

THE ſtoic philoſophy was by many of the ancients eſteemed the height of human wiſdom, the road to happineſs, and the apotheoſis of an exalted character. Its excellence conſiſted, not in the due government of the paſſions, but in extirpating them from the human heart. The ſeat of feeling, and ſource of every exquiſite pleaſure, as well as tender pain, was to be rendered callous and inſenſible, ſuffered to move only with the flux and reflux of the blood. Our excellent poet has given us a very pictureſque deſcription of this notable ſyſtem of philoſophy.

In lazy apathy let ſtoics boaſt
Their virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt,
Contracted all retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is exerciſe, not reſt.

How

How an abſolute repugnance to the laws of nature, and the want of thoſe feelings, which are the beſt ingredients in our compoſition, can conſtitute an exalted character, I am at a loſs to determine. *Vita ſecundum naturam*, a life conformable to the laws of nature, is *Tully*'s definition of a moral, as well as an happy ſtate. Elegance of mind, and taſte for virtue, muſt ariſe from thoſe ſenſations, which nature has implanted in us. What gratification, worthy of a rational being, have we left? The pleaſing anxieties of virtuous friendſhip, the grateful ſolicitude of love, the melancholy luxury of tender compaſſion, and the delights which we derive from a well-wrought ſcene of diſtreſs in an affecting tragedy, muſt all loſe their influence. The mind ſinks at once into a dull ſtate of inſenſibility. For my part, I have always had a ſovereign contempt for the unfeeling, pedantic wiſdom of thoſe unnatural followers of a brutal philoſophy; nor could I ever admire their ridiculous oſtentation of a towering ſuperiority of ſoul. That this is alſo the ſenſe of the greater part of mankind is very viſible, from that indifference with which they behold perſons of this caſt interwoven into the drama. Characters of a mixed nature, in whom the paſſions are in a beautiful ſtruggle between virtue and vice, are always

always ſure to ſeize the affections of an audience. We are intereſted in the fortunes of perſons, who reſemble ourſelves.

Virgil has tranſmitted to us a picture of that happineſs, which was the exalted boaſt of the ſtoics: In the words of my motto, he tells us, that the perſon, whom he deſcribes in the poſſeſſion of true felicity, is never touched with popular eſteem, or the dazzling ſplendour of the regal ſtate; the difference between brothers, conſpiracies againſt his country, or the decline of the conſtitution, never diſturb his breaſt; nor is he ever made uneaſy by compaſſion for the indigent, or envy towards the great. This is a character totally different from the amiable ſketch of the man, who conſiders the relations in which he ſtands to ſociety, and feels for all mankind. The negative enjoyments above deſcribed can reſult from nothing but an abſolute indifference to our fellow-creatures. To attain this, what philoſophy is requiſite? Every rake about town is, at this rate, a ſtoic philoſopher. I was lately in company with one of this claſs, who appeared to me to be a great proficient, and to have carried into his practice, every branch of the foregoing ſyſtem. The light in which I ſaw

this gentleman was ſuch, that I ſhall here preſent him to my readers, and, in his perſon, the character of a modern ſtoic philoſopher.

Jack Oakley is poſſeſſed of a fortune, which might enable him to live with ſplendour, or to proſecute any enterprize in the ſervice of his country. He has all the advantages of birth, to render him reputable in the eye of the world; but like a true philoſopher he never placed any value upon theſe happy circumſtances. With a noble contempt for riches, he ſquanders away his ſubſtance, in a manner, which ſhews him to be above the mean ambition of popular applauſe. Inſtead of being arrogantly elated with the thoughts of his high birth, he has been known to aſſociate with the loweſt of mankind; ſuperior to thoſe little ſenſations of pride, which might be apt to play about the heart of a man of worldly vanity. Contented in his own mind, he never condeſcended to court the favour of his countrymen at an election for members of parliament. The *populi faſces* have had no attraction for *Jack Oakley*. He is ſo little touched with the ſplendour of majeſty, that he does not care for any king in *Europe*. While our politicians make the two *brothers* the conſtant object of their attention, he is little ſolicitous whether there be a dif-

a difference between them or not. The fortifications of *Dunkirk*, the depredations of the *Spaniards* in the *Weſt-Indies*, the election of the king of the *Romans*, the equipment of *French* fleets, and all the other points of moment, which engroſs the thoughts of our preſent race of patriots, never once diſcompoſed the ſerenity of his mind. Liberty and property are to him unideal ſounds. If *Magna Charta* were burned by the common hangman, it would not occaſion the leaſt gloom in our hero's ſoul. He can behold the diſtreſſes of the indigent, the corroding anxieties of poverty, moſt ſtoick-like, without a ſigh, *nec doluit miſerans inopem*; and ſo far from being envious of another's ſuperiority, while he is eaſy himſelf, he never yet was known to compare his own ſituation with any man above him.

Nor does the firmneſs of *Jack Oakley*'s mind reſt here. He can viſit all the brothels in this metropolis, without feeling the leaſt degree of uneaſineſs. He can behold, undiſturbed by any of thoſe tender touches, which might agitate weaker breaſts, an elegant form, and the moſt beautiful ſet of features falling a prey to *infamy*, *diſeaſes*, and *proſtitution*. As the ancient worthies thought it a noble atchievement totally to forget the

the man, in order to raiſe their philoſophic fame to an higher degree of eminence, ſo our modern ſtoic can ſuppreſs the natural affections. In the rake he can alſo forget the man. *Jack* is a very *Roman* in that point. He practiſes *Horace*'s golden rule, to admire nothing; and, if confined to the bed of ſickneſs, he is ſure to ſpend his time in a ſeries of moral reflections. He wiſely obſerves, that all pleaſure is fugitive; that the reverſion of pain falls to every man's lot; and that the condition of human life is frail and uncertain. When his health returns, he indulges in all the ſallies of his wild imagination, to ſhew, that, like *Ariſtippus*, he can adapt himſelf to every ſituation. In ſhort, my friend *Oakley* has upon all occaſions a true philoſophical turn. In every ſituation of life, the verſatility of his mind ſuggeſts to him thoſe reflections, which are moſt conducive to ſecure his own happineſs, to prevent the ruffled ſtate ariſing from conflicting paſſions, to preſerve the even tenor of his thoughts, to reconcile him to himſelf, and enable him to poſſeſs his ſoul in eaſe, tranquility, and cheerfulneſs.

This character of a modern town philoſopher contains, in my opinion, all the branches of the much boaſted ſtoic ſyſtem. The leading principles

ciples of happineſs, which that ſchool inculcates, are carried by our modern practitioners to a much greater height of wiſdom, than they ever were by the moſt rigid follower of the ſtoic doctrine. The modern hero grafts his happineſs on the paſſions: he plays them one againſt another, and in that ſenſe may be ſaid to live *ſecundum naturam*; whereas the ancient ſtoic endeavoured to ſubvert the very elements of our being. In that ſect, he was the moſt exalted worthy, who was the moſt diveſted of humanity.

NUMBER XCVI.

Saturday, Aug. 8, 1754.

Nil admirari propé res eſt ſola, Namuci,
Solaque quæ poſſit facere & ſervare beatum.
HOR.

NOT to admire, is the golden rule, eſtabliſhed by *Horace*, for the acquirement of inward happineſs, and the ſecuring of it, when once obtained. The precept may alſo be enforced as the ſureſt method to form a ſound underſtanding, and preſerve the judgment free and undiſtempered. *Pope* ſays,

For fools ADMIRE, but men of ſenſe APPROVE.

In our greener years, indeed, when the affections are, to uſe the poet's phraſe, *tremblingly alive all o'er*; when every object preſents itſelf in new and ſtriking colours, ADMIRATION may be then allowed to gaze, and each incident in the ſcene of life call forth the juvenile expreſſions of wonder and aſtoniſhment. When, farther advanced, we become hackneyed in the ways of men; when habit has coated over that quickneſs of ſenſation, which attends the raw and inexperienced mind,

the

the elevated brow of amazement may be expected to give way to the ſober caſt of reflection and knowledge. I am at preſent acquainted with a gentleman, who has made ſo many ſenſible animadverſions on the ſmalleſt occurrences of life, that, I am convinced, nothing can excite in his breaſt, the ſmalleſt emotion of ſurpriſe. I have often heard him ſay, "I have already known ſo many "unexpected turns and revolutions of things, "that were I to ſee the MONUMENT walk down "*Cheapſide*, and take out St. *Paul*'s Church to "dance a minuet, it would make no more im-"preſſion on my ſpirits, than when I read high-"water at *London-Bridge* at half paſt ten."

But in the general maſs of life, the groſs of mankind are ſo ſcantily furniſhed with ideas, that there are but few, who, when taken from their manual occupations, or their other buſineſs, do not fall into total languor, for want of ſufficient matter to employ their intellectual faculties. Thus by habitual remiſſneſs, the power of arranging and comparing our ideas lies inactive; and the conſequence is, that aſtoniſhment and wonder break out upon every occaſion. It is obſervable, that this diſeaſe is not always confined to the uneducated part of mankind. We may ſometimes perceive it among thoſe, who,

from their education, and their intercourſe with the world, might be expected to be better prepared for converſation. There are, in the circle of my acquaintance, at leaſt half a ſcore perſons, poſſeſſed of talents, and capable of thinking juſtly upon ordinary topics; and yet, through an habit of inattention, ſuch a total relaxation unſtrings their intellectual powers, that in fact they appear to have pinned their faith on other men's ſleeves, and to have loſt all kind of capacity of judging for themſelves. It is among ſuch people, and ſuch only, that THE COMICAL FELLOW, or THE AGREEABLE DEVIL, whom I have deſcribed in a former paper, acquires his prodigious reputation for wit and humour. Sir *Andrew Wonderful* has for ſome time paſt been eſteemed a knowing one by his neighbours in the ward of *Farringdon Without:* in his buſineſs, he is accounted a man of very notable dexterity; but ſpend the evening with Sir *Andrew* at any tavern on the St. *James*'s ſide of *Temple-Bar*, and he is all amazement from the time he enters the room. Mention to him the lye of the day, that the lady of a certain noble lord was caught in bed with a lieutenant of the guards, "Good law!" ſays Sir *Andrew*, "you "don't ſay ſo!"—'Tis very true though, and this morning early a well-dreſſed man walking acroſs *Lincoln's-Inn Fields* fell down dead—"Dear "heart,"

" heart," ſays the knight, " you ſurpriſe me !"—Late laſt night a game at *Whiſt* was played at *White*'s Chocolate-houſe, on which upwards of three thouſand pounds depended—" Three thou-" ſand pounds ! I never heard of ſuch a thing in " my born days: three thouſand pounds !—Good " law !—Three thouſand pounds !"

Every man, who has the laudable ambition of being a rational creature, ſhould endeavour to fix within himſelf ſuch habits of thinking, as will keep him collected, and prevent his thoughts from being ſcattered into wild ſurpriſe upon every little emergence that offers. There ſhould be in every breaſt the pride of preſerving its own free agency: the underſtanding ſhould be independent, ſelf-directed: it ſhould be rouſed to thought by its own ideas, and ſet to work by its own inward ſpring. Nothing can be more unmanly, than to leave the faculties of the mind, or the muſcles of the face, to be played upon by the will and pleaſure of another. To have a titter ready, whenever the COMICAL FELLOW chuſes to be facetious, and to hold a man's belief at another's diſpoſal, indicates a weak and frivolous underſtanding.

I was led into this tract of thought by a reflec-

tion on the manner in which I ſpent an evening, this week, with three gentlemen, who had ſolicited the meeting with earneſt importunity. During the laſt ſix weeks, I never met any one of them, but he inſtantly began, "Well! when "ſhall we have an evening? You know it is what "we have long wiſhed for." At length the *rendezvous* was fixed. At the appointed hour I met my friends, not without high expectations of a pleaſant evening. A bottle of *Allen's* in an inſtant appeared on the table, and circulated with uncommon celerity. I expected my friends to open ſome vein of diſcourſe, but in vain. I began with an ordinary topic, and enquired about *Elizabeth Canning*. "I ſuppoſe, ſaid I, the go-"vernment is reſolved to let her ſee foreign "parts." "That's *humour*," ſaid one of the gentlemen to his next neighbour, and all three burſt into a loud laugh. I did not perceive the joke, "But," continued I, "whether ſhe is guilty or not, "it will do her no prejudice to ſee the world." "*Humour* again," ſays the gentleman who ſat oppoſite to me; "You're a fine young fellow," ſays the ſecond: "This is high," ſays the third, and then followed a chorus of laughter. "The "captain, who carries her abroad," added I, "will have a good contract of it, for he need "give her nothing but cruſts and water for ſix

"and

" and twenty days." " *Another touch,*" ſays my friend over the way. "*Admirable!*" cries his neighbour; and the gentleman next to me, alarming me with a ſlap on the ſhoulder, roared out, " Odzouns," and then *Laughter, holding both his ſides,* took poſſeſſion of them for the ſpace of ten minutes.

I now perceived that my companions held more of ADMIRATION, than of JUDGMENT. I grew tired of the party. That's *humour! Your're a fine young fellow! Odzouns!* were the ſum total of all the converſation that I heard from theſe three notable blanks in the creation. In diſguſt, I took occaſion to break up the meeting. Upon retiring home to my chambers, I could not help drawing up this looſe eſſay, which I have ordered my publiſher to ſend to each of the gentlemen, in order, if poſſible, to cure them of their ſervile admiration, and inform them, if they deſire to be ranked among free-agents, that their only title to it conſiſts in thinking and judging for themſelves.

NUMBER XCVII.

Saturday, Auguſt 24, 1754.

——*Felices ter & amplius*
Quos irrupta tenet copula. HOR.

To the AUTHOR.

SIR,

YOU have long ſince liſted yourſelf in the ſervice of the fair: as a volunteer in the ſame cauſe, I take the liberty to addreſs this letter to you. I am induced to it, by an advertiſement in the common news-papers, calculated merely for the uſe of the men, without any regard to the weak, but lovely, part of the creation. The advertiſement I allude to is as follows:

" *Gentlemen that are inclined for marriage.*

" *I have daily freſh deplorable reaſons to preſs* " *you to fly to me to prepare for that important* " *ſtate: if my advice only is wanting, you ſhall* " *have it, without any view of return; and, let* " *what will be wanting, be aſſured the emolument*

" *or pleaſure I ſhall have from the inſtitution, will*
" *chiefly conſiſt in that ſweeteſt of ſenſations, which*
" *the heart feels, in having relieved the diſtreſſed,*
" *or inſpirited the languid. I have by hard ſtudy*
" *found out medicines, that will give perfect redreſs*
" *to any afflicted with the venereal infection, or weak-*
" *neſs of body, from any injuries, in a ſhort time.*
" *From Mr.* J. O. *hoſpital ſurgeon, oppoſite the*
" Auditor's-Office, *in* Upper Scotland-Yard,
" *near* White-Hall. *N. B. The ſtricteſt honour*
" *may be depended on.*"

Would not one imagine, upon peruſal of the firſt part of this advertiſement, that it is an effuſion of benevolence from ſome clergyman, prompted by a laudable zeal to encourage the obſervance of the commandment for the propagation of the ſpecies, and, by his efforts, to ſtrengthen the late marriage act. *To prepare for that important ſtate!* Does not this expreſſion ſuggeſt ideas of our awful religion, and the ſolemn inſtitution eſtabliſhed by it? And then how diſintereſted is the ſweeteſt ſenſations! It does not lie in the palm of his hand, but plays around his heart, an indication of a pure and extenſive charity. On reading a little further, it however appears, that Mr. *J. O.* has only aſſumed the ap-

pearance of a parſon, like Sir *John Brute* in the play, for a frolick: when you are juſt upon the point of enquiring if he has any cure, he cries out very frankly, "*an excellent cure for a clap.*" As ſurgery is now arrived to a very great degree of perfection, the laſt aſſertion may be true; but as to his preparations for the important ſtate of matrimony, we are quite left in the dark. Be it the buſineſs of the men to make farther enquiries about his boaſted *noſtrum*. For my part, I do not propoſe to concern myſelf, in the courſe of my practice, with the lords of the creation: devoted entirely to the ſervice of the ladies, I ſhall now proceed to offer my own advertiſement, which, I hope, will be attended with good conſequences.

"*To the ladies inclined to matrimony.*"

"*Never were nervous decays leſs frequent than*
"*at preſent, which has induced me to preſs you to*
"*enter into the married life, as you will not, in the*
"*preſent glow of health, be in danger of converting*
"*your bed-chamber to nurſeries for your huſbands,*
"*nor have any occaſion to lie with your footmen. To*
"*prepare you for the important ſtate, I have, with*
"*infinite pains, deviſed a* recipe, *which cannot fail*
"*to*

" *to procure you good offers, and make the married*
" *ſtate completely happy.*

" N. B. *I have the honour of having Mr.* Keith,
" *late of* May-Fair, *to vouch for my being regularly*
" *bred at the* hand and pen, *and always a zealous*
" *promoter of marriage before the late Act. From*
" Q. D. G. *near* May-Fair-Chapel."

I know the world in general is apt to form very diſadvantageous ideas of us advertiſing doctors; but I beg leave to aſſure Mr. *Ranger*, that the above is not in the ordinary way of puffing, but to promote the real benefit of the community. I have obtained a patent for the ſole vending my compoſition for the ſpace of fourteen years; and, to convince you of its efficacy, I will hereby inform the world of the ingredients, which are in the poſſeſſion of ſo few, that I am not apprehenſive of having my buſineſs taken out of my hands. The component parts of thoſe admirable powders, with which heaven has enabled doctor *James* to preſerve, as it were by proxy, the lives and conſtitutions of millions, are well known; but it is in the proportion of the mixture, and the whole proceſs of the preparation, that the ſecret lies. In like manner my medicine will ſave me the trouble of crying out, " *Beware of counterfeits,*

" *for*

"*for ſuch are abroad.*" It will be impoſſible to offer, in oppoſition to it, any mixture that will not immediately be liable to detection. The ingredients, which I make uſe of, are as follows: "*Good-manners, good humour, an averſion to poli-*
"*tics, cards, and ſcandal; modeſty, diſcretion, a ſcorn*
"*of fools, a regard for perſons of ſenſe and principle,*
"*truth, frankneſs, honour, neatneſs, eaſe, and*
"*mirth, a little levity, pride in ſmall quantities,*
"*with a few other well-culled materials not neceſſary*
"*to enumerate.*"

Theſe are the elements of the *noſtrum* I have prepared: among them are ſome poiſons; but, properly tempered, and counter balanced by oppoſite qualities, they will, I venture to pronounce it, get a young lady a huſband, and enſure mutual happineſs, better than any thing hitherto deviſed.

Inſtead of producing a large number of vouchers for the ſalutary effects already felt from my medicine, I ſhall cloſe my letter with the hiſtory of two female reigns; for every beauty is, for a time, the queen of her admirers. The firſt is that of a beautiful tyrant, who made a wrong uſe of her power; the ſecond, of one more diſcreet, who had recourſe to the above recipe.

MARIA

MARIA aſcended the throne of beauty in the eighteenth year of her age: immediately upon her acceſſion, ſhe diſſolved her parliament, turned out of her privy-council every perſon of ſenſe and diſcretion, and introduced, in their room, a *French* hair-cutter, two milliners, a chambermaid, and many other perſonages of equal rank and condition. By the advice of theſe aſſiſtants ſhe reigned with deſpotic ſway. She heard the complaints of her ſlaves without ever feeling the leaſt propenſity to a redreſs of their grievances. The conſequence was violent jealouſy, and murmurs of diſcontent, which at length called forth a ſhoal of writers againſt her government, as generally happens in all political ſtates, when the ſupreme power is abuſed. A number of ſonnetteers, libellers, and epigram-ſcribblers poured forth treaſon againſt her beauty. She was by common conſent pronounced a tyrant born to enſlave mankind. She had a particular pleaſure in ſigning death warrants for her votaries. She looked upon the whole race of man as formed to flatter her vanity, and to pay her adoration. She exacted tributes of admiration at ſuch an exorbitant rate, that at laſt an *Hambden* aroſe, who diſputed with her a contribution of incenſe which ſhe inſiſted upon. This proceeding

ceeding opened the eyes of the reſt of her ſubjects. All conſpired to dethrone her in the twenty-third year of her age; and thus fell the tyrant *Maria*, without one to lament her fall, after a ſhort reign of five years, in which ſhe conquered with ſo wild a rage, that, with the univerſal joy, ſucceeded to her, the fair *Elizabeth*, whoſe reign commenced, like a mild evening after the violent ſcorching of a hot ſummer's day.

ELIZABETH endeavoured to render herſelf the miſtreſs of all willing hearts. She valued herſelf more upon the love of her ſubjects, than any idle flattery ſhe might extort from them. The poet's deſcription was perfectly adapted to her;

Favours to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.

Guided entirely by the directions of prudence, virtue, and good ſenſe, ſhe had no female friends in her cabinet council. An *Eſſex*, at length, inſinuated himſelf more particularly into her good graces; but ſhe had ſuch a command over her paſſions, that ſhe never diſgraced him by a blow, but, in the end, took him as an aſſociate into her empire, which ſhe, in a ſhort time, finally reſigned,

ſigned, in order to enjoy the calmer gratifications of a domeſtic life, where ſhe now ſhines with every amiable grace, while *toaſts* and other ambitious beauties fatigue their eyes, and weary every feature, to gain admirers.

I am, Sir,

Your conſtant reader,

CRITO.

NUM-

NUMBER XCVIII.

Saturday, Aug. 31, 1754.

Eſt aliquid quo tendis, & in quod dirigis arcum?
An paſſim ſequeris corvos teſtâque lutoque,
Securus quo pes ferat, atque extempore vivis?

PERSIUS.

THE neceſſity of applying part of our time to literature, and the ſtudy of valuable authors, is ſo apparent, that one might imagine it does not ſtand in need of further argument or illuſtration. "Letters," ſays *Tully*, "che-"riſh and invigorate the mind in its greener "years; in the more advanced periods of life "they are our amuſement; they adorn proſ-"perity, and ſoften the ſhocks of adverſity; "they yield delight in our domeſtic hours, and "are no incumbrance abroad; they cheer the "midnight hour; travel with us into foreign "countries, and make the beſt part of our equi-"page in all rural excurſions."

I am aware, that the tranſlation, which I have here offered, falls many degrees ſhort of the purity and graceful ſtrength of the original. *There is*, ſays *Addiſon*, *as much difference in apprehending a thought*

a thought cloathed in Cicero's *language and that of a common author, as in ſeeing an object by the light of a taper, or the light of the ſun.* The ſame elegant writer wonders how men of ſenſe can ſpend ſo many hours together, without receiving any other ideas than what are ſuggeſted by an arrangement of black and red ſpots. But ſuch is the prevailing faſhion of the times, that the *book of four kings* is the only *volume* at preſent peruſed with any degree of attention. The *four motley monarchs*, are better beloved by perſons of condition than any *real king* in *Europe*. A friend of mine, who has a knack in conforming to the prevailing taſte of the town, tells me very ſeriouſly, that he has often wondered how men of diſcernment can ſit down to performances, which a little experience might inform them will never be read; ſuch as, the *Hiſtory of England*, the *Life of Harry the Seventh*, the *Hiſtory of Charles the Firſt*, or the *Hiſtories of Livy* and *Thuanus*. Determined to avail himſelf of the favourite paſſions of his readers, he is now actually employed in *compiling memoirs* of the KING OF SPADES, annals of the KING OF CLUBS, anecdotes relating to the KING OF HEARTS, remarks on the KING OF DIAMONDS, including battles more memorable than thoſe of *Creſſi* and *Pioctiers*, fought in the verdant plains of *Picquet*, *Cribbage*,

Cribbage, *Quadrille*, and *Whiſt*. In this work will be interwoven the private characters of the *Knaves*, with the ſecret hiſtory of the *Queens*, to be publiſhed in numbers, price one guinea each weekly number. At the particular deſire of ſeveral perſons of quality, five thouſand copies will be printed upon royal paper; the ſubſcribers' names to be annexed, with their places of abode, and how many card-tables each perſon keeps. A work of this kind may ſerve to give poſterity ſome idea of the grandeur of the preſent age.

I am ſenſible, that a diſſuaſive from the purſuits of this nature will be the jeſt of every card-table in town. I muſt, however, beg leave to inform my pretty readers, that they are highly miſtaken, if they imagine, that, by dedicating a few hours to literary amuſements, they endanger their lovely features, or run a riſque of dimming the ſparkling luſtre of their eye. On the contrary, a page or two in a morning may ſerve to adjuſt the countenance: the acquiſition of a new idea may give a more engaging ornament to the head, than a new *Paris* cap; and the eye will beam with brighter luſtre, when directed by an active principle within, than ſwimming round the room in pretty, giddy, vain, ſenſeleſs affectation.

tation. How finely has *Pope* deſcribed a life ſpent in a circle of follies!

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their paſſion, but their prize a ſot,
Alive ridiculous! and dead, forgot.

How much more eligible to employ ſome portion of our time in a way, that may enlarge the mind, and increaſe it's ſtock of ideas? Add to this, that ſoftening quality, which letters have in all caſes of adverſity. In the day of affliction, the ſureſt and moſt certain relief the mind can receive will be derived from the habit of being converſant with books. If I remember right, it is Mr. *Locke* that obſerves, in his *conduct of the underſtanding*, that a power of transferring our thoughts from one object to another is an eſſential requiſite in a well-formed underſtanding. And what can better help to prevent the mind from dwelling too long upon any habitual ſet of ideas, that may occaſion a ſettled gloom of melancholy, and, perhaps, render life inſipid? The moſt deplorable object that I know, is a perſon who has nothing to do. He walks about liſtleſs from morning to night. His time is

ſpent in ſauntering from one Coffee-houſe to another. *Horace* ſays, "If you do not call for "a book before day-light, and engage in ſome "fair and liberal purſuit, you will be the prey "of envy or of love." But he has not ſtated the worſt of the caſe: the rack of idleneſs is the moſt dreadful torture. Vice, gaming, and the bottle are the only expedients; and when they attract no more, what reſource is left? *Socordiâ innocens* is a deſpicable character: to be innocent merely becauſe you are ſluggiſh, can have no claim to merit. I remember to have ſeen an eſſay, recommending to all, who will not employ their time, to learn to WHISTLE. Where that is ſuited to the perſon's talents, I have no objection to it; but to thoſe who have a little more genius, my precept is, LEARN TO READ. I ſhall conclude this paper with a *journal for one week* of an acquaintance of mine, who never ſees the inſide of a book; and of another, who devotes part of his time to letters.

Journal of William Taſteleſs.

Monday. Dozed away five hours after my natural reſt——Roſe at one o'clock, pulled on one ſtocking, then yawned for a quarter of an hour by the bedſide, and pulled on the other. Journeyed into

into the next room to breakfaſt; looked out of the window; every thing appeared the ſame; no variety in life; lounged at the Coffee-houſe: looked over the papers; paragraphs all the ſame; deaths, births, burials, and marriages; played cards in the evening; went to bed fatigued.

Tueſday. Got up fatigued; the ſame thing over again; the Park; the play; the tall woman at *Charing-Croſs*; cards at night.

Wedneſday. Nothing done.

Thurſday. Nothing done.

Friday. Horrors all day; weary of my life; ready to hang myſelf.

Saturday. Waked in bad ſpirits; wiſhed myſelf dead; went to the play; ſlept during three acts; loſt my pocket handkerchief as uſual; weary of the world.

Sunday. Weather gloomy; horrors; went to ten different routes; came home tired; ready to hang myſelf again.

Journal of John Bookwit.

Monday. Waked at eight o'clock out of a pleaſant dream of being in company with *Horace, Virgil,* &c. went to breakfaſt, read a paper in the *Rambler*, opened my book-caſe; went back three thouſand years to converſe with *Homer*'s heroes: looked over *Spence*'s *Polymetis*:—went to my bookſeller's; adjourned from thence with two men of genius to dinner, and afterwards to ſee *Garrick* in the character of *Hamlet*; went home, and read the three firſt acts of *Hamlet.*

Tueſday. A rainy dull morning; had recourſe to *Virgil*, who diſpenſed blue ſkies, lakes, caverns, lowing herds, &c. read the diſſertation on the *Eleuſinian Myſteries*: went in the evening to a route: tired of the company, went home, and ſpent the evening with Sir *William Temple.*

Wedneſday. Met with an unexpected misfortune; ſoothed my uneaſineſs by reading *Don Quixote.*

Thurſday. Read a paper in *The World* at breakfaſt; opened my book-caſe, and took in hand Lord *Shaftſbury* on Virtue: turned to *Akenſide*'s *Pleaſures of Imagination*; I was carried away by the

the enthuſiaſm of the poet, and could not lay down the book till I went through it.

Friday. Roſe ſomewhat feveriſh;—my mind unſettled; had recourſe to Madam *de Sevigne's Letters*: walked in the *Park*; the ſoftneſs of the ſeaſon called to my mind ſeveral elegant paſſages in poetry: went home in the evening, and read *Addiſon's Pleaſures of Imagination*.

Saturday. Walked in the fields early in the morning: turned over *Dodſley's Collection*; breakfaſted at the Coffee-houſe; overheard a debate between two politicians: went home and read *Swift*'s Diſſenſions in *Athens* and *Rome*. Went to the opera: beſt ſingers had ſore throats: went to *Drury-Lane* play-houſe, to ſee Mr. *Garrick*, and Mrs. *Cibber* in the laſt act of *Tancred* and *Sigiſmunda*.

Sunday. Read one of the Biſhop of *London*'s ſermons: dined with two men of genius: went home and read the tragedy of *Cato*; concluded the evening with *Pope's Eſſay on Man*.

NUMBER XCIX.

Saturday, Sept. 7, 1754.

Hic ſecura quies & neſcia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus, hic frigida tempe,
Mugituſque boum, molleſque ſub arbore ſomni.

VIRG.

THE following letter contains ſo many lively obſervations, and raiſes ſuch a number of pleaſing pictures in the fancy, that I ſhall give it for the entertainment of this day.

Dear Ranger,

WERE I not to inform you, you would certainly never be able to gueſs at what hour I have now ſit down to write to you. It is almoſt ſix in the morning, and I have already ſpent half an hour in an agreeable attention to thoſe ſtudies, which have taken poſſeſſion of me ſince my retreat to the country. I am pleaſantly ſituated upon *Richmond-Hill*, and am here a kind of *Pater-familias*, with all my little brood of hens and chickens round me. I look upon myſelf to be greatly intereſted in their welfare: their wants

and their inconveniencies it is my earneſt care to remove. I am entirely converſant with their different tempers, and can tell you the ruling paſſion of each of them. I can ſhew a *Bantham* coquette, and a prude from the other ſide of the line: among the males I have a coxcomb, a bully, a coward, and, in ſhort, almoſt all the characters that offer in human life.

Since my riſing from my pillow, I have interpoſed in two violent feuds. In this manner am I entertaining myſelf, while my friend *Ranger* is, perhaps, reeling home from ſome tavern; weary of noiſe, and riot, and confuſion. If this be not the caſe, you lie in enervating repoſe, and ſlumber away the prime of life, in a few hours more to wake from a diſtempered dream, with a troubled ſpirit, a throbbing pulſe, and nerves enfeebled and relaxed. Give me leave here to addreſs you in the words of the excellent author of The Seaſons.

Falſely luxurious, will not man awake,
And riſing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due and ſacred ſong?

Believe me, the moſt jovial three in the morning at the *Shakeſpear* never can afford ſuch delight,

as plays around the heart-ſtrings in this calm period of the morning. The mind is then cheerful and ſerene; fancy is light and airy, and ſeems to threaten I know not what prodigious things: every object excites finer feelings and more delicate perceptions, than can be ſuggeſted by *Bacchus* to the *heat-oppreſſed brain*, as *Shakeſpear* phraſes it.

Prithee, honeſt *Ranger*, how long ſince you ſaw the ſun riſe? I dare believe not for many years. But ſurely, if this phenomenon had not innumerable glories in its train, the poets would never have been ſo fond of ſeizing every opportunity to deſcribe it. Since I have mentioned the poets, I muſt obſerve, that our great dramatic bard has in two paſſages excelled all the writers, from the days of *Homer* down to the preſent ſtate of modern poetry, in their favourite openings of the morn. The ſaffron-tinctured fingers of *Aurora*, the ſun riſing from *Thetis*'s lap, the daughter of the dawn iſſuing from the bed of *Tithonus*, are, in my opinion, very inferior to the more natural deſcription in *Romeo* and *Juliet*;

——————————*Jocund Day*
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountain's top.

I have

I have compared this admirable piece of imagery, for ſeveral ſucceſſive mornings, with the real object in nature, and am at a loſs which to admire moſt: like the travelling *Perſian*, when the ſolar rays (as happens ſometimes in thoſe countries) have formed in a cloud another imaginary ſun; he gazes at both, in doubt with himſelf to which he ſhall offer his morning adoration. The ſecond paſſage I mean is in the tragedy of *Hamlet*, where after ſeeing the ghoſt of the deceaſed king, *Horatio* breaks off with,

But ſee the Morn, in ruſſet-mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dews of yon high eaſtern hill.

You know the poets are fond of perſonifying both phyſical and moral qualities, in order to give animation to their poetry, and to throw things as much as poſſible into action. Boileau has deſcribed, in beautiful lines, the ſecret of this poetical artifice, and the fine effects of it.

La pour nous enchanter tout eſt mis en uſage;
Tout prend un corps, une ame, un Eſprit, un viſage.
Chaque Vertu devient une Divinité:
Minerve *eſt la prudence, et* Venus *la beaute.*
Ce n'eſt plus la vapeur qui produit le tonnerre;
C'eſt Jupiter armé pour effrayer la terre.

Un

Un orage terrible aux yeux des matelots,
C'eſt Neptune *en courroux, qui gourmande les flots,*
Echo n'eſt plus un ſon qui dans l'air retentiſſe;
Ce'ſt une Nymphe *en pleurs, qui ſe plaint de* Narciſſe,
La poete eſleve, et aggrandit toutes choſes,
Et trouve ſous ſa main des fleurs toujours écloſes.

Shakeſpear gives us this animating figure in its high perfection: the whole picture could not receive finer colourings from the hand of *Titian*; the drapery is beautiful, and the action, in which this poetical being is repreſented, is admirably deſcriptive of the firſt dawnings of the day.

Come, Mr. *Ranger*, and let us criticiſe upon this phenomenon: let us enjoy that delight, which the mind takes in comparing the objects of imitation with the finiſhings of art. Let me aſſure you, that to ſee the gradual expanſion of the ſolar influence on the face of nature, will give ſuch a calm flow of ſpirits for the enſuing vocations of the day, as cannot be experienced in a city life. You will poſſibly ſay, you had rather loiter in your chambers, than endure the intolerable rage of the ſun tending to his meridian height. In this caſe, *Richmond Gardens* afford umbrageous walks, where the noontide ray has no acceſs. How ſweet here to loſe oneſelf in

pleaſing

pleaſing error, to recline under an impervious ſhade! and in lettered indolence converſe with *Virgil*, *Shakeſpear*, *Milton*, *Spencer*; or with *Waller* cry out,

> *O! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay*
> *Under a plantain ſhade, and all the day*
> *With am'rous airs my fancy entertain!* &c.

Or, if inclined to diverſify the ſcene, and ramble about in gentle exerciſe, what place ſo fit as theſe very gardens, which afford ſuch pleaſing variety? Do you delight in trim hedges, uniform viſtas, ſmooth paſtures, and ſtudied regularity? Your taſte may here be gratified. Or are you rather like the perſon of a truer ſenſe, of whom *Martial* ſays, *rure vero barbaroque lætatur*, one who likes the true country, rude, barbarous, and unſpoiled by the elegancies of art? Here you are ſuddenly ſurpriſed to find yourſelf upon a barren heath, loſt to the world, and nothing preſenting itſelf to view, but the withered ſhrub, the blaſted clump of trees, and hares and rabbits running acroſs the ſcene. From hence, you wander into ſome grove, and hear the woodman at his labour; then iſſue out upon the ploughed land, and behold around you nothing but buſy tokens of rural induſtry; or led by the hand of contemplation, you loſe yourſelf

yourſelf in the ſolitude of the hermitage, or wander into

The thruſh-haunted copſe, where lightly leaps
The fearful fawn the ruſtling leaves along.

When you are at length ſatisfied with this retreat, *Richmond-Hill* invites your ſteps. From thence you may command a boundleſs proſpect of all the country round. Villas, ſtately buildings, groves, meadows, the woodland, fertile paſtures, hills, and vales, offer themſelves to the ſight in mixed variety. The barren heath and the ſunburnt craggy ſoil appear with all thoſe ſoftenings to the eye, which diſtance throws upon a landſcape: nature appears with all her ſtriking majeſty, and all her ſofter graces.

To crown the whole, at the bottom of the hill old father *Thames* expands his rural ſtream. To purſue the river in its ſeveral windings, fertilizing the country round, is at once a refreſhment to the eye, and the conſtant ſucceſſion of new objects takes off from that ſtillneſs, which would otherwiſe overſpread the whole. Here, we enjoy that tranquillity of which *Virgil* ſpeaks ſo feelingly; we have innocence, living lakes, embowering ſhades, indolent repoſe beneath an arbour, and the

the lowing of the cows; muſick, believe me, far preferable to the *Savoyard*, or a city concert. Beſides this, let me aſſure you, you will find the muſes more becoming girls here, than in the noiſe, and ſmoke of *London*. But, I fear, I have lengthened this letter beyond all bounds; I can only tell you, after an eminent *French* writer, that if I had time enough, I ſhould make it ſhorter. Take it as it is, looſe, rambling, and deſultory, and believe me to be

Your ſincere friend,

and humble ſervant,

* * * * *

NUMBER C.

Saturday, Sept. 14, 1754.

——————— *Dicimus autem*
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum vitâ didicere magiſtrâ.

THE following letter comes from a correſpondent juſt entering into life, who has not yet been taught in the ſchool of experience, and may therefore be allowed to utter his aſtoniſhment at thoſe actions, which to perſons converſant with the world are trite and common occurrences. A young man, of a ſanguine diſpoſition, candid, generous, and confiding, may ſtand and gaze, when he meets with a ſtroke of perfidy. The author of my motto has treated this ſubject in one of his beſt ſatires: He allows, that the young and inexperienced may, upon ſuch an occaſion, uſe the language of complaint; but men, he contends, who have had opportunities of ſeeing the manners of the world, and the progreſs of life, ought not to vent themſelves in terms of lamentation, wonder, or complaint.

——— *Sacrum*

——— Sacrum tibi quod non reddat amicus
Depoſitum : ſtupet hæc, qui jam poſt terga reliquit
Sexaginta annos, Fonteio conſule natus !

I have ſaid thus much to ſoothe the anxiety of my correſpondent, and, by informing him that his caſe is not uncommon, to ſoften the reſentments of a mind at preſent exaſperated. The experience he has now had will, I hope, give him a more prepared ſpirit for the future; and, for the ſake of others, young and uninformed, like himſelf, I ſhall in this, and next *Saturday*'s paper, preſent his two letters at large. As *Terence* ſays,

Hæc noſſe ſalus eſt adoleſcentulis.

To the Author of the Gray's-Inn Journal.

SIR,

WHEN I tell you, that my age does not exceed twenty, it will, no doubt occur to you, that I muſt be ſtill a novice in the ways of the world, and you may, therefore, be inclined to aſſiſt me with your advice. Encouraged by the opinion I entertain of your benevolent diſpoſition, I ſhall proceed, without ceremony, to the main point and object of this letter. My deſign is,

to

to be informed by you, what I am to underſtand by *a good ſort of man*. Of perſons of this deſcription I hear every day. They are to be ſeen in every pariſh, every ſtreet, and almoſt every family. It is the common language of praiſe and admiration: *He is the beſt ſort of man in the world! as good a ſort of man as ever was born!* With the men, who have obtained from their friends this teſtimony to their characters, I have been hitherto highly captivated, imagining them to be perſons of fair intention and unblemiſhed integrity; of minds above all duplicity, and ſiniſter views of private intereſt; not merely of a fair-ſeeming outſide, but ſubſtantially, and in the deepeſt receſſes of the heart, juſt, generous, upright, and humane. "Men ſhould be what they ſeem," I know to be a maxim in morals, and I had no doubt, but your *good ſort of man* conformed to the precept with ſcrupulous exactneſs.

I am ſorry to ſay, that I have had reaſon lately to flutter in doubt, if not entirely to change my opinion. I wiſh to avoid a raſh concluſion; but to ſpeak my mind freely, I am inclined to fear, that when I meet with what is called *a good ſort of man*, I ſee the *worſt kind of man in the world*: I mean an artful, plauſible hypocrite,

hypocrite, who wears the ſemblance of virtue, merely to deceive; one of a ſpecious, florid outſide, but rotten at the core; who affects to love every body, but in fact values nothing but himſelf; who ſeems to enter with ſympathy into the good or evil fortune of his neighbours, and always wiſhes he could be of uſe, but unfortunately never is able. In ſhort, Sir, not to weary your patience with my prolixity: By a *good ſort of man*, I mean your ſmiling, affable, affectionate, good-natured creature, who gloſſes over the whole of his conduct with a ſmooth ſurface of integrity, and makes no other uſe of his character, than to render it a maſk for treachery, avarice, and impoſition.

I am to learn from you, Sir, whether I am wrong in thus extending the notion, which I have lately acquired, or ought ſtill to ſuppoſe, that the *good ſort of man* does not form a ſpecies, or an entire claſs of characters in human life, though now and then an individual may be found, who is a diſgrace to the title. I write, and cannot diſguiſe it, with the recent feelings of a mind irritated by a diſcovery, that has at once ſhocked and ſurpriſed me. I have tired you, perhaps, with this long introduction: but you will pardon a raw and tender mind, that has not yet

learned to ſuffer in ſilence. I ſhall now proceed to the facts, that have made me thus credulous and importunate.

I have an uncle, whoſe name is *Varniſh*. He has been always counted as *good a ſort of man* as you would wiſh to know. His features are always becalmed with a kind of repoſe, that might, ſtrictly ſpeaking, be called *dullneſs*, but in his favour it took the name of *ſerenity*, or complacency of temper. His eye is generally deadened with want of thought, and if ever it looks briſk, it is with that pertneſs, which with ſome people paſſes for meaning. Having no ſettled opinion, he has offended no body by argument, or contradiction. Mr. *Varniſh* has for many years kept a tavern, in a part of the city that ſhall be nameleſs. His houſe was never a place of general reſort, being frequented chiefly by thoſe, who liked a *good ſort of man*, and, to ſerve him, made parties among their friends, and formed weekly and monthly clubs at his houſe. The charges, indeed, were generally complained of. In this article I can almoſt excuſe my uncle *Varniſh*. He did no more than write the ſeveral items of the bill: the pounds, ſhillings, and pence, he left to be added by his wife.

wife. With an open vacuity of countenance, he had the art of keeping his thoughts close. This, I could perceive, he learned from his wife, who watched his conversation; and, if she saw him touching upon any secret of their own affairs, was always artful enough by winks and nods, or by interfering briskly upon some new topic, to hinder him from going too far. While they both were guarded in what related to themselves, their curiosity in other people's affairs had a greedy ear. These observations I did not pause upon at the time, for I had the best opinion of Mr. *Varnish*. There was one thing that puzzled me not a little: I wondered to find him closely connected with several of those, who at *Newmarket* are called BLACK LEGS. Many of his friends wished that he would break off at once from that race of men; but his wife encouraged him to persevere. Her husband, she said, went to *Newmarket* for amusement only, being a great lover of horses, and it were a pity that *poor Johnny* should not have an excursion now and then. I have heard people say, that *Varnish* must have been let into the secret by his acquaintance; otherwise a woman, eager in the pursuit of gain, would not altogether approve of the diversion, without some douceur to attend it. This, however, was thought to be the suggestion of malice.

Mr. *Varniſh* went on tolerably well in his buſineſs, not indeed with rapid ſucceſs, but charging ſmartly, whenever an opportunity offered, and keeping things together very tolerably. He was, I think, a good œconomiſt. In this part of his plan, his wife gave all her aſſiſtance. She was rather ſhewy in her dreſs, but with this diſpoſition, ſhe never put her hand in her huſband's purſe. Without any natural turn of wit, or any kind of acquirement from circulating libraries, ſhe had a ſmart word, a ſmile, and a flaunting air for every body. She knew how to inſinuate herſelf into the good graces of numbers in ſucceſſion, as they happened to frequent her houſe; her diſcernment of characters was always quick, and in her friendſhips ſhe generally choſe thoſe, who were of the moſt generous diſpoſition. With thoſe who were careful of their money, ſhe was ſeldom intimate. I verily believe, that in the courſe of ſeveral years it did not coſt her fifty pounds for her dreſs: her gowns, and gloves, and fans, and tippets, were always preſents. When ſhe had her friends about her, ſhe would ſlily ſay, *Johnny*, you muſt give me a new gown, or, if you will not, ſome of my friends ſhall. This ſucceeded wonderfully: a piece of ſilk, a ſhawl, a new cap, or whatever ſhe wanted, was always at her ſervice; and Mr. *Varniſh* was ſo good a ſort

of

of man, that he could not find fault with his wife, while ſhe put him to no expence. Upon particular occaſions, I thought they were both off their guard: I have ſeen a gentleman make large and liberal preſents, and the moment his back was turned, I have known them laugh at him with coarſe and vulgar mirth. I mentioned this to a friend, who anſwered, "Poh! there is "nothing in it: *Varniſh* is *a good ſort of man*; and "they may laugh that win."

From the time I left ſchool, I was a conſtant viſitor to my uncle *Varniſh*: his behaviour to me was ſuch, that I hoped at all times to find in him a real friend. Of the reaſons which I have had to alter my opinion, and the facts which have abated all my reſpect for *a good ſort of man*, I have given, in a ſecond letter, which accompanies this, a full detail. I have heard, that you intend ſhortly to lay down your pen: ſhould my ſtory appear, before you reſign your office, you will greatly oblige

Your ſincere well-wiſher,

DAVID SIMPLE.

NUMBER CI.

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1754.

Tam facile et pronum eſt ſuperos contemnere teſtes;
Si mortalis idem nemo ſciat, aſpice quantâ
Voce neget, quæ ſit ficti conſtantia vultûs.
Nam cum magna malæ ſupereſt audacia cauſæ,
Creditur a multis fiducia. JUVEN.

THE Continuation of *David Simple*'s narrative ſhall fill up this day's paper. The ſtory, I think, demands attention. I have ever been an enemy to falſe pretenſions. Plauſible characters are, in my opinion, the moſt dangerous in ſociety. By wearing the maſk of goodneſs, they pay, it is true, a compliment to virtue; but villany maſked undermines all moral rectitude; as when Birmingham guineas are current, the ſterling coin of the mint is ſuſpected. It was well ſaid of the hypocrite, by an approved writer, "*He dreſſes up a ſin ſo religi-*" *ouſly, that the Devil can hardly know it of* "*his own making.*" For my correſpondent, and the circumſtances, which he ſtates, I do not pretend to vouch: but the ſtory is related with ſuch an appearance of probability, that I think

it

it may ſerve as a beacon to give notice of the rocks and quickſands, that often lie concealed beneath a calm and ſmiling ſurface.

To the AUTHOR:

SIR,

I come now to the facts, that gave me an inſight into the character of my uncle *Varniſh*. He had a maiden ſiſter, advanced in years, whom I always called my aunt *Molly*. I will not ſay of her, that ſhe was *a good ſort of woman*. That appellation, I think, is brought into diſgrace. She was goodneſs itſelf. By unremitting induſtry, and frugal management, ſhe had ſaved ſome money, not indeed ſufficient to be called a fortune; but a ſum, with which, ſhe uſed to ſay, it was in her power to do ſome good to two perſons, whom ſhe loved. The objects of her affection were my ſiſter and myſelf. The whole of my aunt's wealth was a thouſand pounds in the ſtocks, and about two hundred pounds in her drawer. My ſiſter, who had reached her eighteenth year, lived with my aunt, whoſe health was greatly on the decline, near two years before her death. *Sophy* was always of a diſpoſition na-

turally tender and ſympathetic. Her care and affection, I can venture to ſay, alleviated pain, and ſmoothed the bed of ſickneſs. For above twelve months, my poor aunt was ſo weak and infirm, that ſhe was altogether unfit to manage her own affairs. Her underſtanding began to ſhare the decay of her conſtitution. In this weak ſtate, ſhe ſent for my uncle *Varniſh*, and deſired he would take a power of attorney, to receive the dividends upon what ſhe had in the funds. He liſtened to his ſiſter with a look of the tendereſt affection. He thought nothing a trouble, that could conduce to her tranquillity; but it was impoſſible, he ſaid, to foreſee events: and as her condition ſeemed precarious, he thought it adviſeable, that ſhe ſhould add a power to tranſfer ſtock, in caſe her neceſſities ſhould require it. My aunt agreed, without heſitation, to what *ſo good a ſort of man* as her brother Varniſh propoſed. We were all glad to ſee her truſt to him with unbounded confidence. Mr. *Varniſh* took the money out of her drawer, obſerving that houſe-breakers were more rife than ever; and ſaid he would call from time to time to ſupply her wants. From this time my poor aunt declined very faſt. In a week or two ſhe ſaid ſhe felt the ſymptoms of her approaching diſſolution; and calling my ſiſter to her room, deſired her (as ſhe wrote a remark-

a remarkable good hand) to copy out a will, which ſhe had by her, ready prepared, by an attorney of eminence in the city. Sophy took it into another room, and, as ſhe tranſcribed it, moiſtened the paper with her tears. As ſoon as ſhe finiſhed the trying taſk, ſhe carried it to my aunt, who read it over ſeveral times. In the evening, two proper witneſſes were called in, and the will was duly executed. My aunt locked it up in her bureau, obſerving to my ſiſter, that whenever any thing happened to her, it would be found in that drawer, directed on the outſide for my uncle *Varniſh*, who was named executor. To theſe proceedings I was not long a ſtranger. I went, as uſual, to ſee my aunt, and my ſiſter took an opportunity to acquaint me with the contents of the will. My poor aunt deſired to be decently interred in the next pariſh church; and after giving two hundred pounds to Mr. *Varniſh*, bequeathed the reſt, in equal ſhares, to my ſiſter and me. The ſum of five hundred pounds to each of us, we thought, would be a pretty addition to the ſmall fortunes, which we had before; and to ſo good a man as my uncle *Varniſh*, we were far from regretting what was left. We thought it a proper recompenſe for the trouble that would fall upon him, in the office of executor.

My

My aunt lived ſeveral months afterwards; but illneſs carried on a conſtant ſap. The decay of her underſtanding kept pace with that of her body. She loſt her ſenſes entirely, and continued, week after week, in a languid and hopeleſs condition. Mr. Varniſh was aſſiduous in his viſits, watching with anxiety the gradual ſymptoms of decay. He never failed to aſk if any thing was wanting, and with great tenderneſs ſupplied my ſiſter with little ſums. My aunt in the mean time lay in a ſtate of childhood: ſhe looked at her friends, and did not know them. At length the fatal moment arrived: my poor aunt heaved a ſigh and expired. My ſiſter and I were preſent, and the ſhock we felt is inexpreſſible. My uncle Varniſh was immediately ſent for. He came without delay. I ſaw him, with his eyes ſwoln with tears, take her keys, and my ſiſter and I agreed that it was a great conſolation to have the aſſiſtance of ſuch an excellent man.

The funeral was performed with the utmoſt decency. We all went into mourning. A month or ſix weeks elapſed; and, during the whole time, Mr. *Varniſh* did not ſay a word about my aunt's effects, though I was a conſtant viſitor at his houſe. Every meeting was clouded with melancholy. Seeing my uncle one day in better ſpirits

than uſual, I aſked him if he had proved the will? "The will! What will?" He told me that my aunt left no will. I cannot expreſs the aſtoniſhment occaſioned by this anſwer. I fixed my eyes upon him in amazement, and, as ſoon as I recovered my organs of ſpeech, told him all the circumſtances already ſtated. His countenance had no longer the appearance of the *good ſort of man*, whom I uſed to admire. I ſaw marks of confuſion, a wavering eye, a trembling lip, and heſitating voice. "A will!" ſaid his wife; "there was a paper in her drawer, "which might be intended for a will; but the "name was torn off." "Yes," ſaid Mr. Varniſh, in a tremulous tone, "the name was "torn off." "Poh!" ſaid his wife, "that pa-"per is nothing: *Fungoſo*, the lawyer, ſays ſhe "died inteſtate." My aſtoniſhment was too great: I did not know what to ſay. After ſome time, I aſked, where the paper was? "The "paper!" ſaid he. "It is too ridiculous to men-"tion it," ſaid the wife: "Being a mere nothing "at all, *Johnny* threw it into the fire." I deſired to know who was preſent at the tranſaction. "Oh! "Sir, do you doubt my huſband's word?" ſaid the wife; "very fine indeed! go on; but *John-"ny* is ſo *good a ſort of man*, nobody will doubt "his word." I went away covered with confuſion.

ſion. A friend informed me the next day, that the ſtatute of diſtribution would take place. This was ſome degree of comfort. I informed Mr. *Varniſh*: and here again my ſurpriſe was redoubled. "Statute of diſtribution!" ſaid he, "What is there to diſtribute?" "The thouſand "pounds in the funds." "My ſiſter left no ſuch "thing."—"No ſuch thing!" "No: ſhe gave that "to me in her life-time." "Gave it to you! in "whoſe preſence?" "Oh!" ſaid his wife in a fit of laughing, "there again you doubt *John*-"*ny*'s word." I had no more to ſay: amazement took away all my powers, and I left Mr. *Varniſh* and his wife, determined never to ſee either of them again.

In my way home, I recollected a broker, who had ſhewn me occaſional civilities. He made enquiry for me, and then it appeared, that about a week before my aunt's death, when ſhe lay, as ſhe had done for ſome time, out of her ſenſes, Mr. *Varniſh* had transferred the ſtock to his own name.

I have now given you, Sir, the finiſhing ſtroke. Attornies have talked to me of a bill in chancery; but that, I find, may be a conſiderable expence. I now appeal to you, and would gladly be

be informed, whether I have not reaſon to be tired of your *good ſort of man?* The ſmooth ſurface ſhall never again deceive me. I will only add, that the whole of this contrivance ſeems too deep for my uncle's capacity. If his wife was the *Lady Macbeth* of the buſineſs, ſhe may ſay all the reſt of her life, "*Out ſpot!*" but nothing will waſh it away.

I here bid adieu to all *good ſort of men*, and am, with my beſt apologies for this intruſion,

Yours, with eſteem,

DAVID SIMPLE.

NUM-

NUMBER CII.

Saturday, Sept. 28, 1754.

——————Uno avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.

VIRG.

To the Author of the Gray's-Inn Journal.

SIR,

IN a late paper, you gave us an account of your night-thoughts, or your dream, in which an election in Parnassus passed before you, in all its various circumstances. I congratulate you, that you had so pleasing a vision, in which, I think, nothing occurred to overcast or cloud the serenity of your imagination. For myself, I cannot boast of the same tranquillity of mind. I have had my dream, occasioned, perhaps, by the perusal of your paper, but it was very different from yours. I saw Parnassus in an uproar. A scene of so much tumult and disorder, I have scarcely ever beheld, though I remember the Spitalfields weavers, and the discontented journey men cabinet-makers, parading the streets, with all the terrors of an insurrection. Of the manner, in which I passed the night, I beg leave to communicate the particulars.

I had been reading your prospect of Parnassus; and a *Virgil* lying on the table, I opened the book

book at the place, where the following lines preſent themſelves to the eye.

Sed me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis, &c.

The rapture of the poet, in ſome degree, communicated itſelf. I took fire, and wiſhed to ſet out on the ſame aerial voyage. In this diſpoſition, I retired to reſt, and from the mixture of ideas fluctuating in my mind, the following ſcene was dreſſed up to my imagination. Methought, one of the muſes appeared before me, and, taking me by the hand, addreſſed me in the following words of *Milton*; for *Milton*'s language, and that of the muſes is the ſame: "*We ſhall conduct* "*you to a hill ſide, laborious indeed, at the firſt aſ-* "*cent; but elſe, ſo ſmooth, ſo green, ſo full of goodly* "*proſpects and melodious ſounds on every ſide, that* "*the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.*" She was as good as her promiſe, and in a ſhort time landed me on the ſummit of *Parnaſſus*. Here my guide, for reaſons beſt known to herſelf, took her leave, reſigning me to my own diſcretion, to wander, as I pleaſed, in thoſe delightful regions.

Though it was deep midnight when I ſet out, it was here broad day-light. Their own ſun enlightened the hemiſphere, and the country round preſented a ſcene, that cheriſhed and enlivened all

all my faculties. I paused and listened, but heard none of those melodious airs, which I expected; all was hurry, noise, and confusion. The celebrated wits, who inhabit this place, were as much at variance, as our English country 'squires, with whom the command of manors is a feather in the cap, and a thorn in the side. They all complained that their neighbours were constantly trespassing on their grounds, lopping their trees, carrying off branches from their laurel groves, and robbing their nurseries. Ill-humour and litigation prevailed in all quarters. You might see hedgers and ditchers every where at work. All were busy in making fences round their lands. Park-walls, and park-pails, were going on at a prodgious rate; and the great wits, who had hitherto loved each other, were now determined to live in hostility, and be bad neighbours for the future.

I wished very much to know the cause of so much dissension. My curiosity was soon gratified. I found that a busy pragmatical fellow had lately, by some means or other, gained admittance into these parts. The description given of him, by the country folks, represented him as being somewhat above the middle size, with a vermil colour in his cheek, and an eye

that

that pleaſed at firſt ſight; but fluttered in ſtrange confuſion, when you looked at him with attention. It was ſaid, that he had a good memory, and as he paſſed by the labourers, they heard him repeat with rapture, long paſſages from the writings of the wits, with whom he walked. This, they ſuppoſed, with the aid of a certain fawning civility in his deportment, helped to wriggle him into favour. Before the arrival of this man, ſerenity and happineſs covered the whole region of Parnaſſus. One of the country-labourers, who ſeemed not to want ſagacity, told me, that the ſtrange viſitor had been long ſuſpected of ſowing the ſeeds of miſchief, wherever he went. He had heard it ſaid of him, "though "his tongue drop manna, his looks are falſe and hollow." Upon further enquiry, I found that this information was ſtrictly true. The particulars of what came to my knowledge will ſhew the intriguing ſpirit of the man, and the induſtry with which he ſeeks the malicious delight he feels in ſetting folks together by the ears.

He viſited *Homer*, and after calling him the God of his idolatry, told him that *Virgil* was a poacher, and was ever ſtealing plants and flowers from the Greek eſtate. Of *Homer* himſelf he ſpoke in the like ſcurrilous terms to *Orpheus*,

Thamyris, and *Heſiod*. He went next to *Virgil*, and admired his gardens and plantation-walks. Some trees he obſerved grew up from ſlips taken from *Homer*'s grounds; but on the preſent ſpot, the ſoil, he ſaid, was richer, and the branches ſhot forth with bolder expanſion, and in fuller luxuriance. He adviſed the Mantuan bard to beware of ſeveral modern poets, who were always culling flowers on his premiſes. Our viſitor went next to *Theocritus*, and told him, if he did not bring his action of treſpaſs, the Roman paſture would be enriched with ſpoils from Sicily, and nothing would be left in the lands of the firſt occupant. He told *Lucan* and *Tacitus*, that, if they ſuffered *Corneille* and *Racine* to carry on their depredations, they would, in a little time, not have a flower, or a ſhrub left. *Vida*, *Sannezias*, and *Taſſo* were greatly incenſed againſt *Milton*, who had built a *Pandæmonium* upon his eſtate, with materials, as they were told, taken from them. *Terence* and *Menander* were alſo much at variance, the latter complaining aloud, that an irruption of barbarians had deſtroyed the title deeds of his eſtate, and yet he ſaw *Terence* enjoying a beautiful farm, and ſauntering in the walks with *Scipio* and *Lælius*. *Horace* and *Juvenal* were employed in writing a ſatire againſt *Pope* and *Boileau*. The former, indeed, was often ſeen

to

to ſmile, but the latter went on in a ſtrain of indignation. Againſt Pope the reſentment of many other angry wits was inflamed to a pitch of the higheſt fury. This was not accompliſhed by our viſitor without great pains and induſtry. He had heard of *Silius Italicus*, but was a great while before he could find his place of abode. That poet it ſeems had purchaſed an eſtate near the bottom of the hill. His grounds were not laid out in the beſt taſte. You may here look in vain for thoſe ſcenes of grand and magnificent nature, which adorned the lands of thoſe poets, who have obtained the name of ſublime. Elegance was what *Silius Italicus* chiefly aimed at: his walks were regular, his hedges neat and trim, and his trees grew in regular order: but after all his pains to make his farm look like *Virgil's*, he was not able to rival ſo beautiful a model. The ſtranger, however, who had by this time inſinuated himſelf into every body's houſe, at length found his way to *Silius Italicus*. After paying ſome compliments, he told him that *Pope* was a common plunderer. He took out of his pocket the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, and read the following paſſage.

So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky;

Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt;
But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way:
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe.

Silius Italicus thought the paſſage beautiful: "But do you not perceive," replied the critic, "that it is your own? Here is your deſcription "of *Hannibal* paſſing over the Alps: liſten to "theſe lines.

Quoque magis ſubière jugo, atque evadere niſi
Erexere gradum, creſcit labor, ardua ſupra
Seſe aperit feſſis, et naſcitur altera moles.

"The friends of Pope," continued the critic, "ſay that he embelliſhes and improves what "he takes; but a pickpocket may have the ſame "excuſe; he may make my watch go better. Nor "is this all that *Pope* has ſtolen from you. You "cannot fling a ſtone into a limpid ſtream, but "he takes it from you, with all its dimpling cir-"cles: hear this paſſage.

As on the ſmooth expanſe of cryſtal lakes
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;

The

The trembling ſurface, by the motion ſtirr'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide and more wide the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watry plain, and to the margin dance.

"Now read your own verſes, and tell me if "the theft is to be endured.

Sic, ubi perrupit ſtagnantem calculus undam,
Exiguos format per prima volumina gyros,
Mox tremulum vibrans motu gliſcente liquorem
Multiplicat crebros ſinuati gurgitis orbes,
Donec poſtremo laxatis circulus oris
Contingat geminas patulo curvamine ripas.

"Do you not ſee," ſaid the critic, "that the "thief has pilfered from you? you cannot have a "pebble, but he runs away with it."

By theſe proceedings, Parnaſſus was filled with fear, ſuſpicion, and jealouſy. Our critic went the length of introducing *ſteel-traps* and *ſpring guns*. The conſequence was, that almoſt every genius was wounded, or caught faſt by the leg. Apollo heard of theſe diſſenſions, and immediately called the wits before him. The trumpet ſounded, and the hills of Parnaſſus rung with the enchanting muſic. The geniuſes of all ages and

nations appeared in court; the author of the mischief being first seized, and brought in a prisoner in chains. The account of himself was, that he was by profession a *critic*, and *commentator*. This, he was told, could not avail him; none being allowed to practise the art of criticism, without a commission from *Apollo*, or the *Muses*. This was the reason why there have been few good critics in the world. *Aristotle*, *Longinus*, *Horace*, *Quintilian*, *Vida*, *Boileau*, *Bohours*, and some other moderns, had all a special licence. The whole matter was fully investigated, and, the malicious artifices of *our critic* being laid open, *Apollo* proceeded to pass sentence upon him. He was ordered away to the cave of envy, to live there upon snakes and viper broth, with *Zoilus*, *Millbourne*, and *Lauder*. Clear the court of such a monster, was now the word. As soon as the order was obeyed, *Apollo*, with a smile on his countenance, addressed the assembly of wits, and recommended to them to dwell together in harmony, mutual esteem, and affection. A slip, he told them, taken from the nursery of one, and planted on another's ground, or grafted on a tree, would, as soon as it began to flourish, not only decorate the new spot, but add to the fame of the first possessor. He added, that a friendly communication

munication between wits was their greateſt honour; that original beauties have been often improved by tranſplanting them; and that in all caſes, where the ideas of others are adopted, there remains, at leaſt, to the ſucceſſor, the honour of inventing the plan of his arrangement, and a new combination. To enforce this, he opened a volume of *Seneca*, and read the following ſentence: "*Sed etiam ſi omnia à veteribus inventa* "*ſunt, hoc ſemper novum erit, uſus, et inventorum ab* "*aliis ſcientia and diſpoſitio.*"

The court broke up in good humour, and I waked from my dream.

X.

NUMBER CIII.

Saturday, Oct. 5, 1754.

Frange miſer calamos, vigilataque prælia dele,
Qui facis in parvâ ſublimia carmina cellâ;
Ut dignus venias hederis, & imagine macrâ.
JUV.

A SPIRIT of enterpriſe, while it has not yet loſt the charms of novelty, gives freſh vigour to the mind, and lifts the bold adventurer above himſelf. If doubts ariſe, they are ſoon loſt in the ardour of hope. Succeſs holds forth the laurel wreath, and fame ſtands, in a corner of the ſcene, blowing her ſilver trumpet. Happy, were the golden dream never to evaporate! But clouds ariſe, the beams of imagination are diminiſhed; the ſpirits, that expanded every nerve, ſubſide into languor, and ſatiety takes poſſeſſion of the mind. The ſtory of *Pyrrhus* and his prime miniſter is well known. The king, in the rapture of a new expedition, filled his mind with ideas of conqueſt, anticipating in fancy the vaſt exploits he was to perform. "And what," ſays the miniſter, "does all this tend to? I ſhall add the "neigh-

" neighbouring nations to my dominions," ſays the monarch, " And what then? I ſhall declare " war againſt the adjacent ſtates. And then? " The next province ſhall receive my yoke, and " in a little time their neighbours ſhall alſo pay " tribute.—This is very well, my liege, but what " next? I ſhall gradually extend my victories, " till I become maſter of the globe.—And then? " Why then I ſhall ſit down, and drink a bottle " with my friends. And pray, Sir, why not do " ſo now?" The good ſenſe and humour of this little anecdote are obvious to every underſtanding. Were the greateſt hero of antiquity to make up the account, his deareſt actions in the tented field would terminate in the ſame point.

Amongſt all the various *Quixotes*, who have gone forth in purſuit of adventures, there are, perhaps, none ſo liable to ridicule as the race of authors. What ſcenes of happineſs preſent themſelves to the periodical writer! As new ideas occur, what ſenſations unfelt before! What cheerfulneſs, what fancy, what luxuriant wit! When a ſheet, yet wet, is ſent him from the preſs, how his heart bounds to ſee himſelf in print! The fineneſs of the paper! How it pleaſes him! The elegance of the type! How juſt and how exact! Fluſhed with ideas of his own importance, he

he addreſſes himſelf in the words of *Hamlet*: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reaſon! How infinite in faculties!" And yet paſs but a few hours, how changed is every trace of reflection! The critics gather round him: like the harpies in the third *Æneid*, they break in upon his meal, denouncing penury and famine. The learned meet his work by chance; they ſpeak of it, but not with ſufficient warmth, becauſe men of ſenſe never admire: they only approve. The writer's friends condemn the performance, for no other reaſon than the pleaſure of tormenting a living author. The number of petty circumſtances that mortify an author's pride is not to be imagined. Add to this, the novelty of the performance will wear off with him, as well as his readers; and even fame, ſuppoſing him to enjoy his full proportion, will pall, and grow inſipid, like all other pleaſures. In the concluſion, I believe, the livelieſt adventurer of the pen will find, that, hero like, he cannot drink his bottle with greater pleaſure, than when he firſt ſet out.

The courtly *Roman* ſatyriſt has attacked, with delicate raillery, that ſpirit of uneaſineſs, which renders people diſcontented with their own ſituation in life, and envious of their neighbours. In

that liſt of male-contents, which he has produced, I have often wondered, that the race that write did not occur to him. The reaſon may be, that authors have more reaſon to repine and murmur, than any other claſs of men.

And, indeed, conſidering the great diſproportion between the labours of the mind, and thoſe of the body, I do not know whether *Juvenal*'s advice to be an auctioneer rather than a poet, is not perfectly founded in reaſon. The faculties, of which the literary enthuſiaſt is poſſeſſed, are the inlets of our moſt refined pleaſures: but, from their quickneſs and ſenſibility, they give acuteneſs to pain, and ſharpen the edge of anxiety.

Of this truth, I believe all good writers are convinced. Of the vain ſcribbler, who admires himſelf and his works, but admires without a rival, nothing need be ſaid. To the cares that attend the elegant writer, he is a ſtranger. Juſtneſs of conception, and propriety of language, give him no ſolicitude. To abuſe thoſe, who write better than himſelf, is the height of his ambition; and as long as the printer of a newspaper admits his paragraphs, he is the wit of a coffee-houſe.

The

The love of fame is the incitement of every valuable author. For this he endures fatigue, and renounces the lucrative purſuits, that engage the buſy part of mankind. But the acquiſition of fame is uncertain, and the tenure precarious. The difficulty of pleaſing a variety of readers is well known; and who, that has formed his taſte upon the beſt models, can write up to his own ideas of compoſition?

I have been led into this tract of thought by a review of my own ſenſations, ever ſince I undertook the anxious character of a public writer. I have now maintained my poſt for the ſpace of two years; and, having ſwelled theſe eſſays to a ſufficient number, I purpoſe next *Saturday* finally to take leave of my readers. The doing of this I feel as an act of ſelf-denial. The pleaſure of converſing with thouſands every *Saturday* will be at an end. I ſhall retire with reluctance, eſpecially while there is ſo much in the field ſtill to be gleaned. The hoop has of late ſpread to a wider circumference, and fenced, as it is, with formidable rows of ſteel, no beau can approach, without the danger of a broken ſhin. While this faſhion continues, the ladies may be charged with carrying concealed arms, without neceſſity; as their courage in all public places is known to exceed

exceed that of the fierceſt *Amazon* of antiquity. The viragos of old advanced with only one breaſt exerted, but the modern fair comes forward with both diſplayed to view. The head is built up ſeveral ſtories higher than uſual, and the art of painting is ſo well underſtood, that every woman has now as many faces as tippets, fans, or gloves. Cribbage has driven *Cupid* out of doors, or the urchin is obliged to learn to cogg the dice, or to play the whole game at *bragg*. As *Addiſon* ſays in the Prologue to the Tender Huſband, "Here's ſtill encouragement for thoſe that write." But the truth is, my *Muſe* and I have lived together for ſome time paſt, like man and wife. I have had ſo many curtain lectures, that I now long to keep ſeparate beds; or to ſay the civil thing once in a year, and, with the true modern huſband, to like any body's *Muſe* better than my own. I am, therefore, ſuing for a divorce in the Court of *Parnaſſus*. Sentence will be pronounced before next *Saturday*; and as the lady has not brought me any fortune to ſpeak of, we ſhall not have much occaſion to differ about a ſeparate maintainance. Malicious critics, I am aware, may give out, that I was ſeparated *cauſâ frigiditatis*; but the public are juſt in all their deciſions, and to their ſentence it becomes me to ſubmit.

NUM-

NUMBER CIV.

Saturday, Oct. 12, 1754.

Hic labor extremus, longarum hæc meta viarum;
Conticuit, factoque hic tandem fine quievit.

VIRG.

IT was the maxim of *Solon*, that no man is happy till he is dead; and it was the wisdom of the Ægyptians, not to do funeral honours to any person whatever, until the actions of his life had been impartially examined. As soon as they crossed the lake with the body, a public accuser stood forth, to charge the deceased with all the crimes and vices that could, with any colour, be imputed to him. If the prosecution was not supported by the evidence of facts, the memory of the person dead was honoured with a suitable encomium, and the panegyrist had the pleasure to reflect, that he, who was then no more, could not, by any subsequent action, give the lie to the praises bestowed upon him.

As the time is now arrived, when this paper will be reckoned among the departed, the author cannot help being anxious about his memory, after

after his literary diſeaſe. He does not ſuppoſe that he ſhall want a public accuſer; and, as it is the natural wiſh of every man to leave a good name behind him, an author may be allowed to have the ſame laudable ambition.

Two different forms of writing have offered themſelves to me upon this occaſion. The firſt has been practiſed by ſeveral gentlemen of the quill, and conſiſts in a declamatory ſtyle againſt that degeneracy of taſte, which has too fatally prevailed in the preſent declenſion of literature. The general diſpoſition to gaming, and many other unavailing amuſements, which have called off the attention of the better ſort of people, might be urged as difficulties, that nothing could ſurmount. I might ſay, that woman has been rightly defined by the *Greek* philoſopher, "*An animal delighting in finery*," and that it is not in the power of the beſt writers of the age, to attract the attention of that wandering ſex. The chit-chat, which iſſues from their own pretty red lips, will ſilence the beſt attempt to retrench their follies, to regulate their fancy, and to encourage the acquiſition of thoſe mental beauties, ſuch as ſweetneſs of temper, affability, and good ſenſe, which will always prove the beſt waſh for the complexion, and an infallible preſervative againſt the

the encroachments made upon the tincture of the skin, by envy, malice, tea, scandal, and painful watchings at a gaming-table. But this form of composition is inconsistent with the purpose of him, who wishes to lay down the pen in the good graces of all his readers.

The second method of address, is that used by the author of the *Tale of a Tub*. After his example, I have been tempted to return thanks, in the most solemn manner, to his Majesty's most honourable privy-council, to the lords spiritual and temporal, to the honourable the house of commons, to the gentlemen of the royal society, to the worshipful the board of aldermen, to the club at *White*'s, to the critics at the *Bedford*, to the connoisseurs at *Sam*'s, to the society of *Grub-street*, and, in short, to all degrees and ranks of people, for the just and favourable reception they have been pleased to give to the most delectable, humorous, and instructive lucubrations, that we have published in this our *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal*; which has been the delight of the age, the terror of all offenders against decency and good-manners, and has ascertained to the author an immortal reputation.

Jamque

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

But having conſidered theſe two forms of addreſs with mature deliberation, I have determined to reject them both. I am ſufficiently aware, that a ſmall portion of fame can be attributed to the productions of a young author, hurried down the ſtream of diſſipation, interrupted by avocations of a thouſand ſorts, ſeldom enabled to write at leiſure, frequently obliged to diſmiſs the uncorrected ſheet to the preſs, and rarely happy enough to have written up even to his own taſte.

On the other hand, it is with pride I now reflect, that I have been able, for two years together, to procure to myſelf a conſiderable audience every Saturday. I have given a kind of weekly memorial of my exiſtence, and ſome ſort of proof, that my time has not been thrown away in a manner totally unavailing. *Salluſt* has a fine ſentiment, which has made a very deep impreſſion on me. *Verum enimvero is demum mihi vivere & frui animâ videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam quærit.* "He may be ſaid to live, and to enjoy the "functions of his ſoul, who, engaged in a lau- "dable occupation, endeavours to diſtinguiſh

" himſelf by ſome ſplendid action, or by the ac-
" quiſition of fame in ſome liberal art." That I have ſucceeded, I will not pretend to boaſt; but that I have endeavoured to do it, is an honeſt pride, in which, I hope, I may be indulged.

The plan, on which I have written, however feeble the execution of it may be, I am inclined to believe is not void of merit. That it has not been better cultivated in all its parts, muſt be imputed to my having ſtood ſingly and alone.

When I ſay alone, I do not mean that I never received any aſſiſtance. On the contrary, I think it incumbent on me to acknowledge, that a particular friend has furniſhed me occaſionally with ſeveral pieces, written with a delicacy peculiar to himſelf. To this gentleman * I am indebted for a letter from an *Engliſhman* in *Paris*, No. 13; for a ſcene at *Jonathan's Coffee-Houſe*, No. 18; for an eſſay on theatrical parties, No. 30; for a ſecond ſcene at *Jonathan*'s, No. 51; and for the eſſays No. 54, and 66. As he poſſeſſes an ele-

* *Mr. Fitzpatrick, well known in the city, and, during his life, admired for his talents and his amiable manners. A cruel caricature of him was drawn by Churchill in one of his poems,* to gratify the reſentments of *Garrick.*

gant facility on every ſubject, I ſincerely wiſh that I had been able to prevail upon him, againſt his natural indolence, to afford me a greal deal more of his aſſiſtance.

A paper upon imitation in writing, No. 15, and an eſſay towards the fixing the ſtandard of modern criticiſm, No. 26, were the contributions of another ingenious gentleman, whoſe friendſhip I am proud to acknowledge.

I muſt take this opportunity to thank the author of a letter on King *Lear*, No. 80, which was ſent in the warmth of friendſhip, and, in my opinion, written in the warmth of genius. An eſſay on Phyſiognomy, No. 6, was a preſent from another quarter, as likewiſe the letter, No. 77. For every thing elſe *Ranger* himſelf muſt ſtand accountable.

I have now, I think, mentioned all the aſſiſtance I received in the courſe of this paper. I believe it will be found very ſhort of the advantages enjoyed by ſome of my brother writers. In this edition I have retrenched a great deal. The *Dutch* are ſaid to burn a conſiderable part of their ſpices, to enhance the value of the reſt. Their policy I have imitated, but, I fear, without their

ſucceſs. Many things were merely ſuited to the day. All ſuch fugitive topicks I have now diſcarded, retaining only as much as may ſhew the general plan; a plan conducted, I hope, with a ſtrict regard to decency, and without any offence againſt virtue or good manners. To this circumſtance I believe it in a great meaſure owing, that I have been ſo favourably received. Be the cauſe what it may, I ſhall always retain a grateful ſenſe of the indulgence, which the public have ſhewn to this undertaking. I ſhall take my leave in the language of CICERO: *Valeant, cives mei, valeant; ſint incolumes, ſint florentes, ſint beati: Stet hæc urbs præclara, mihique patria cariſſima: Ego cedam, atque abibo.*

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